30 June 1979 U.S. $1.50 (by air)/Canada 80c 20p

Aus 45c NZ45c Den Kr 5.85 Fr NF 5.00
Ger Dm 2.80 Malaysia $1.50 Spn 90 pts

NME

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

BRIAN JONES
As years go by

STRUMMER . POP GROUP . LOWE

STEEL PULSE
Handsworth Across The Water

Is it a bird, a plane, superdread or just the NME logo? STEEL PULSE watch the skies/Photo: ADRIAN BOOT

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

CHARTS

Week ending June 30, 1979

uk singles

This Week				Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	**Ring My Bell**	Anita Ward (TK)	5	1
2	(5)	**Are Friends Electric**	Tubeway Army (Beggars Banquet)	5	2
3	(10)	**Up The Junction**	Squeeze (A&M)	3	3
4	(3)	**Boogie Wonderland**	Earth, Wind & Fire with The Emotions (CBS)	7	3
5	(4)	**Sunday Girl**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	6	1
6	(2)	**Dance Away**	Roxy Music (Polydor)	7	1
7	(12)	**The Lone Ranger**	Quantum Jump (Electric)	4	7
8	(6)	**Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now**	McFadden & Whitehead (Philadelphia)	6	6
9	(18)	**Night Owl**	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	3	9
10	(9)	**Theme From The Deerhunter**	Shadows (EMI)	7	5
11	(11)	**H.A.P.P.Y. Radio**	Edwin Starr (RCA)	5	11
12	(7)	**Shine A Little Love**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	6	6
13	(8)	**We Are Family**	Sister Sledge (Atlantic)	4	8
14	(20)	**Living On The Front Line**	Eddy Grant (Ice Ensign)	2	14
15	(28)	**Cavatina**	John Williams (Cube)	3	15
16	(13)	**Masquerade**	Skids (Virgin)	5	13
17	(25)	**Light My Fire/137 Disco Heaven**	Amii Stewart (Atlantic/Hansa)	2	17
18	(22)	**Go West**	Village People (Mercury)	2	18
19	(14)	**Who Were You With In The Moonlight**	Dollar (Carrere)	4	14
29	(19)	**Gertcha**	Chas & Dave (EMI)	5	19
21	(15)	**Hot Stuff**	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	6	13
22	(—)	**Lady Lynda**	Beach Boys (Caribou)	1	22
23	(—)	**Silly Games**	Janet Kay (Scope)	1	23
24	(23)	**Say When**	Lene Lovich (Stiff)	2	23
26	(—)	**Babylon Burning**	Ruts (Virgin)	1	25
26	(26)	**Space Bass**	Slick (Fantasy)	2	26
27	(—)	**Old Siam Sir**	Wings (Parlophone)	1	27
28	(—)	**Chuck E's In Love**	Rickie Lee Jones (Warner Bros)	1	28
29	(21)	**The Number One Song In Heaven**	Sparks (Virgin)	6	17
30	(16)	**Reunited**	Peaches & Herb (Polydor)	9	3

UP AND COMING: Crackin' Up — Nick Lowe (Radar); **Do Anything You Want To Do** — Thin Lizzy (Vertigo); **Sunburn** — Graham Gouldman (Mercury); **Talk To Me** — Third World (Island); **Dance With Me** — Carrie Lucas (Solar); **Stranglehold** — U.K. Subs (Gem).

uk albums

This Week				Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	**Discovery**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	4	1
2	(2)	**Parallel Lines**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	37	1
3	(8)	**Last The Whole Night Through**	James Last (Polydor)	10	3
4	(14)	**Communique**	Dire Straits (Phonogram)	3	4
5	(3)	**Voulez Vous**	Abba (Epic)	8	1
6	(7)	**Do It Yourself**	Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	6	2
7	(6)	**Lodger**	David Bowie (RCA)	3	6
8	(22)	**I Am**	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	3	8
9	(16)	**Replicas**	Tubeway Army (Beggars Banquet)	2	9
10	(12)	**Night Owl**	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	3	10
11	(4)	**Manifesto**	Roxy Music (Polydor)	14	4
12	(11)	**The Very Best Of Leo Sayer**	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	13	1
13	(9)	**Reach For It**	Sky (Ariola)	3	9
14	(10)	**Breakfast In America**	Supertramp (A & M)	14	2
15	(—)	**Back To The Egg**	Wings (Parlophone)	1	15
16	(19)	**Bad Girls**	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	3	16
17	(5)	**This Is It**	Various (CBS)	4	5
18	(13)	**Fate For Breakfast**	Art Garfunkel (CBS)	10	3
19	(26)	**Boogie Bus**	Various (Polystar)	5	19
20	(20)	**Black Rose**	Thin Lizzy (Phonogram)	9	2
21	(21)	**The Billie Jo Spears Singles Album**	Billie Jo Spears (United Artists)	6	10
22	(15)	**At The Budokan**	Bob Dylan (CBS)	6	8
23	(25)	**Out Of The Blue**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	73	3
24	(—)	**Rickie Lee Jones**	Rickie Lee Jones (Warner Bros)	1	24
25	(—)	**Armed Forces**	Elvis Costello (Radar)	20	2
26	(18)	**The Undertones**	The Undertones (Sire)	6	15
27	(—)	**That Summer**	Various (Arista)	1	27
28	(17)	**Dire Straits**	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	17	4
29	(—)	**Manilow Magic**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	15	2
30	(—)	**Outlandos D'Amour**	Police (A & M)	7	9

UP AND COMING: Labour Of Lust — Nick Lowe (Radar); **Repeat When Necessary** — Dave Edmunds (Swansong); **Duty Now For The Future** — Devo (Virgin); **Songbird** — Ruby Winters (K-Tel); **Morning Dance** — Spyro Gyra (Infinity); **Songs Of Love** — Anita Ward (TK).

Can't keep a bad girl down: Donna Summer takes over the universe this week (again) with two singles in an all-girl U.S. Top Five and a presence on all four charts at once. Meanwhile Anita Ward notches a double header on the singles. Donna pic: Dagmar.

us singles

This Week			
1	(3)	**Ring My Bell**	Anita Ward
2	(2)	**We Are Family**	Sister Sledge
3	(1)	**Hot Stuff**	Donna Summer
4	(5)	**Chuck E's In Love**	Rickie Lee Jones
5	(10)	**Bad Girls**	Donna Summer
6	(9)	**Boogie Wonderland**	Earth Wind & Fire with The Emotions
7	(7)	**You Take My Breath Away**	Rex Smith
8	(8)	**She Believes In Me**	Kenny Rogers
9	(4)	**The Logical Song**	Supertramp
10	(12)	**Shine A Little Love**	Electric Light Orchestra
11	(6)	**Just When I Needed You Most**	Randy Vanwarmer
12	(14)	**I Want You To Want Me**	Cheap Trick
13	(11)	**Rock 'n' Roll Fantasy**	Bad Company
14	(15)	**Makin' It**	David Naughton
15	(18)	**Gold**	John Stewart
16	(20)	**When You're In Love With A Beautiful Woman**	Dr Hook
17	(13)	**Minute By Minute**	Doobie Brothers
18	(21)	**Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now**	McFadden & Whitehead
19	(17)	**Reunited**	Peaches and Herb
20	(25)	**Does Your Mother Know**	Abba
21	(26)	**You Can't Change That**	Raydio
22	(23)	**Dance The Night Away**	Van Halen
23	(30)	**I Can't Stand It No More**	Peter Frampton
24	(—)	**Heart of the Night**	Poco
25	(28)	**I Was Made For Lovin' You**	Kiss
26	(—)	**Mama Can't Buy You Love**	Elton John
27	(29)	**Shakedown Cruise**	Jay Ferguson
28	(—)	**Do It Or Die**	Atlanta Rhythm Section
29	(—)	**Days Gone Down**	Gerry Rafferty
30	(16)	**Love You Inside Out**	Bee Gees

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

us albums

This Week			
1	(1)	**Breakfast In America**	Supertramp
2	(2)	**Bad Girls**	Donna Summer
3	(3)	**Rickie Lee Jones**	
4	(5)	**At The Budokan**	Cheap Trick
5	(4)	**We Are Family**	Sister Sledge
6	(8)	**I Am**	Earth Wind & Fire
7	(6)	**Desolation Angels**	Bad Company
8	(10)	**The Gambler**	Kenny Rogers
9	(24)	**Discovery**	Electric Light Orchestra
10	(12)	**Monolith**	Kansas
11	(11)	**Van Halen II**	Van Halen
12	(18)	**Songs Of Love**	Anita Ward
13	(7)	**Minute By Minute**	Doobie Brothers
14	(15)	**State Of Shock**	Ted Nugent
15	(—)	**Dynasty**	Kiss
16	(9)	**Flag**	James Taylor
17	(22)	**Winner Takes All**	Isley Brothers
18	(16)	**Sooner Or Later**	Rex Smith
19	(13)	**2 Hot!**	Peaches and Herb
20	(14)	**Spirits Having Flown**	Bee Gees
21	(—)	**Back To The Egg**	Wings
22	(17)	**Parallel Lines**	Blondie
23	(—)	**Teddy**	Teddy Prendergrass
24	(23)	**The Cars**	
25	(26)	**McFadden & Whitehead**	
26	(27)	**Look Sharp!**	Joe Jackson
27	(—)	**Where I Should Be**	Peter Frampton
28	(20)	**Evolution**	Journey
29	(—)	**Lodger**	David Bowie
30	(—)	**Night Owl**	Gerry Rafferty

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

disco

All 12" singles, all imported

1	**I'm A Sucker For Your Love**	Tina Maria (Motown)
2	**I'll Never Forget My Favourite Disco**	Dexter Wansel (Philadelphia)
3	**Come And Get It On**	Soccer (Salsoul)
4	**Strut Your Funky Stuff**	Frantique (Columbia)
5	**Get Another Love**	Chantel Curtis (Key Records)
6	**First Time Around**	Skyy (re-mix) (Salsoul)
7	**It's Too Funky In Here**	James Brown (Polydor)
8	**Groovin' You**	Harvey Mason (Arista)
9	**The Boss**	Diana Ross (Motown)
10	**Everybody Here Must Party**	Direct Current (Tec Records)

Chart Supplied By: Groove Records, 52 Greek Street, London W1.

reggae

7" pre-release

1.	**Fist To Fist Rub A Dub**	Nigger Kojak (Belmont)
2.	**Mr. Brown**	Gregory Isaacs (Cash And Carry)
3.	**Kick To Yu Chin**	Jah Grundy (Belmont)
4.	**Hallelujah Jah**	New Creation (Errol T)
5.	**Oh Mr DC**	Sugar Minott (Studio One)
6.	**River Jordan**	Sugar Minott (Black Roots)
7.	**Pressure Rock**	Captain Sinbad (Youth Promotion)
8	**It's You I Love**	Pat Kelley (Black Swan)
9.	**Hold Me Baby**	Dudley And Scorcher (Studio One)
10.	**Loving You**	Pat Kelley (Black Swan)

Chart supplied by Joe Gibbs Record City, Lewisham Way, SE1.

years 5 ago

Week ending June 25, 1974

1	**Always Yours**	Gary Glitter (Bell)
2	**The Streak**	Ray Stevens (Westbound)
3	**Hey Rock And Roll**	Showaddywaddy (Bell)
4	**She**	Charles Aznavour (Barclay)
5	**Jarrow Song**	Alan Price —(Warners)
6	**I'd Love You To Want Me**	Lobo (UK)
7	**There's A Ghost In My House**	R. Dean Taylor (Tamla Motown)
8	**A Touch Too Much**	Arrows (Rak)
9	**Liverpool Lou**	Scaffold —(Warners)
10	**Judy Teen**	Cockney Rebel (EMI)

10

Week ending July 25, 1969

1	**Ballad Of John And Yoko**	Beatles (Apple)
2	**Oh Happy Day**	Edwin Hawkins Singers (Buddah)
3	**Living In The Past**	Jethro Tull (Island)
4	**Time Is Tight**	Booker T. and the MGs (Stax)
5	**In The Ghetto**	Elvis Presley (RCA)
6	**Dizzy**	Tommy Roe (Stateside)
7	**Something In The Air**	Thunderclap Newman (Track)
8	**Big Ship**	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
9	**Higher And Higher**	Jackie Wilson (MCA)
10	**Get Back**	Beatles (Apple)

15

Week ending June 26, 1964

1	**It's Over**	Roy Orbison (London)
2	**Someone**	Brian Poole and the Tremeloes (Decca)
3	**Hello Dolly**	Louis Armstrong (London)
4	**You're My World**	Cilla Black (Parlophone)
5	**Ramona**	Bachelors (Decca)
6	**My Guy**	Mary Wells (Stateside)
7	**Here I Go Again**	Hollies (Parlophone)
8	**You're No Good**	Swinging Blue Jeans (HMV)
9	**Nobody I Know**	Peter and Gordon (Columbia)
10	**House Of The Rising Sun**	Animals (Columbia)

NEWS

BLONDIE VISIT DEFINITE : PAGE 4

Police, Gabriel topping at Reading with Lizzy

THE POLICE and **PETER GABRIEL** are the other two headliners for this year's Reading Festival, in addition to Thin Lizzy, whose appearance was announced last week. Among other acts confirmed are Steve Hackett, Jamaican reggae outfit Inner Circle, chart groups The Members and The Undertones, Climax Blues Band, and two bands fronted by former Deep Purple stalwarts — Whitesnake and Gillan.

The full running order hasn't yet been determined, but it's known that The Police will be heading on the opening night (Friday, August 24), Thin Lizzy top on the Saturday, and Peter Gabriel closes the show on the final night (Sunday, 26). Several more acts are still being finalised, and negotiations are in progress for two major American bands to make special guest appearances. Meanwhile, those confirmed so far are:

Thin Lizzy, Peter Gabriel, The Police, Steve Hackett, Inner Circle, The Members, Climax Blues Band, The Undertones, Whitesnake, Gillan, Motorhead, Punishment Of Luxury, The Movies, Bram Tchaikovsky, Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders, Doll By Doll, After The Fire, Fame, The Jags, Molly Hatchett, Speed-O-Meters, Wild Horses and Zaine Griff.

Molly Hatchett are an American heavy metal outfit who will be making their UK debut, and the event also marks the first appearance of the re-shaped Gillan band.

TICKET DETAILS & LINE-UP

Advance three-day season tickets for the entire festival cost £10.95 (including VAT), and they may be obtained by mail order from NJF/Reading Festival, P.O. Box 4SQ, London W1A 4SQ. Make cheques and postal orders payable to "NJF/Reading Festival" (no cash applications) and enclose SAE. These tickets include camping and parking facilities.

Subject to availability, a number of day tickets (not including camping or parking) will be on sale at the site, priced £4.50 (Friday) and £5.50 (Saturday and Sunday).

The Reading Festival — or to give it its full title, the 19th National Jazz, Blues and Rock Festival — will be staged at its usual Thameside Promenade site, ten minutes' walk from the Western Region station, and easily accessibly by road via the M4. There will be the usual facilities including shops, bars, restaurants, mobile hospital and full toilet amenities.

THE POLICE enroute for the Reading Festival.

ADAM ANT

ADAM & ANTS HIT BIG-TIME

ADAM AND THE ANTS are poised to break into the big league, as the result of signing an agency deal with John Giddings of the giant MAM Organisation, who has set up an extensive summer tour for them.

At the same time, they have signed with Do It Records, who release the band's single 'Zerox'/'Whip In My Valise' on July 6. And after completing their British dates, they start work on their first album for autumn release.

With a further strings of gigs still being finalised for August, those so far confirmed for next month are Retford Porterhouse (July 13), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (14), Plymouth Woods (16), Exeter Routes (17), Newport Stowaway (18), Leeds Fan Club (19), Edinburgh Clouds (20), Manchester The Factory (21), Bradford Royal Standard (22), Chester Smartyz (23), York Pop Club (25), Liverpool Eric's (26), Newcastle Mayfair (27), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (28) and Jacksdale Grey Topper (29).

Clash, Townshend: Rainbow benefit concerts

PETE TOWNSHEND and THE CLASH headline two separate benefit concerts on successive nights at London's Rainbow Theatre next month, organised by the Rock Against Racism movement. Both shows are in aid of the Southall Defence Fund and People Unite, and the full line-up is: Pete Townshend & Friends, The Ruts, The Pop Group and Misty (Friday, July 13); and The Clash, The Members, The Enchanters and Aswad (Saturday, 14). In addition to the names announced, a few surprise appearances can also be expected.

It's understood that Townshend's friends are likely to include The Who's Kenny Jones and possibly John Entwistle, though Roger Daltrey will be unavailable because of his filming commitments in 'McVicar'. The Rainbow has obtained permission from the GLC to remove its seats for these two gigs, and tickets should be on sale at the theatre's box-office this morning (Thursday), all at the one price of £3.

● The Clash's Joe Strummer talks about the project on page 14.

PETE TOWNSHEND

It's Pure Hell again

PURE HELL — the American outfit originally described as "the world's first black punk band", but who are now calling themselves "a black raunchy heavy-metal rock'n'roll band" — are back in Britain for a ten-date tour, climaxing with a major London appearance at the Lyceum Ballroom on Sunday, July 15.

Other gigs are Norwich Boogie House (tomorrow, Friday), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (Saturday), Bradford Royal Standard (Sunday), Leeds Fan Club (July 3), Bristol Trinity Hall (5), Retford Porterhouse (6), Manchester The Factory (7), Sheffield Limit Club (10) and London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (11).

While in this country, the band will also be recording a maxi-single in a limited edition, available by mail order only — postal or money order for £1.50 to Pure Hell, c/o 5 Cecil Street, Margate, Kent.

● The Chords have confirmed another two headlining London dates — at Camden Dingwalls (July 11) and Kensington Nashville (30) . . . and The Mekons, who are just finalising a major recording deal, are also set for a Nashville gig — their date is this Sunday.

DRUMMER GOES AND BISHOPS FACE CRISIS

THE BISHOPS are facing their second crisis in three months. They decided to carry on as a group, after the tragic death of Zenon De Fleur in March — but they have now lost their Australian drummer Paul Balbi, who has had to return to his home country because his work permit has run out. He was stopped by UK immigration authorities when the band returned from a festival in Spain, and was told he couldn't enter the country. The Bishops have since taped a couple of radio sessions using a session drummer but, having now lost two founder members, they are seriously considering their long-term future.

Dead to visit after all

THE GRATEFUL DEAD — who pulled out of last weekend's Glastonbury Fayre at short notice, explaining that they were too involved in recording sessions — now appear to have had an ulterior motive for their cancellation. It's understood that they will be coming to Britain after all this summer — to top the bill in another open-air event. According to informed sources, they'll be headlining a major outdoor concert not too far from Central London, on either the last Saturday in August or the first in September. The favourite seems to be Saturday, August 25 — which, if confirmed, would clash with the Reading Festival.

YES OPT OUT

YES have now decided against playing a string of concerts at London Earls Court in August, despite the fact that their live double album is scheduled for release that month. NME reported plans for the London shows last week, basing the news upon information supplied by the band's keyboards man Rick Wakeman, and a Yes spokesman confirmed on Monday that some dates were being held at the stadium until quite recently.

The Marketing Director of Earls Court told NME: "The promoter reserved the Yes dates, and kept us dithering around for ages, before finally telling us he wouldn't be taking them up." Back to the Yes spokesman for the explanation: "The boys now feel they want to take a good long rest from live work after they finish their American tour early next month. They've decided not to play any more live dates this year, and will instead concentrate on recording their next album."

MUSIC BY POST

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NEWS WAVES

Cramps autumn return
Buzzards benefit show
Members, Wire extra

● **LOCAL OPERATOR** have had to drop out of their extensive UK tour with The Members, due to the illness of guitarist Geoff Cooper. They've cancelled all dates for a month, and will resume at London West Hampstead Moonlight Club on July 20. Their new single 'Pressure Zone' is released by Virgin on July 13.

● **LEYTON BUZZARDS** headline a charity show for one-parent families at London Leicester-Square Notre Dame Hall on July 2, supported by Strangeways and Stoat. Tickets are £1.25 (advance) and £1.75 (doors).

● **THE CRAMPS** — who recently completed a UK tour with The Police, and are currently playing a few final gigs before returning to the States — will be back in Britain in mid-October to headline their own tour. Between times, they'll be recording their debut album at Sam Phillips' studios in Memphis, for British release by Illegal Records in late August.

● **WIRE** have added another date to their UK tour schedule, reported two weeks ago — at Norwich St. Andrew's Hall tomorrow (Friday).

INTERVIEW

● **WAYNE COUNTY** flew to New York this week with Electric Chairs guitarist Elliott Michaels, and they'll be putting a temporary line-up together to play some dates in the States and Canada. In their absence, the rest of the Chairs will continue their own solo ventures.

● **PATRIK FITZGERALD** has added another London date to his current UK tour — at Camden Music Machine on July 5. But his gig planned for Birmingham Festival Suite tonight (Thursday) is cancelled. A book of his poems is now available (price 75p) from Thap Publishing, Tower Hamlets Art Project, 59 Watney Street, London E.1.

● **INTERVIEW** are playing a couple of dates before they begin their tour with The Pretenders on July 9 — they are London Kensington Nashville (this Saturday) and Bath King Edward's School (July 3). Their album 'Big Oceans', issued by Virgin next week, will carry the special price of £2.99 for one month.

● **THE MEMBERS** have added another three dates to their UK tour, which opened this week — at Leicester University (this Saturday), Newport The Village (July 6) and Douglas I.o.M. Palace Lido (8). They've also been busy finishing their third single with producer Martin Rushent — titled 'End Of Term', it's due for late July release by Virgin.

● **JOHN LYDON** appears in BBC-1's 'Juke Box Jury' this Saturday (30) — and for the benefit of those unfamiliar with his name, he is reverting to being Rotten!

● **THE SPECIALS** play a return gig at London Kensington Nashville tonight (Thursday), after selling out there earlier this month. They then start work on their first album under their newly-signed deal with Chrysalis — it's planned for October release, and they'll be touring extensively at that time to promote it.

Change of venue for The Tubes

THE TUBES have had to cancel their projected show at Bristol Colston Hall on July 12, because it now transpires that the hall is unavailable on that date. Instead, they appear at Cardiff Sophia Gardens on July 11 (all tickets priced £3.50).

RUNAWAY CHART LEADERS

September visit by Blondie is on

BLONDIE, who emerge this week as the top act in both the NME album and singles charts for the first half of 1979, are now set to arrive in Britain for concert appearances in September — despite reports elsewhere that their visit has been postponed until later in the year.

It was suggested that, because they're just setting out on an eight-week American tour, their British dates had been put back from August to October. In fact, they never planned to be here in August — and, as NME reported on April 21, they promised they would tour the UK in September.

Their London spokesman said this week: "Their American tour finishes in mid-August, so there's no reason why they shouldn't stick to their promise. My latest information is that they will definitely be arriving here during the second half of September, and their new album will be issued to coincide with their concerts. But there'll be a new single out before that."

Also needing clarification, is another report, claiming that Debbie Harry stars in a so-called art film titled 'Union City', which is already completed and should be seen in Britain in the autumn. But in reality, this is an experimental film shot on home-movie cameras, and only a few sequences are in the can. Said the spokesman: "With so much heavy touring coming up, I have no idea when or if it will ever get finished. And the same goes for the proposed 'Alphaville' film with Robert Fripp."

Blondie's 'Parallel Lines' is the runaway leader in the NME Album Chart Points table for 1979, with the first half of the year now completed — it's over 200 points ahead of its next nearest rival, and well on course to becoming the top LP of the year. Blondie are also ahead in the singles table, though here their lead is only minimal. Even so, it represents a remarkable achievement for a band who, only a year ago, were regarded as strictly new wave and non-mass appeal.

XDREAMYSTS ARE BAD NEWS

HAVE YOU HEARD THE BAD NEWS?

(XDREAMYSTS)

'BAD NEWS'

THE SINGLE
AVAILABLE IN ALL BAD RECORD SHOPS
c/w MONEY TALKS

1ST 10,000 WITH EMBOSSED LOGO IN SEE THROUGH BAG

polydor

RECORD NEWS

Virgin open largest record store in UK

VIRGIN are opening what they claim to be the largest record store in Europe — it's in London's Oxford Street, on the site of the former Superama store, and next door to the premises of the first Virgin shop which opened ten years ago. The new store has a sales area almost the size of five tennis courts — plus coffee shop, cafeteria, ample listening facilities, giant video screen and ticket agency. It opens this Saturday (30) with The Boomtown Rats in attendance, and there's an opening offer of £2 off each of the Top 100 albums.

Among new Virgin releases are a Sparks single titled 'Beat The Clock' from their album 'No 1 In Heaven', a picture disc single titled 'Call Me Every Night' by Jane Aire & The Belvederes, and 'Money' by The Flying Lizards (following up their unorthodox 'Sumertime Blues' last year) — all due out on July 6.

Following on July 13 is an album by San Francisco band The Residents titled 'Nibbles'. It's a compilation of tracks from their five previously-issued albums, and it sells at the budget price of £3.20. Their long-awaited 'Eskimo' album is expected in the autumn.

● First to offer musical comment on the Thorpe affair, Beggar's Banquet rush release a single called 'Jeremy Is Innocent' by **Rex Barker & The Ricochets** — a name which hides the identity of several well-known musicians.

Berry, Domino & Mumps on new Hammer label

HAMMER RECORDS are a new London-based label set up by record producer Des Dolan, and they make their bow next month with three albums — **Mike 'Stand' Douglas, Fats Domino Golden Greats** and **Chuck Berry 20 Golden Greats** (£4.25 each). Subsequent releases will follow at the rate of about two per month, and will include material by **Jerry Lee Lewis, Bob Marley, Johnny & The Hurricanes, Johnny Cash, The Platters** and **Mary O'Hara,** among others.

The label's first single (£1.05) is by New York new-wave outfit **The Mumps,** titled 'Rock And Roll This And That' — and it's understood that London dates are currently being negotiated for the band.

Half-year Chart Points

TOP TEN ALBUMS : JANUARY — JUNE

1	Parallel Lines (Blondie)	656
2	Spirits Having Flown (Bee Gees)	439
3	C'Est Chic (Chic)	400
4	Armed Forces (Elvis Costello)	388
5	Dire Straits	346
6	The Very Best Of Leo Sayer	339
7	Breakfast In America (Supertramp)	323
8	Manilow Magic (Barry Manilow)	278
8	Barbra Streisand's Hits, Vol. 2	278
10	Best Of Earth Wind & Fire, Vol. 1	259

TOP TEN SINGLES ARTISTS

1	Blondie	402	7	Art Garfunkel	303
2	Village People	366	8	Abba	290
3	Bee Gees	344	9	Three Degrees	286
4	Earth Wind & Fire	326	10	Boney M	274
5	Chic	317	10	Gloria Gaynor	274
6	Racey	314			

DAVID COVERDALE

Whitesnake play 18 major venues

WHITESNAKE — the band featuring former Deep Purple members David Coverdale (vocals) and Jon Lord (keyboards), plus Bernie Marsden and Mickey Moody (guitars), Neil Murray (bass) and David Powle (drums) — headline a major 18-venue UK concert tour in mid-autumn.

After their appearance at the Reading Festival, as well as two other European festivals in August, they undertake a Japanese tour in September — followed by U.S. dates in Los Angeles and New York. They then return to Britain to play: Portsmouth Guildhall (October 11), Brighton Dome (12), Birmingham Odeon (13), Preston Guildhall (15), Glasgow Apollo (16), Edinburgh Odeon (17), Newcastle City Hall (18), St. Albans City Hall (20), Ipswich Gaumont (21), Hanley Victoria Hall (22), Oxford New Theatre (24), Leicester De Montfort Hall (25), Manchester Apollo (26), London Hammersmith Odeon (28), Bristol Colston Hall (30), Bradford St. George's Hall (November 1), Sheffield Polytechnic (2) and Liverpool Empire (4).

Tickets are on sale now at all venues priced £3.25, £2.75, £2.25 and £1.75 — except at Hammersmith where they are £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2. Whitesnake finish their second German tour of the year this Sunday, then return home to complete their third album at Clearwell Castle, and it's planned for autumn release.

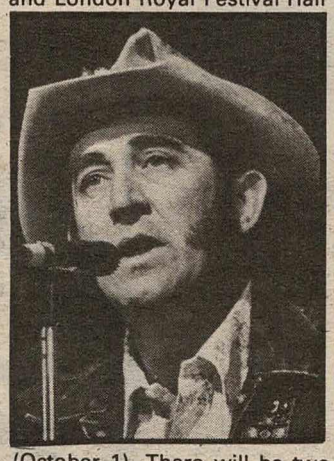
SUPERTRAMP FOR WEMBLEY SERIES

INSPIRED BY the success of their 'Breakfast In America' album, Supertramp are to play a string of four successive nights at London Wembley Arena in mid-autumn — a courageous move, bearing in mind that very few acts are capable of filling the vast arena for three nights, let alone four! Promoter Andrew Miller confirmed this week that they will appear there on October 30 and 31, November 1 and 2 — but tickets will not be on sale for about five weeks, and prices have not even been determined yet. He added that he is also looking for other dates for the band around the country, but whether or not their visit develops into a tour depends upon finding suitable venues.

DON WILLIAMS CONCERT TOUR

DON WILLIAMS — arguably the most popular C&W artist in Britain, and certainly the most successful in terms of album sales — returns here in early autumn for a major concert tour, promoted by Mervyn Conn. Support acts are up-and-coming Nashville singer Terri Hollowell and British country band Poacher. To coincide with tour, MCA will release the album 'The Very Best Of Don Williams'.

Dates are Aberdeen Capitol (September 20 and 21), Glasgow Apollo (22), Liverpool Empire (23), Brighton Conference Centre (24), Southampton Gaumont (25), Ipswich Gaumont (26), Gloucester Leisure Centre (27), Manchester Belle Vue (28), Stafford Bingley Hall (29), Bristol Colston Hall (30) and London Royal Festival Hall



(October 1). There will be two performances every night, except at Brighton and Manchester — and a decision hasn't yet been taken regarding the number of shows at Gloucester and Stafford.

● **Ticket prices are £7, £6, £5 and £4 (Aberdeen and Glasgow); £7.50, £6.50, £5.50 and £4 (Liverpool); £7, £6 and £5 (Brighton); £7.50, £6 and £5 (Southampton); £8, £7, £5 and £4 (Ipswich); £7.50, £6.50, £5.50, £3 and £2 (Manchester); £7.50, £7, £6.50, £6 and £5 (Bristol); and £8, £7, £6, £5, and £4 (London). Gloucester and Stafford still to be announced.**

All box offices open shortly, and readers should contact individual theatres or watch local papers for announcements. Meanwhile, tickets for the London Festival Hall shows are available by post from Mervyn Conn Promotions (Ticket Unit), 45/46 Chandos Place, London WC2N 4HS.

Monochromes, PragVec dates

THE FIRST nine dates have now been confirmed for the Rough Trade package tour — plans for which were revealed last week — featuring The Monochrome Set, PragVec and Manicured Noise. They are Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (July 10), Halifax Civic Theatre (11), Hull The Block (12), Dudley J.B.'s (14), London Deptford Albany Empire (15), Reading Caribbean Club (16), Southend Zero Six (17), London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (18), Derby Ajanta Club (21). Several more dates are still being finalised.

JIM CAPALDI LONDON GIGS

JIM CAPALDI, the former Traffic vocalist and percussionist, plays two charity shows at London Victoria The Venue on Thursday and Friday, July 5 and 6 (tickets on sale now priced £3.25). He'll be backed by his band The Contenders — Alan Spenner (bass), Phil Capaldi (vocals), Ray Allen (sax), Peter Bonas (guitar), Chris Parren (keyboards) and Nico McBrain (drums) — and these will be their only British dates this year. Capaldi's latest album 'Electric Nights' has just been issued by Polydor — and a remixed single from the LP, titled 'Shoe Shines', is out this week.

● **CHAS AND DAVE** have added a date at The Venue to their current gig series, promoting their 'Gertcha' single — it's tomorrow (Friday).

NEW SINGLE 'MIAMI' RIVA 20

AVAILABLE NOW

THE DONKEYS DEBUT SINGLE WHAT I WANT FOUR LETTERS OUT NOW! RHESUS

STUDENTS! EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES ARE ON PAGE 69

AT LAST REAL ROCK'N'ROLL FROM THE BARS AND CLUBS OF NEW YORK FROM LOK THE EP FUNHOUSE A FETISH AVAILABLE EVERYWHERE THRU SPARTAN AND ROUGHTRADE

NEWS ROUND-UP

ROY HILL, TOYAH AT RIVERSIDE

ROY HILL BAND headline three in a series of rock shows being presented throughout next month at London's Riverside Studios in Hammersmith — on Saturdays, July 14, 21 and 28. The Blues Band (featuring Paul Jones and McGuinness-Flint) play Fridays, July 6, 13 and 27. And there are one-off concerts by Raaw (11), Toyah (18) and the Michael Nyman Band (25).

C.P. LEE IN RHESUS PACKAGE

THE TUNES and The Donkeys, two bands signed to Manchester-based Rhesus Records, are playing a series of gigs together to promote their latest releases for the label. Special guests are C.P. Lee of the Albertos and the infamous Gordon The Moron. Those set are Liverpool Eric's (July 2), Manchester Factory (4), Sheffield Limit (8) and Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (12). Others, including a London date, are being finalised.

DARTS PLAN EXTENSIVE TOUR

DARTS are going out on a major tour in September. No dates have been announced yet, but their spokesman said it will be an extensive itinerary, covering most of the key cities around the country. Meanwhile their new single 'Duke Of Earl' (the old Gene Chandler hit) is released by Magnet on July 6 — and their latest album, produced by Roy Wood, will be issued in September to coincide with the tour.

MADDY BACK WITH NEW BAND

MADDY PRIOR, already set for the Cambridge Folk Festival on both July 27 and 28, returns to London right after her second appearance there to headline at The Venue in Victoria on July 28. And she precedes these dates with a show at Hull University on July 26. Maddy's new band comprises former Steeleye Span members Rick Kemp (bass) and Nigel Pegrum (drums), plus John O'Connor (guitar) and Andy Richards (keyboards).

FAIRPORT: MORE FAREWELLS

FAIRPORT CONVENTION, currently undertaking their farewell tour prior to disbandment, are to play two nights at London Camden Dingwalls — on Tuesday and Wednesday, July 17 and 18. They have also added Nottingham Playhouse (July 21), Rayleigh Crocs (August 1) and the Colchester Festival (3). Apart from an outdoor gig in their home village of Cropredy, Oxon, this wraps up their UK tour.

CODY ADDS ANOTHER THREE

COMMANDER CODY, already set for three nights at London Victoria The Venue (October 12—14), has now been confirmed for three provincial dates — at Manchester University (October 9), Cardiff University (10) and Bristol Polytechnic (11). One more gig has still to be finalised. Support act on all dates is Sassafras.

COYNE AND DAGMAR ON STAGE

KEVIN COYNE and Dagmar Krause appear at London Stratford Theatre Royal on July 15 and 16 in a special presentation of 'Babble', the song cycle written by Coyne, which is issued as a Virgin album this weekend. Described as "a love story about lonely lovers", the performances also feature Bob Ward (acoustic guitar) and Brian Godding (electric guitars).

BRITISH DEBUT OF SPYRO GYRA

SPYRO GYRA, the six-piece U.S. jazz-funk band, have been added to the line-up for the Capital Jazz Festival at London's Alexandra Palace on July 22 — and they also play their own show at London Victoria The Venue on July 23. A single featuring three tracks from their hit American album 'Morning Dance' is released this weekend by Infinity Records (distributed by MCA) — they are the title track, 'Jubilee' and 'Heliopolis'.

KWESI JOHNSON SETS HIS BILL

LINTON KWESI JOHNSON together with Rico and his band, already set for a Creation For Liberation benefit this Saturday (30) at London Kensington Commonwealth Institute, announces that West African poet Emmanuel Jegede and the Trinidad Steel Band will also be on the bill. Tickets at £3 each are available from various record shops, including Virgin branches at Marble Arch and Oxford Walk.

WINGS ON RADIO LUXEMBOURG

PAUL McCARTNEY & Wings are featured in a rare radio interview this Saturday (30), when they broadcast on Radio Luxembourg from 11pm to 1am, talking to resident DJ Rob Jones. Tracks from their new 'Back To The Egg' album will be included, as well as some earlier Wings material.

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The Handsworth Revolution ...

David Hinds

... meets the Berlin wall

Home thoughts from abroad by STEEL PULSE while hunting down Babylon in the Bratworst Zone. Your despatch rider is MARK ELLEN. Pix: ADRIAN BOOT.

THERE'S TWO reasons for this wall around West Berlin. Apart from confining the general populace, it serves as a canvas for their corporate political spray-can.

Just round the corner from our hotel in Stresemannstrate, daubed in black letters four foot high, runs an unusually cryptic message — "Teenage Jesus & The Jerks. SO 36 — 30.6.79."

A venue better suited than SO 36 for the crazed onslaught of the Lydia Lunch Package would be hard to imagine. With all the tackiness of The Marquee and the acoustics of an overlarge shoebox, it's the very soul of Berlin New Wave. The roof is lined with crudely painted neon strip lights, the walls with punk 'art' photos glued on metal sheets, and the entrance with ads for New York horror / avant garde / punk flicks.

Somehow the thought of this playing host to a black reggae band from Handsworth doesn't quite ring true.

Berlin 20.6.79: The Bay City Rollers have sold out one-tenth of The Metropole Disco, Edgar Broughton faces 1400 empty seats at Hochschule Der Kunste, The Police have packed out Kant Kino, and yet SO 36 is sardined wall-to-wall with assorted local hipsters; longhairs, spikey tops, cosmetic cowboys, the decadence clique — everyone down to a few Babylon - by - bratwurst - type denim-clad boozeheads.

Archie Ball, a Handsworth native and pioneer for the band's cause, lopes up to the microphone and, in an accent so thick it's indigestible to these alien ears, introduces "The Mighty Musical Force Of Steel Pulse."

Six brilliantly coloured figures spring out from the wings, as the crowd cranes its neck to check out their threads. Beneath a wash of red, gold and green, David Hinds is in his chequered court-jester garb topped with a red bowler; keyboardsman Selwyn Brown is in strict militia; percussionist Phonso Martin wears his usual Far-Eastern regalia, and guitarist Basil sports a silk kimono emblazoned with animals.

Behind them are the pump house gang of bassist Ronnie McQueen in his 'Abyssinian Holyman's hat' together with one of reggae music's most underestimated talents, Steve Nisbett on drums.

As Hinds later puts it: "We are portraying certain people in society in the system throughout the world."

Even if the finer points of Pulse's visual / verbal message go by the board, the crowd slowly succumb to the sway of their exhilarating music and slide into its magnetic rhythms.

They play a vivid, typically well-balanced set that weighs the new songs from their 'Tribute To The Martyrs' album against a springboard of the familiar 'Handsworth Revolution'; a set that combines all the thrust of reggae backbeat with the bouyancy of Hinds' melodies and his sensitive and stunning arrangements.

To watch Steel Pulse stir this dive into perpetual motion is a celebration — pure and simple.

"For the mouth of the wicked and the mouth of the deceitful are opened against me. They have spoken against me with a lying tongue. They compassed me about also with word of hatred and fought against me without a cause." Psalm 109. v2-3 (from the cover of 'Tribute To The Martyrs'.)

YOU COULD well call Steel Pulse 'opinionated'. Everything they encounter comes under intense scrutiny.

They don't smoke tobacco, they rarely drink, and they eat — in varying degrees of wariness — fish, fruit and vegetables. For Phonso Martin food with the merest suspicion of pork content tends to get the cold shoulder although none of them go to the extremes of Third World, who apparently won't eat in restaurants that have ever been contaminated by meat.

Even the statutary herb intakes seems to have been knocked on the head. Trouble with borders, that sort of thing? No, they say, it's just "interesting to be without it for a while."

They also have a passion for long and devoutly serious, discussions, usually on such topics as black suppression, Rastafari, class equality, Marcus Garvey, and the search for Truth.

It's not uncommon, when travelling in the van, for Archie to expound his theories for a continuous 15 minutes, broken only by occasional nods of approval and the sound of Rico, The Crusaders or Herbie Hancock filtering from a cassette machine.

I suggest to Steve that it's the city itself or maybe the interview that's inspired this display of commitment. But no, he says, it's like this 24 hours a day. The band's white road crew tell the same story.

We wander around Berlin's scattered, shell-scarred monuments for Adrian Boot to take some photos. David and Phonso are locked in another vigorous debate, this time on interbreeding between races. Adrian lines them all up in front of the Russian Monument with its tanks and armed guards, the Brandenburg Gate of the bombed Kaiser's Palace, and finally on the steps of the austere Reichstag, where Hitler made the speeches that compounded the whole Nazi Movement.

At the border post, 'Checkpoint Charlie', we get word that if we point our cameras at anything except historic monuments they will be ceremonially mashed into the pavement. One of the band behind me starts a pastiche of Linton Johnson's 'Sonny's Lettah', adapted for an East Berlin jail.

It's not exactly hard to see a parallel between these oppressive surroundings and those which confront the black minority in the band's native Handsworth. Last year Hinds gave the strong impression that, to its residents and local police force, dreadlocks and crime were virtually synonymous. Had anything changed since then?

"That feeling's still there," he says, "but to be quite honest with you, you get one or two dreadlocks who are really just *dead*locks; people who say they're seekin' Rastafari philosophy and are not. They're just false, they're not in with our doctrine, and *they're* the ones who give people who are really trying to seek something for themselves — and *be* somebody — that bad name."

Is there still discrimination against dreads in clubs as well as on the street?

"It's worse than ever in Handsworth. You

■ *Continues over*

■ *From previous page*

get occasional raids and youth clubs closing down very early. It's been told for years now that when you hear reggae music, that's where the violence is — that reggae brought violence into the discos.

"But we're living in a time when dreadlocks is just beginning to get a form of respect from the older community of black people; respect for the fact that our music is enlightening a lot of white people."

He mentions two incidents of unprovoked violence against blacks; the first was in Wolverhampton when NF members shot some black youths from a car with pellet guns, and the second concerned a friend of his who was very severely beaten up. Both were "sheltered down" (hushed up) by the police and authorities.

"You find people who prefer fighting back because they've been through it and they've had enough. And you find people who are saying "we've got to go another way about it — Peace, peace, peace". We want peace, but we don't want to turn the other cheek, 'cos what happens is they're gonna slap it again, and then you've got no cheek to turn."

LATER, HINDS and I get a chance to talk in the silence of his hotel room. But he doesn't like to be considered the spokesman of the band, and is clearly concerned that the rest of their number have disappeared — two for a radio interview and three round the corner for a meal.

Hinds writes almost all of the band's material. He's dedicated, intelligent, entirely honest and enormously sensitive. His conversation is lucid and expansive when I'm sympathetic, and methodical — and sometimes fiercely defensive — when I'm not. He often soars off at a tangent, illustrated with graphic Rasta and Biblical imagery.

For their white audience his equally idealistic lyrics on both the albums are largely overshadowed by their intriguing and ornate sound texture. This demands as much incisive production technique, and it's partly this ambitious departure from Jamaican roots-type recording that's made the band such a distinctive force in British reggae.

Pulse put out their first single 'Kubulah Upsetter' on the Concrete Jungle label in '77, but its primitive production came nowhere near interpreting the complexities of their music. With the Island contract in '78, they released 'Ku Klux Klan' and its equally controversial successor 'National Front'. Both were denied radio play due to their defiant political content, and yet the excellent 'Handsworth Revolution' became the first by a British-born reggae band to make the album charts, giving Pulse the recognition that such a courageous debut so justly deserved.

Hinds looks back on their ealy days. "We'd been to small studios, and we weren't satisfied with the sound. The rhythm guitar just sounded thin and weak, and we had to ask ourselves is that the right sound for us? It was a question of the mix, and the overspilling, and how far the bass should be, and we realised that most of our melodies are catch melodies and the bass didn't have to be that far up like in the Jamaican sound. So we held it back and toned it down a bit, and kept the vocals very much up front, and it's made a very flamboyant sound."

Apart from the early influence of the arrangements and technique of the first Third World album, Pulse own a sizeable debt to their own producer, Karl Pitterson.

"You could say that Karl really brought that sound out of us. He liked us straight away and it seemed like he was looking for a band that he could put his ideas into. He helped us produce what was best for us when we didn't really know what to look for."

Did he feel that J.A. roots reggae was hard for a white audience to appreciate and understand?

"It is really, because there's certain phrases and accents that you've got to *live* rather than suddenly experience although you've been told the meaning of them. Ours is like a cross-over, but they're accepting the bass lines now, the bass lines pushed forward.

"But that kind of roots music doesn't get any airplay, because our kind of music is only *just* getting airplay, and it's really not getting enough. Like 'Sound System' — it's nothing to do with drugs or chanting down the National Front. It's just a nice disco jive, and it's still not getting enough airplay, probably because we had singles out before like 'Ku Klux Klan'."

How much has Steel Pulse's success influenced other bands in their community?

"There's been a lot more reggae bands since we came onto the scene and into the papers and started putting out records. There's a lot of bands with one or two different ideas, but I don't know how far they're going to go. You heard Eclipse — they formed around the same time as us. The reason why we weren't so popular with Eclipse was a few years back, is because our music is different and it was not accepted by the black community."

Is that because your whole approach has become more elaborate?

"Well it's like with Marley. When Marley came over with 'Catch A Fire', everyone says 'yeah, that's it'. Not until Marley came through via the white audience with the 'Natty Dread' album did the blacks really see that his music was very different from a lot of the actual reggae artists. That's when they saw Bob Marley as a pioneer — 'cos he is a pioneer of reggae, there's no doubt about that."

Ronnie McQueen

Surely the majority of blacks reckon that Marley's pretty much sold out?

"When they first heard him they accepted him. He was 'roots' in the sense that he was on about life and suffering and a lot of Biblical parallels that he was dealing with then. The band has progressed technically, and as far as ideas are concerned they *need* a cleaner sound to portray what they want, like on 'Kaya'. But I think a lot of black people have come to terms with that sound."

I suggest that their new album 'Tribute To The Martyrs', although it experiments successfully with new techniques and textures (notably Moogs, brass and horns), is still disappointingly unadventurous. The same arguments that have been weighed against Marley could well be applied to their single 'Sound System'.

The word 'commercial' raises its ragged head.

"When you say commercial — if it was commercial, it would get airplay. I get my reggae influences from the sound system rather that the radio because if I leave it to the radio I'll not hear the reggae music I want to hear.

"What I'm doing with Sound System' is trying to enlighten the black people as well, so I sing if you *"Want consciousness, well I head rest with Jah."* I'm telling you it's the Rastafarian cult we're looking at. We didn't just go on a dreadlocks fad because there were a lot of people doing it."

THE CONVERSATION steers towards Rastafari and also — inevitably — to a confrontation.

As with any religion that dictates so strictly to its followers, to pitch a devout believer against even a sympathetic non-believer can only leave areas of dissent. What is faith to one just seems irrational and ineffectual to the other.

Hinds outlines his feelings in typically clear-cut terms. "Rastafari is something we've been looking at for a long time, and we kept turning away from it, thinking we couldn't really meet up to certain commitments. But right now we are influenced by it.

"You see there's always a scapegoat in every country. We go to France and they say, "Everything's fine except we don't like the Algerians". We go to Sweden and they say, "Everything's alright but we don't like the Finnish people". Love is a thing that is needed more. Music is one of the strongest forms of communication today and Rastafari is another philosophy that is trying to come through with love."

What exactly is he trying to achieve with his Handsworth/Babylon Biblical metaphor?

"When we say Handsworth we mean a lot of other towns like Handsworth — not only in England but in the world — who show a form of concern for the South African experience, or for the Sus charges of black people in Britain.

"That's what the 'Handsworth Revolution' argument is trying to portray — that *"We once beggars are now choosers/No intention to be losers/Striving forward with ambition/And if it takes ammunition . . .* "We can't really stand here and take blows. We've been taking it for years."

Isn't his imagery too traditional and idelological? To bring out banners on stage that claim "Satan's Kingdon Must Fall" and to state that *"Only Babylon prospers"* seems very far from a solution. Did he really believe his lyrics had any immediate effect?

"I see what you're saying really, but it's not all the time that it's wise to state what you're going to do. It's nice for people to make up their own minds after giving them the facts. We want people to put themselves in their own position and really look into themselves as people, and have a concern for each other."

How close are his lyrics to the *reality* of oppression in Handsworth if he writes lines like *"Give I back I witch doctor/Give I back I black ruler"*?

"It means give the black people an identity. Witch doctors aren't just false healers. History tells us that when they shipped the black people to the West Indies they took away the witch doctors as they were the ones who were actually keeping the black people together. So when I say *"Give I back I with doctor"*, it's like a way of life that was once good and without any form of oppression."

That still doesn't suggest that he's coming to terms with black and white in a relevant context.

"It's a protest, and you've got to come to terms with the fact that a lot of protests never get any solution. We're looking for a form of respect; it's what we think we deserve."

I quote him a recent statement by Linton Kwesi Johnson, who claims: "Rasta isn't that important a force for radical revolutionary change. How could a young man born in the 20th century talk about Sellasie and that back to Africa nonsense? Like any other form of belief, Rasta satisfies a need. I don't have to shout about roots because I know I'm roots. I don't have to shout about Africa because I know Africa is where my heritage lies."

Hinds springs up off the bed and starts pacing about the room. "Rasta is not *shouting about Africa.* Rasta is saying about the *goodness* of Africa. How are you going to be a man and do these sort of concepts . . . to me it doesn't have any spiritual vibration. What he doesn't realise is that the black people have survived slavery because they believed in the Creator of The Earth.

"We've been told that there were people who are chanting down the ideals of Rastafari and don't know that in many ways they are living off those ideals."

How does he mean 'living off them'?

"I mean carrying them out. Carrying them out and not realising them."

"As far as talking about equality — that's a Rasta ideal. It's also a Christian ideal, a Buddhist ideal, so for Rasta substitute 'truth' instead. But he's not totally committed to truth. To be totally committed to truth you've got to have a spiritual vibration. Would *you* say he's a spiritual person?"

I'd say that just because he doesn't recognise Rasta ideals it doesn't mean he's *not* a spiritual person. He just believes that organisation has a greater effect than Rasta ideology.

"Of course Rasta has an effect. If he hasn't seen the ideals of Rasta helping the situation then he hasn't seen what Martin Luther King has done . . . or what Marcus Garvey has done . . . or the very first rebellious people to lead the black people towards emancipation.

"Linton Johnson says what Rasta has said but he's putting it in modern words.

"Like instead of saying 'A man should not oppress another man', he's probably saying 'The National Front should treat the black people better.' What he's saying is exactly what the Men Of Truth are saying from the beginning of time and he doesn't even know it. But I respect him, and I've got nothing against Linton Johnson."

Wasn't there a time recently when you didn't consider yourselves Rastafarians?

"There was, but now we share their ideologies. Really the concept of Rasta is 'Love', and everybody who looks in their heart is Rasta. We're only seeking Truth and Love."

POSSIBLY THE band's greatest stumbling block since their outset has been the incompatibility of these black ideals with a reggae music refined for a white audience.

In the days when they were playing at punk venues like The Vortex they lost much of their black support when white punks began embracing reggae as a direct alternative to anarchic new wave. Yet Hinds describes their music as "beneficial — even more to get a consciousness of themselves and learn."

The 'Tribute To The Martyrs' album, with its respectful reference to — among others — Steve Biko, George Jackson, Marcus Garvey, Martin Luther King, Michael X, restates his belief that in order for blacks to gain that 'consciousness' they need to be aware of the achievements of their past black leaders.

Did he think our present curriculum suppressed that sense of perspective?

"In some cases it does deliberately; in others it happens that way for the fact that you're in England and you get taught English History.

"It's like when I was at junior school and I used to watch *Man From Uncle* on the TV, and I used to think how I wanted to be like Napoleon Solo — just because he gets all the girls, and all the kung fus, and gets to shoot all the bad men. I used to think 'I wish I could do all these things in reality', but I never looked at

■ Continues page 54

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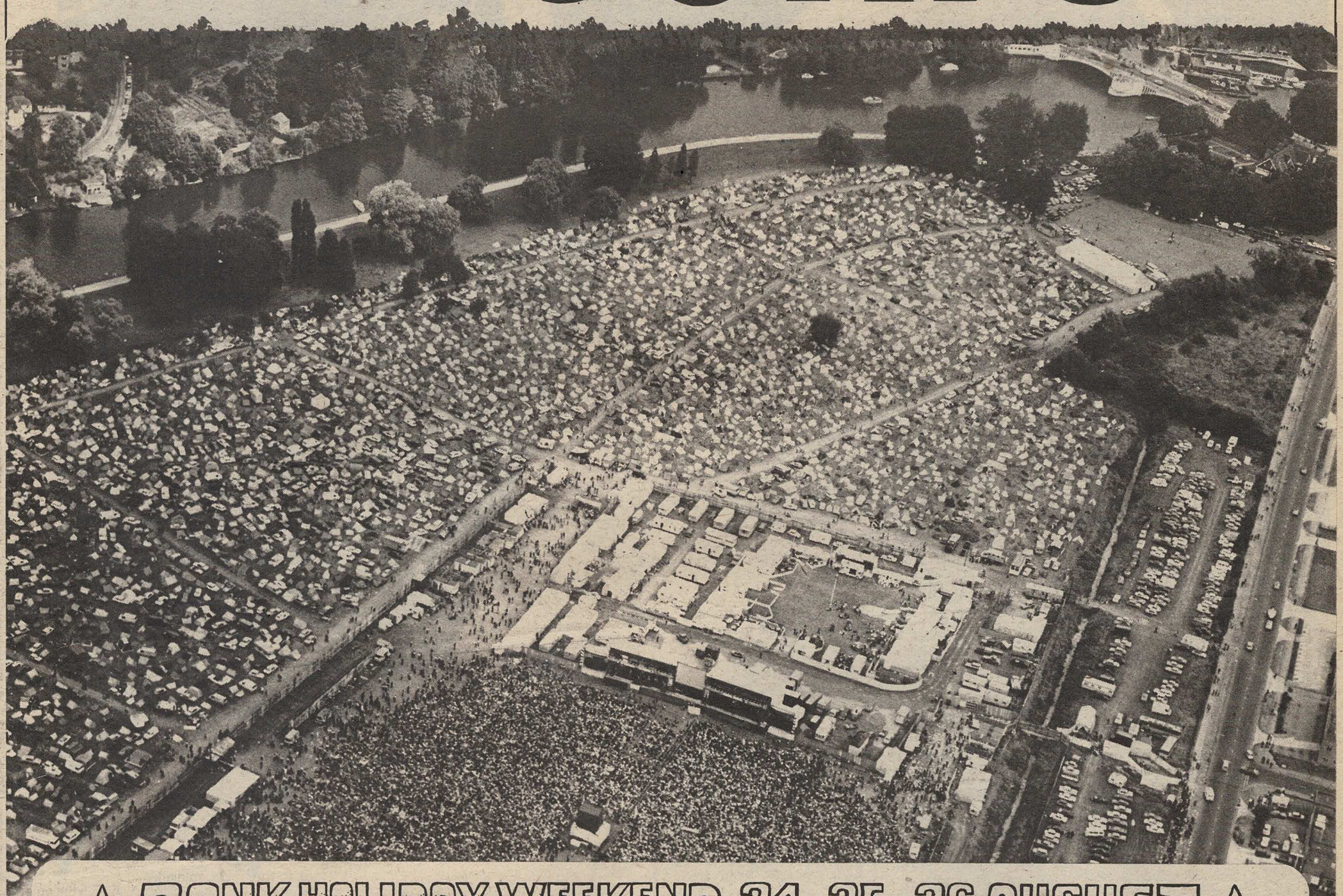

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MOTORHEAD · MOVIES · PETER GABRIEL · POLICE · PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY
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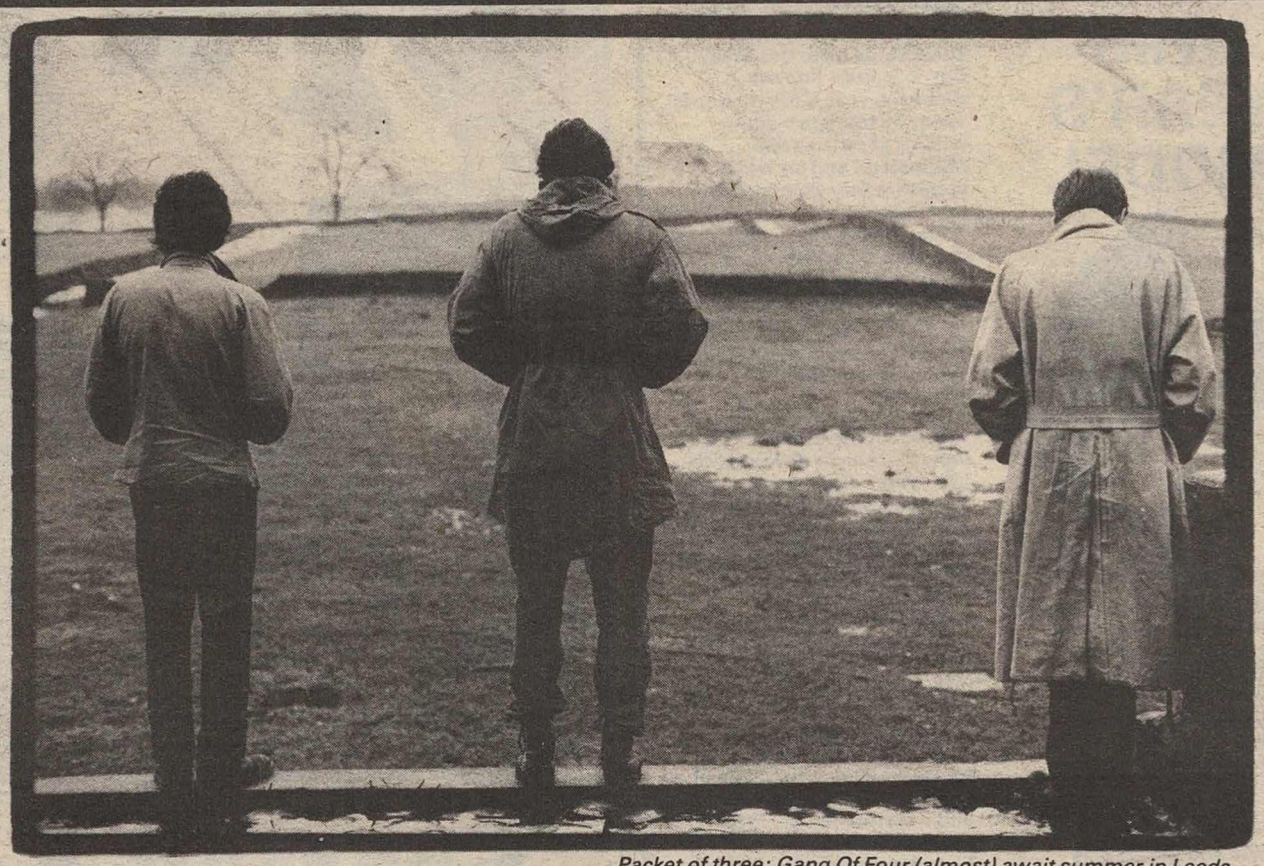


Pic: Pennie Smith

Packet of three: Gang Of Four (almost) await summer in Leeds.

Beeb Johnnies Nix 'Rubbers' Shock!

CATCH *Top Of The Pops* last week? Great show, eh pop-pickers? What, with those cheeky Village Persons, those raucous Ruts and the delicious Dooleys, you surely couldn't have wished for a better way to shake ass around the living room to half-an-hour's worth of all the best in today's pop.

That affable 'hairy monster' Dave Lee Travis couldn't have presented his 14 million viewers with a more up-to-the-minute cross-section of the latest contenders for a slice of the proverbial chart action.

Or could he?

What those 14 million viewers were blissfully unaware of was the fact that they should also have been swinging along to the sticky sound of The Gang Of Four's latest fab waxing 'At Home He's A Tourist'. They weren't, due to circumstances most bizarre.

The Gang Of Four — after going through all the rigmarole of camera calls and dress rehearsals for *TOTP* last Wednesday — were banned from the programme at the last minute due to the lyrical content of 'Tourist' — two words, to be precise.

The two words in the song which the BBC, in their infinite wisdom, considered to be an affront to public taste and decency are 'rubbers' and 'packets'!

The 'Tourist' lyric uses the analogy of a well-known rubber contraceptive to make a point about exploitation in discos and leisure and the lines the Beeb construed as being offensive are these: *"Down on the disco floor/They make their profit/From the things they sell/To help you cop off/And the rubbers you hide in your top left pocket!"*

Gang manager Rob Warr explains the group had originally agreed to substitute the word "packets" for "rubbers", preserving intact the sentiments of the lyrics.

"But just as the filming was due to start they decided that we couldn't do it. They decided that the word 'packets' is an obscenity!

"They suggested that we change the line to 'the rubbish you hide', which totally changes the meaning of the song. They were trying to re-write our lyrics.

"I couldn't believe it. They'd had eight hours to sort it out. We wanted to do the show and were co-operating as much as possible and then they go and make a completely ridiculous decision.

"It seems that it's fine to have The Village People and all that Donna Summer heavy breathing and titillation stuff, but they won't have anything remotely resembling a heavy lyric."

The BBC claim that the Gang had originally agreed to substitute "rubbish" for "rubbers", a claim vehemently refuted by Rob Warr.

Says BBC press officer Ann Rosenburg: "We felt that the line was not suitable for the young and family audience which is the *Top Of The Pops* audience. It was suggested by Robin Nash *(TOTP* producer) that they change it to 'rubbish' for the programme. This would have been an acceptable compromise for us.

"Initially the group did agree, but when they made the change they substituted 'packets' instead. What we wanted to do was change the meaning. People, particularly parents, could have taken offence."

Why then was the change only demanded at virtually the last minute?

"That's not the way I heard the story. Changing it to 'packets' doesn't change the meaning of the song. We have to establish the fact that *Top Of The Pops* is not only important as a trade programme. It's important for the family."

Does this all mean that the word "packets" is now to be banished forever from the airwaves of Britain?

"No. But in the context of the lyric, the word 'packets' could mean only one thing."

Apart from being left somewhat stunned by the absurdity of the affair, the Gang were also well miffed at having lost two days' valuable rehearsal time in coming down to London to do the show; when they received a call on Tuesday morning to appear on the programme, they had been in the middle of laying down demo tapes for their forthcoming album at Mountain Studios in South Wales.

'Tourist', incidentally, jumped seven places to No.58 in the BBC singles chart last week.

ADRIAN THRILLS

"They're behaving like odious pigs because we've got them hamstrung with a dubious contract and they've blown vast amounts of their advance on booze and drugs to relieve the frustrations of the petty restrictions and interfering limits we've set on their recording activities and presentation of their work. The usual thing — artistic temperament."

Priest's Halford: safe to fly? Pic: Paul Cox

Metal Fatigue

CENTRAL London was no place for the squeamish last week. The ground shook to the rumble of self-righteous boogie, while the air was rent by the shrieks of thwarted heavy metallists. Dante's *Inferno* wasn't in it.

Cause of the disturbance was a little dust-up between Judas Priest (whips, leather, pretensions to flash) and Status Quo (denim, Number 6, solid worth) both of whom are appearing at Dublin's Dalymount Festival on Sunday 1st July. Seems Quo have vetoed the use of JP's motorbike, which made an unscheduled departure from the stage in the States the other week.

The bike has since been banned by the GLC and others, but Dalymount promoters Santa Ana got the *OK* from the relevant authorities. They then checked with Quo, as headliners, only to receive the big thumbs-down. Are the 12-bar kings worred lest they be upstaged by Priest's more, er, glamorous approach?

"Don't make me laugh," guffawed publicist Judy Totton. "We think it's a bit pathetic when a band has to resort to cheap gimmicks. Judas Priest have been around nearly as long as Quo and haven't been nearly as successful.

"Quo care too much about their fans. We probably wouldn't mind if Rob Halford could ride the thing, but it's a proven hazard."

Halford's reaction was terse — in a butch sort of way: "No wonder Heavy Metal's been associated with boring old farts while this attitude prevails."

But isn't use of the bike dangerous and irresponsible? Not any more, claims Priest manager Mike Dolan.

"Since the incident, more precautions have been taken in the way of barriers. There's no more danger than when a car hits a crash barrier on the motorway."

Ah well, every little helps, so long as you spell the name right. Can Joodas Preest cut it on leather alone? Has denim had its day? Will Dalymount see a terrible vengeance?

See you in the fall-out shelter.

HARRY GEORGE

Meanwhile back in Vietnam

DESCRIBED by John Le Carre as "The best book I have ever read on men and war in our time," 'Dispatches' is a series of mental snapshots of Vietnam as seen through the eyes of the author, who spent a year there as war correspondent. Culled from Michael Herr's documentary novel the play is episodic and meandering, reflecting in style as well as content the day to day reality of the American soldier. As live theatre it makes good television.

The play is not great literature. It is a disturbing, funny, frightening experience which makes you laugh and cry. The violence is grisly but not numbingly gratuitous; the marine whose guts force themselves out of his combat jacket as he dies of a stomach wound, the incinerated corpse of a Vietcong that leaps up out of nowhere, the soldier with his testicles blown away — all are images that remain in the mind for long afterwards but so also do the gentler, humane passages that proliferate between the bloodshed.

The real success of the piece lies on the way the director makes the audience look back. The music is naturally his most effective catalyst: Hendrix, Dylan, Stones are played constantly as background music, the volume being brought up to end a scene or emphasise a point. The group (Albion Band alumni that perform four numbers towards the latter part of the play was successful even as a theatrical metaphor but to hear Richard Thompson's 'Night Comes In' and 'Street Of Paradise' in such a context was a revelation.

The style of presentation recalls those halycon days of early sixties fringe when productions similar to this were two a penny (Peter Brook's 'US' and The Living Theatre's 'The Brig') though this is better than their ilk.

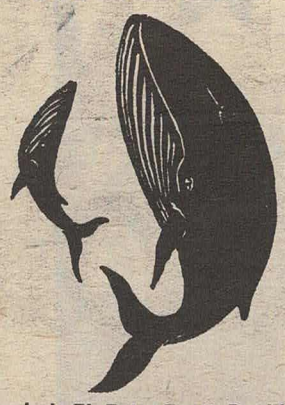
Laurels particularly to Michael Feast as the blank-eyed crazy, Mayhew, and Jack Shepherd for his understated portrayal of Herr, The Correspondent/Author. 'Life is a movie. Life is a war movie. Life is war. It goes full circle, quotes the correspondent. To see young soldiers head into battle, M16 in one hand, joint in the other makes you think. Vietnam was the closest our generation ever got to being involved in a war.

If you see one play this year, make sure its 'Dispatches'.

Neil Norman

Rossie: "You won't get me up in one of those."

THE WHALE WAR: THIS YEAR'S MODEL



EARLIER THIS month animal liberation group Moby Dick fired the opening shots of this year's whale war. Police in three counties were alerted after 84 Japanese cars were damaged with paint stripper as a protest against Japanese whaling. Repairs will cost an estimated £25,000.

Moby Dick, who remain anonymous even to other direct action groups, represent the extreme end of the protest spectrum currently preparing for another year's activity, centred around the meeting in London in early July of the International Whaling Commission.

Many events are planned. Stiff Records have a benefit for Friends of the Earth at the Hope and Anchor on July 4 at 8.30, featuring Lew Lewis and every other harmonica player of note they can find, promoting Lewis's new record *Save The Wail*.

On July 7 Greenpeace are holding a sponsored walk to raise money to keep their boat *Rainbow Warrior* afloat and active. It starts at 10.30 from Hampstead Heath and follows a ten mile course down to Jubilee Gardens. Those wishing to participate should contact Malcolm Bereton at Greenpeace, Columbo Street, London SE1. *Rainbow Warrior* is currently active off Iceland, harassing the whaling fleet. The owner of the Icelandic land-based whaling station has now applied to the minister of Justice for an injunction against Greenpeace, but the Warrior has already sailed and will not be there to receive it.

On Saturday July 8 at 2.30 in Trafalgar Square, Friends of the Earth, supported by many other animal groups, will be staging a Whale Rally. Flo, the giant inflatable whale will be there, and guest speakers include Sir Peter Scott, David Bellamy and Spike Milligan.

The actual meeting of the International Whaling Commission, which decide the number of whales that can be killed in the year ahead, will centre on three major issues.

The first, proposed by a number of countries including Australia and the USA, is either for a total moratorium on commercial whaling, or a three-year moratorium on killing sperm whales. Either of these motions would wreck the economic feasibility of the whaling industry and thus stand little hope of being adopted.

The second issue, in many ways more interesting, is being put forward by the Republic of the Seychelles and was developed in association with Dr Lyall Watson, the author of *Supernature*, who is their deputy Commissioner to the IWC.

The plan calls for the establishment of a whale sanctuary in the Indian Ocean. One quarter of the whales killed come from this area, but it is little known that each year more money is spent by tourists visiting whales at centres like Marineland and on whale literature than is made from whaling.

The Seychelles want to preserve the whales as a tourist attraction which coincides with Watson's views that we should try to establish a relationship with these highly intelligent creatures.

The plan is for nations whose countries border the Indian Ocean to develop this idea; Australia is known to be keen and recently banned all whaling from her coasts, and Arthur C Clarke, who lives in Sri Lanka, is reported to be trying to persuade the government there.

If the Seychelles delegation fail this year they plan to return next year with more support.

The third, highly contentious issue concerns pirate whaling, the theme of a recent *TV Eye* documentary and a feature in the *Observer* magazine. A number of ships have been operating under flags of convenience and outside IWC regulations, killing every whale in sight, and selling their catch to the Japanese and other nations. Both whaling and non-whaling nations are anxious to stamp out their activities, and some kind of IWC decision is expected.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

The Scars: (from left) Calumn Mackay, Bobby King, John Mackie, Paul Research. Chris Horler.

Scarred Scars beat van-lag

TOLCHOCKED any baboochkas lately? I should hope not, too. But that's the kind of anti-social activity (in *Clockwork Orange*-speak) that forms the basis of Scars' 'Horrorshow' — one side of their recent debut 45 and, for my money, amongst the best singles to surface so far this year.

It's a cheerless chunk of gratuitous gloom, gorgeously doom-laden. With its scarcely-merrier partner-track, 'Adultery' it's the first indication that up there in Edinburgh Bob Last and his Fast Product label have scored yet another strange-but-interesting addition to a list which already includes The Mekons, Human League and Gang Of Four.

And this fine bright afternoon we find the group in a dark quiet corner of the Marquee club, van-lagged after the long drive south, wondering about the night to come: a support-slot for Doll By Doll and only their third showing in London.

Groaning with anguish they recount tales of those previous expeditions to the Big City. There was, for example, their Big Break — last year's Fast Product showcase at the Electric Ballroom, when *NME's* observer pointed to their "glam-rock contrivances" and the "precocious little fellow" on guitar whose heroic posing came unstuck along with his jack-plug.

"Actually", he tells me, "I was only joking, putting on an act for Hilary" (from Fast).

An inauspicious introduction, all the same.

Then there was the gig-that-wasn't, at a church hall in Leicester Square. When they arrived the vicar realised that headliners The Human League weren't some earnest religious outfit after all — and that was that. Mission aborted.

Scars are: guitarist Paul Research (agreeably un-precocious after all), vocalist Bobby King (small but you should hear him scream), John Mackie the bass-player, and drummer Calumn Mackay. All are between 18 and 20, still in day-jobs (except Mackay who's just left school) — and all very excited at having seen Norman Wisdom in the street a few hours before.

But even events of that magnitude could not lure them from Edinburgh, at least not yet.

"It really is a great little scene up there," Paul explains. "We've come in for plenty of criticism from some quarters, but just to have that following, kids who know all your songs, it's great. I think we'd rather be big fish in a small pond than move to London."

Some of this home-town attachment can be traced to Fast Product, to whom Scars readily acknowledge a considerable debt.

"No doubts about it: Fast have opened up a lot of doors."

Formed in late '77 out of various school-bands, they're sensibly reluctant to define or describe themselves. Glam-rock? Emphatically not, they declare — though their cover-versions of Cockney Rebel's 'Psychomodo' and the Mick Ronson number 'Billy Porter' are a clue to the kind of influences they will admit to.

Punk-rock, of course, provided the impetus to start a group, but they'd like to think they're advancing beyond any limitations that genre might imply.

"That's the reason for the arrows in our logo — the idea of progression." And Paul candidly admits to regretting the name "Scars" — it does have a ring of negativity to it, a touch of identi-punk.

For identi-punk they ain't. Onstage, lights subdued to a glowering gloom, Scars' set is dark and dense. Their intensity is often awkward and occasionally unsuccessful; it's a case of their reach exceeding their grasp — no bad state of affairs for a young and developing band.

The shound is anchored to the lower registers; bumping bass and deep, thumpy drums predominate, overlaid with this sparse guitar, jagged and glassy.

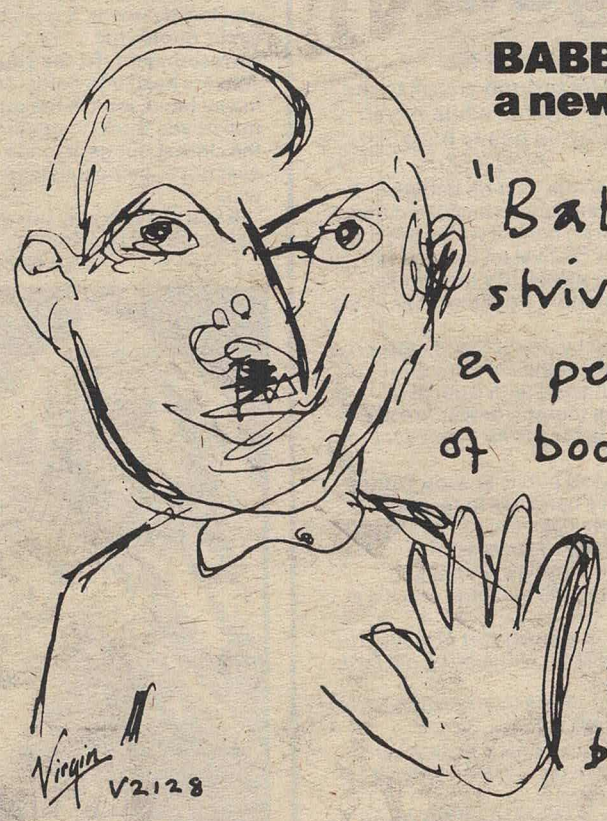
The material, stark and disturbing pieces like 'Obsessions' and 'Your Attention Please', might not be instant in its appeal, but Scars do not see anything of theirs as 'difficult' or inaccessible.

Computer-dating is the theme for the likely follow-up, called 'Romance By Mail'. If I were you I'd stay posted.

PAUL DU NOYER

THRILLS

BABBLE
(Songs for lonely lovers)
KEVIN COYNE
DAGMAR KRAUSE


"Babble is a couple striving for a oneness - a perfect combination of body and spirit..."
"Babble is about passion obliterated by petty detail..."
Virgin V2128

BABBLE - A SONG CYCLE -
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BABBLE will be performed live at the
Theatre Royal Stratford London E15 on 15/16 July

A few words of advice for anyone with a wait problem.

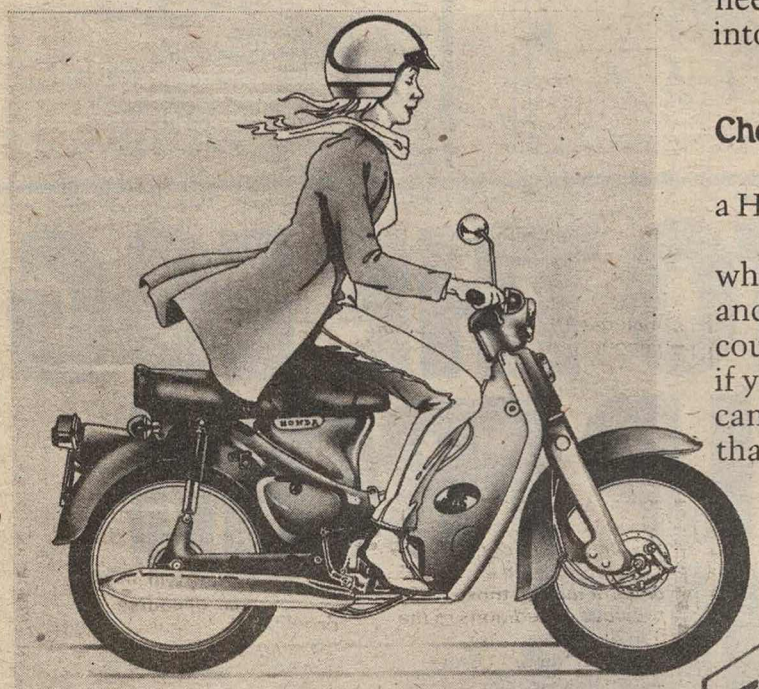
What can be more annoying or frustrating than having to hang around waiting for transport.

Even five minutes can seem an age if you're in a hurry. And after midnight, you could feel you're waiting for ever.

Well, you don't have to stand for it if you don't want to. There is another way to get where you want to go, a way that cuts out the waiting. And it can not only save you time, it can save you money.

It's called Honda.

It's easy to ride a Honda.



If you can ride a pushbike, you can ride a Honda – there are models that are that easy.

The Honda Express that Twiggy rode for us on TV, for example. That doesn't have a clutch or gears – you just twist your wrist and go!

There's a whole range of easy-to-ride Hondas to choose from. Mopeds. Step Thru's. And small motorbikes.

One of them is exactly right for what you want. It will take you where you want to go, any time of day. Without waiting. And when you get there, you'll find there's a place close by where you can park, free.

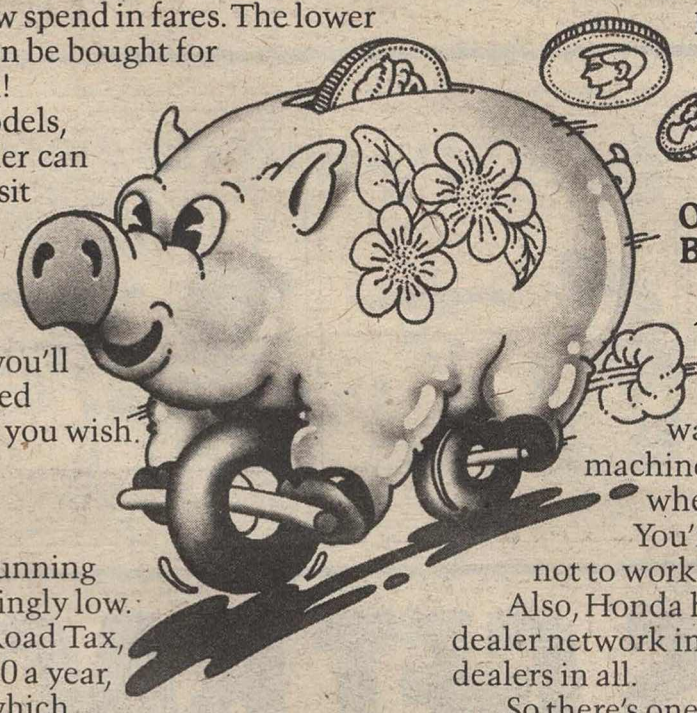
Your own door-to-door transport.

What could be more convenient?

Easy to buy.

The cost of a Honda, spread over a couple of years, can in most instances work out to less than you now spend in fares. The lower priced models can be bought for under £3 a week!

On some models, your Honda dealer can arrange no-deposit terms to make things even easier for you. And the cost of a helmet, which you'll need, can be added into the terms, if you wish.



Cheap to run.

The cost of running a Honda is amazingly low.

You'll need Road Tax, which is up to £10 a year, and insurance, which could be as little as £17 a year if you're over 21. Together they can come to little more than 50 pence a week.

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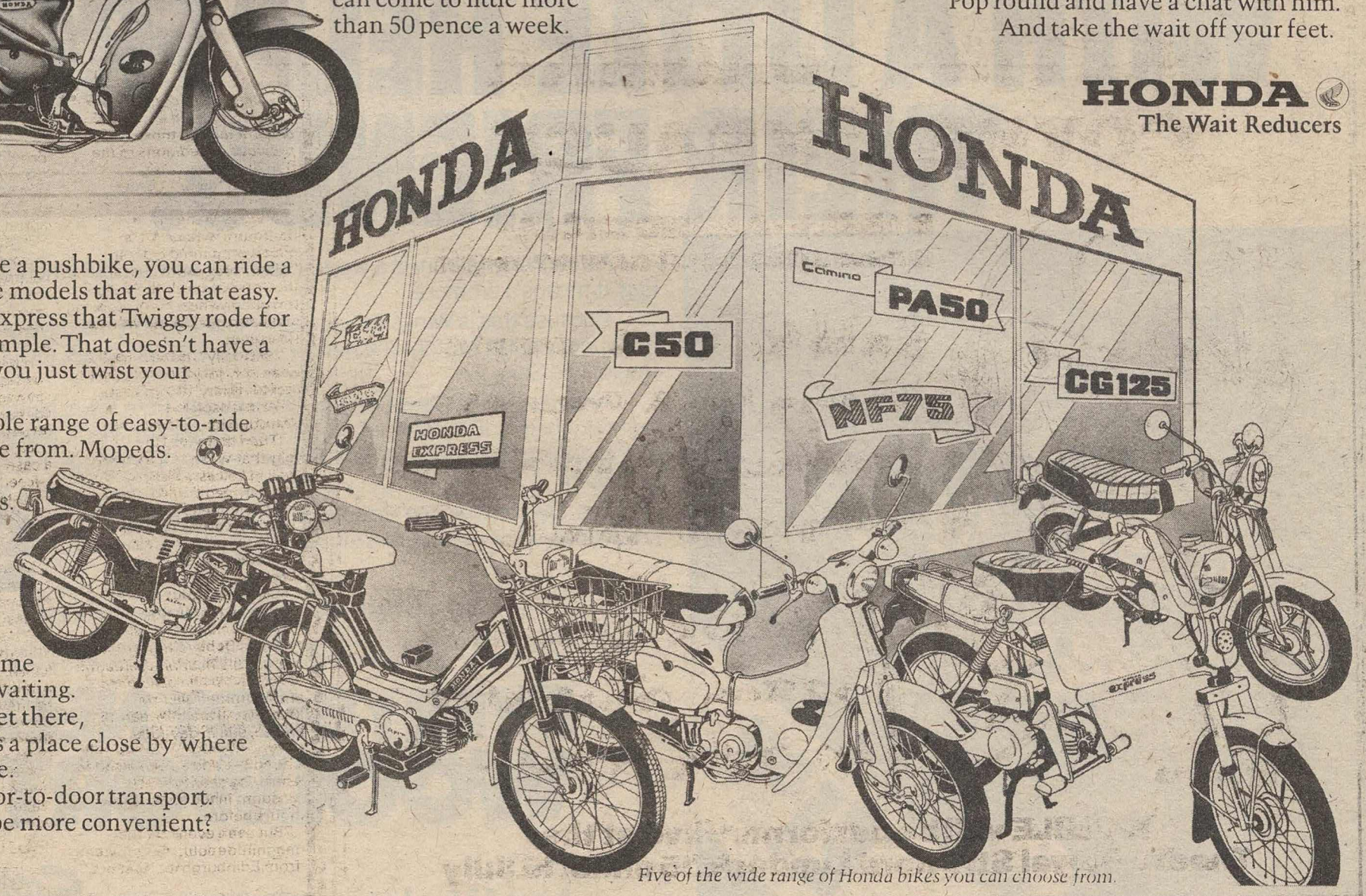
And take the wait off your feet.

HONDA
The Wait Reducers



Five of the wide range of Honda bikes you can choose from.

Voo Doo Shoes. Pic: Joe Stevens.

IN THE incestuous world of New York rock and roll, band memberships sometimes interlock like corporate directorships.

Consider the aftermath of The Erasers' break-up.

Lead singer Susan Springfield has a new band called Desire. Guitarist Richie Lure and bassist Jody Beach have teamed up with singer Donna Destri and a drummer named Laura to form Voodoo Shoes.

The curvaceous Jody Beach has been responsible for stray publicity in these pages before. "You might say I got taken in by a pair of red trousers," admitted snapper Joe Stevens.

Beach — a former *Playboy* Bunny — has been a companion to The Necessaries' Randy Gunn and to trans-Atlantic guitarist Chris Spedding. She is also the girl who played bodyguard to one Johnny Lydon in the days when he was wont to go down on the Bowery.

Richie Lure, who is the Shoes' main musical muscle, has an older brother named Walter Lure. Walter plays in The Heartbreakers. And in The Blessed. And in The Delinquents.

Singer Donna Destri's older brother Jimmy bangs keyboards in Blondie. It's a family affair.

Donna is the archetypal younger sister of every Italian friend every red-blooded American boy ever had while in the throes of High School; those sisters one would never touch for fear of fathers bearing shotguns.

Prior to Voodoo Shoe's first gig, she learned to play keyboards in just two days. She thought that being Jimmy Destri's sister, people would expect it of her.

Petulant and sultry onstage, offstage she is languorous to the point of laziness, lounging around rehearsal lofts as though she were on the French Riviera.

RICHARD GRABEL

BENYON: The Lone Groover

HMM— HOW MUCH 'RE YOU INTO VOODOO?
ME? VOODOO?
WELL WE AINT HAD BLACK MAGIC IN ROCK SINCE TH'EARLY SEVENTIES—IT LOOKS LIKE MAKIN' A COMEBACK, AND
I JUST THOUGHT Y'D LATCH ONTO ANYTHIN' T'GET PUBLICITY.
OUT OF HERE Y'FLEA ON TH' BACK OF ARTISTIC ENDEAVOUR.
WHO 'RE YOU T' QUESTION MY INTEGRITY?
UNO PETITO LATER
COP THIS Y' WIMPO!

HOT TOWN! Strummer in the city: walks into the Kings Road pub that serves as his temporary local while he's staying in Fulham dead on time. Nine o'clock on the nose: Dave Allen has time for precisely one and a half jokes before Joe arrives, one degree haggard but punkabilly sharp. A few things to clear up, a few ideas to kick around. A Guiness changes hands.

"I've got a few things to tell you but first I'll just get this out of the way," he begins. On his mind is the allegation made by Jah Wobble in Danny Baker's PiL outing a fortnight back to the effect that The Clash blew out their American tour because Public Image Ltd. refused to support them.

"Like Johnny says, there's two sides to every story. What really happened was that me and Mick were trying to cook up a good bill and we began noticin' that there was a similarity between PiL's set-up and our set-up.

"We'd both broken away from our mentors and we were both managerless groups who wanted to direct their own futures. So we just went down their house to see if they'd do the States with us. We said, 'We don't mind goin' on before you if you wanna follow us.'

"We didn't mean for them to support us; we were thinkin' about an alternating headline. They said no because they were already planning their own Stateside tour. We didn't go in the end, and neither did they.

"There's this bloke called Wayne who we work with in New York and who does our booking. I phoned him and said that we were gonna try and get PiL and he said, 'Yeah, that's a good idea'. When I called him back to say that they didn't wanna come he just said 'oh well' because we were working on a load of other ideas at the time.

"I don't know who's telling PiL things or from where they get their information, but I think someone's geein' 'em up a little.

"What do you think of that Buzzcocks-in-the-park thing? Did you hear what the GLC said? Imagine if you were a Buzzcock and you were told 'It's okay, you're safe enough to play in the park.'

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EVERYBODY NEEDS WOOLWORTH

Sometime!

And Woolco

Yes, it's Strummer in the city *(boilin' red hot)*

"I was trying to see if we could stop all the bitching going on and I was working with John Dennis from Rock Against Racism and I fed him the idea of all the big names in punk of New Wave or whatever having a big jammin' show in the park and recording it for an LP to sell for RAR to help the cause. Something positive, something for the summer.

"I thought it'd be interesting if all the groups shattered each in different combinations or something. But people are too arrogant: they'd say, 'I'm not goin' on stage with him' or 'They stink' . . . everyone's a bit too fussy.

"And with the GLC we haven't got a hope in *hell!* The Buzzcocks are just safe enough, but they ain't gonna stand for Clash, Pistols, Sham and Banshees and Undertones and stuff, are they?"

Well, they let the Stones do it at a time when *they* were still considered subversive . . .

"Tell ya, the '60s are really in, aren't they? We got *Juke Box Jury*, mods and everything. It's a piss-off. Who needs the past? I'm so sick of all this delving into the past. It's on a really short cycle now as well. It's stupid. Everyone's looking for yesterday because tomorrow's so shitty. There's 10,000 days of oil left. It's finite."

Ten thousand days in which to break our independence on oil?

"10,000 days to play the guitar, mate. Everyone's got to spend that time in their own way, but I think I'll play the guitar. Everything else gets boring . . ."

The Clash are in a deep hole at the moment. The separation from Bernie Rhodes — their manager from the early days before the interim period when Caroline Coon did their business — has necessitated legals, and that's why the American tour is off (okay, Wobble?). It doesn't look to be rancorous, but it still takes time and money, and The Clash are severely in debt.

Strummer gestures towards a rubbish skip a few yards down from where we're sitting. "You'd have to fill that with five pound notes to get anywhere near paying off our debts."

Despite all of that — and The Clash have the responsibility of trying to run their business as well as their music — Strummer is also jacking his energy into trying to set up a network of musicians in order to create a musician-owned venue in London and into trying to get in touch with London Weekend TV chiefs to create a *real* rock and roll TV show.

"It's time for a new pop show, and we want to get right in there. We've hung back from all that other stuff, because we didn't want to put whatever energy we've got into what's on at the moment. It's tough shit for us now, because all we get is 22 or 23 in the chart, but in the long run it's gonna be for the best."

We discuss *Quadrophenia* and I tell him it's maybe the best film about kids in Britain that I've ever seen.

"Don't say that too soon, mate. Wait'll you see our film. It's called *Rudi Can't Fail*. Ray Gant is the boy from nowhere." (The next day, Joe phones up to ask me to make that "the slob from nowhere".)

"The Who . . . you remember Misty getting smashed up in Southall? Well, us and The Who are working on doing a couple of shows for them, and it's going to happen in the middle of next month. The Who have been really good about it. They're lending a lot of gear and they're really keen to play. Roger Daltrey's particularly keen to play. It's a really bad thing when a group gets beaten up and all their stuff gets smashed . . ."

And Clarence, Misty's manager, who was put in hospital that evil night, is walking and talking again, no complications. Positive.

"You know what John (Lydon) said about us being desperate? I think that being desperate is one of the best things you can be. That's what it was all about, being desperate. If you get desperate on one side, what's the opposite? Arrogant complacency?

"They're a good group, PiL: no doubt about it. You know Wobble was saying that he was a natural? I think he is. But you know something? If I was just walkin' around and I didn't know anything about Clash and I didn't know anything about PiL, I'd be saying, 'What the fuck are Clash and PiL actually *doing*?' That's what I'd be saying and I think it's a very good question.

"If we get this musicians' venue going, we're going to call it Buckingham Palais. The average music fan is really great, because they fund this whole thing. If they didn't come, nothing would happen. I don't care what it's like as long as it's good. It's got to be good, that's all. I like singing. I don't like talking."

Between The Clash and the plans are the obstacles, which are . . .

"We got a debt so big we'd have to fill that skip with five pound notes. We're involved in court actions which we don't want, and we're having to deal with the whole thing ourselves. We're working on crazy plans.

"See: everything in the world is cost-related except for records. I shouldn't say this, but I'm a man whose knees are dusty from begging on record company floors — I got no pride — but I wanna survive and I want The Clash to survive. The only thing that we got is The Clash.

"I shouldn't be saying this, but we've been mucking around with some sound gear and we've got some crazy ideas like . . . some LPs, like a Bee Gees LP, will cost hundreds of thousands of pounds to make, so it's gonna cost — what is it now? — six quid soon.

■ *Continues page 17*

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Screen Dream

Lucas and Spielberg take it in turns to kick Stigwood on the knee.

GEORGE Lucas and Robert Stigwood, two of the heaviest of heavyweights in the film and music business are to collaborate on a number of projects in what is claimed to be the start of a long-term arrangement.

The initial venture planned is to provide a record outlet for Lucasfilm projects but the partnership will not stop there. Charles J. Weber, Lucasfilm president commented that "a variety of other Lucasfilm projects are on the boards which involve joint endeavours in the fields of computer technology, digital sound communications and audio-visual entertainment."

This planned exploration into futuristic technologies will be aided by the fact that Stigwood's company, RSO, is in partnership with the conglomerate Polygram who, in turn, are owned by Phillips and Siemens, the giant Dutch and German technological companies.

Stigwood and Lucas were recently at Elstree looking over the sets for the *Star Wars* sequel, *The Empire Strikes Back*. Although no one's saying anything, problems may have developed recently due to the unfortunate death of John Barry, the Oscar winning set designer, who worked on the original *Star Wars* plus *Superman, Clockwork Orange,* and was midway through his *Empire* task.

Lucas' new Hollywood cohort Steven Spielberg is three-quarters through his comic extravaganza, *1941*, which is fast becoming the most expensive movie of all time. Costs have already reached the $40 million mark, close to previous ceilings set by Dino de Laurentis' *King Kong* and Francis Ford Coppola's *Apocalypse Now.*

1941, which features the unlikely coupling of John Belushi, Christopher Lee, Slim Pickens and Toshiro Mifune, is based on the factual events of the night of December 13th, 1941, one week after Pearl Harbour. For reasons no one has been able to work out, that night Los Angeles was gripped by mass panic as the citizens became convinced that they were under Japanese air attack.

Spielberg explains: "To this day, nobody knows how the scare got started or how the alert was sounded. The next morning, when there weren't any enemy troops to be seen, everyone was a little sheepish. What we're going to do in *1941* is explain what happened."

Whatever the outcome, Spielberg is spending money like water. One scene, in which a plane crashes into Hollywood Boulevard, had to be reshot three times at the cost of a million dollars per crash. Another expensive scene, involving thousands of Mexican and Japanese extras, turned into a full-scale riot, sending John Belushi and cohort Dan Akroyd running for cover.

DICK TRACEY

STRUMMER

■ *From previous page*

Suppose a group came along and decided to make a 16-track LP on two Teacs, which dramatically diminishes the cost factor called 'studio costs'.

"Suppose you presented that tape to the record company and told 'em that it cost just these few quid to make. So even when they've added their mark-ups and a cut for him and a cut for *him,* you can still get a fucking LP for two or three quid. So why can't *that* be cost-related?"

Well, with independent labels it can, but the majors don't like doing that sort of thing because it sets unhealthy precedents and because they just *love* making money.

"It's a serious thing about managers. You know the people who've approached us?"

I've heard everyone from Peter Grant to Brian Lane.

"Bet you ain't heard Kerry Packer. Bet you ain't heard Harry Hyams. Bet you haven't heard Freddie Laker. . . . I'll tell you one thing about managers: the whole reason they exist is that groups are supposed to think about the songs while the manager thinks about the affairs.

"But times change, we're moving into the future and we're in the position of doing both things. It's pretty schizophrenic: you're either playing the guitar or you're on the phone and you could say that us and PiL are working in a Jamaican kind of way: we do what we feel like, *soon come,* but there's still that burning question. *What the fuck are they doing?* It's got to be answered, and that's why we're gonna get hold of some guy in America to do the American end and we'll handle things here ourselves, or maybe we'll work with someone we know.

"We're working on quite a wide front. We got all these things cookin' and we're trying to bring 'em to the boil. We've had our fill of various sorts of bullshit, and now we're back to the drawing board. We're really fucked, but I don't think we're fucked enough to quit. We're way beyond *that.*"

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

THRILLS

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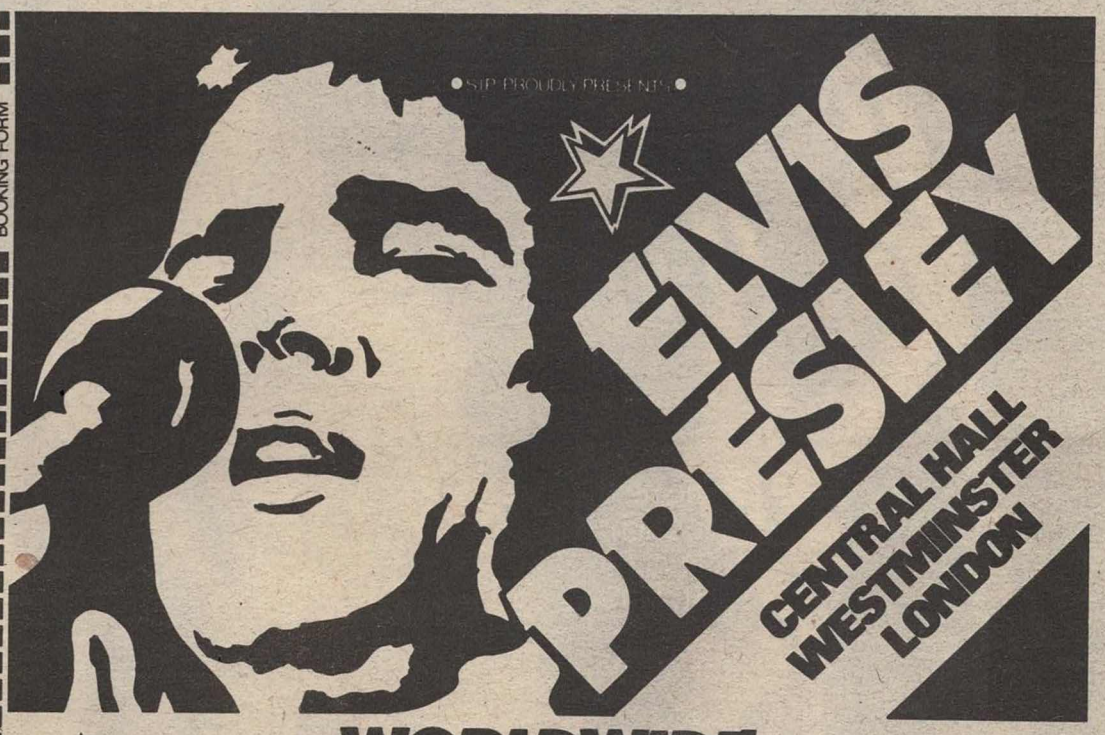

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Hurray, A Hip Hippy

DICK TRACY

THE Glastonbury Fayre was one of the best organised festivals ever held in this country, with excellent facilities, low-key security, a stage which combined function with inspiration and an excellent sound system.

Yet it was a chancy deal from the outset. Attitudes and times have changed, cynicism has accumulated, and the once noble festival, once the essential main meeting ground for activists and liggers alike has degenerated into cattle-pen commercial one-day events, bereft of any trace of former idealism.

It was clear to the organisers and others that if Glastonbury was going to work again it had to be in touch with the Modern World. The event's importance was simply that here, for the first time since the New Wave explosion and the long haul of the '70s there was a chance to see what shape we were all in.

The music situation crystallised many people's attitudes. Thursday night saw Gong and Steve Hillage playing to the converted. Friday it was the turn of John Martin, Sky and The Only Ones, the latter producing the best music of the day despite being plagued by generator problems and bad stage organisation. Naughty John Cooper Clarke never showed up while the UK Subs discovered mescaline tea and were having such a good time they decided not to go on.

Saturday brought more excitement. The Leyton Buzzards' small punk contingent and allied new wavers came running. They announced that they were willing to give anyone a chance and launched into a hard, tight set including their anthems 'I Don't Want To Go To Art School' and 'Saturday Night Beneath The Plastic Palm Trees'. The guitarist played a tongue-in-cheek version of the Hendrix-at-Woodstock Star Spangled Banner while the singer dropped his pyjamas and mooned at the crowd.

The evening highlight came courtesy of Peter Gabriel who had assembled Tom Robinson, Phil Collins, Steve Hillage, Nona Hendrix and Alex Harvey (in a kaftan).

Robinson played a couple of disco-inspired numbers plus '2-4-6-8-Motorway', Peter Gabriel delivered a pounding heavy version of 'Salisbury Hill', Alex Harvey insulted the audience, and Nona Hendrix sang such sweet soul music that this writer could have listened to her for days.

Unfortunately the euphoria on stage was accompanied by unpleasant scenes backstage. Gabriel's management were apparently responsible for bringing down extra security men who proceeded to eject everyone from the stage. In the process a six-year old kid got thrown down the steps and a photographer, Ron Reed, was hit in the face and had his equipment smashed. Maybe someone will do something about repairing that damage.

Finally came Tim Blake, who sang the Festival out. His set was accompanied by a spectacular laser show. First two giant supertrooper searchlights began combing the sky, then a blue and green laser light split into fan-shaped beams which seemed to stretch to infinity. A fitting climax.

Evidently the music only paid nodding tribute to the New Wave and ignored reggae, disco and mod music. In the post-mortems that inevitably follow such events, it

Ralph Records Says "Hello" From America

Hello. We suppose you haven't heard much about us here at RALPH for the past six months, and we know a lot of rumors have been flying around. So we decided to take this space to give you a real rundown on our plans.

First off, THE RESIDENTS' ESKIMO will definitely be released in the US September 15, which means you UK people will have it by October 1st. ESKIMO is a very unique and powerful record. At the current time, we are planning a "delux" package with a white vinyl disk. Now we know you are saying that colored vinyl is no longer very cool. Well, we planned this thing in white vinyl when it was supposed to be released in '77, and we see no reason to change our mind now. If ever there was a reason for white vinyl, it is ESKIMO.

About the same time as ESKIMO, will come the new LP from the ART BEARS. This album, entitled WINTER SONGS, is going to surprise alot of people. The Residents have named it as one of their favorite records of the decade. We believe it will be considered a classic of new pop.

In October we have a special treat. An album entitled SUBTERREAN MODERN features newly recorded material by San Francisco's leaders in the new-music underground: THE RESIDENTS, CHROME, MX-80 Sound, and TUXEDO MOON. As added interest, each group will perform its own version of I LEFT MY HEART IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Our last planned fall release is the long awaited SNAKEFINGER album. Although he is still in the studio, advanced tapes reveal a high energy, new-pop format that is going to have everyone singing and snapping their fingers. It is produced by The Residents.

Now another thing on our mind is our concern for making Ralph recordings available to you UK people without having to pay absurdly high import record prices. We must give credit to RECCOMMENDED RECORDS, ROUGH TRADE, and others who have made good efforts in that direction. Our attempt at establishing a Ralph Records UK was an utter failure. We just couldn't get the cash together. Fortunately, VIRGIN UK and ARIOLA BENELUX are showing interest in handling our label. In fact, a specially released compilation of Residents songs named NIBBLES should already be out on those lables. Supposedly, it will be available to UK customers at a price below standard LP prices.

Well, of course, we haven't told you everything we've got up our sleeves, but perhaps you know what to expect in general from Ralph this fall. Many, many thanks to all of you who are making Ralph Records the success story of the eighties.

Sincerely,

Ralph Records

For Free Ralph Records Catalog Write:
444 Grove St., San Francisco, 94102 USA

Hurray, It's Holiday

AT GLASTONBURY

should be seen that the biggest mistake was putting so much time, money and effort into trying to get the Grateful Dead over.

That said Glastonbury was never just a music event and this time round was no exception. Unacknowledged by the mass media, Britain is now home to a wide variety of exciting and influential young theatre groups, many of whom had made it to the site. Throughout the day and night there was always something happening, from the Footsbarn's hysterical interpretation of the King Arthur myth to the Cumberland Giants, actors strapped under giant inflatable figures who battled to the delight of all.

One rumour going round was that the kids had just got the adults to organise the festival for them. A huge play area came complete with sand pits, tyre swings, slides, climbing frames and the like, and, on several occasions, onlookers were treated to the sight of six-year olds and their wasted elders jockeying for position on the pneumatic pillows.

The festival was run with precision. Police presence was limited to uniform officers off the site who kept the traffic moving but, unfortunately, also felt it necessary to search a number of the punters on their way through, resulting in several arrests.

However, aside from some cowboys on the gate, there was little or no aggravation.

Facilities were excellent. Good cheap food was available day and night. The site was kept clean by rubbish lorries and the toilets, always a festival hazard, remained bearable.

Many pressure groups were represented, from Greenpeace to the Legalise Cannabis Campaign, from

Pix: PAUL SLATTERY

Better Badges to the Beast to a punk T-shirt outfit from York.

A black tent flying the skull and crossbones flag was laying on games of seven-card stud, fuelled by a mixture of champagne and nitrous oxide. Crazy man.

Tents, teepees, double decker buses and domes housed the majority. One tent was made entirely of bandages; another was held to the ground with hypodermic syringes. There were luminous frisbees and fire eaters, mushroom tea and "special" coffee.

A cameraderie, once lost, was found again. One dachsund, with Legalise Cannabis Campaign stickers on its ears, lit up under the speakers. Several innocent bystanders were incapacitated when a jacket full of amyl nitrate capsules, was left on the stage and someone stepped on it. Too much.

The weather held right through 'til early Sunday morning when it broke into a torrential downpour which lasted for hours but didn't seem to dampen the collective spirit.

This festival was different and special. People dropped their petty defences and began acting like human beings.

And the aftermath? The organisers are now looking at a loss of tens of thousands of pounds. There is talk of a record deal and the possibility of a rerun next year.

One final image, a story told over a camp fire. On climbing Glastonbury Tor late at night, a friend of mine found half a dozen teenage freaks tripped out at the top, listening to Clash tapes. Perhaps it was The Pop Group.

Maybe if there is a next time we can all help get it in shape. I'd like to suggest the new Village People single as the theme music. Go West — Together. It's the only way to face the future.

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Crits fiddle while public burns . . .

Fripp, Eno and others debate the future of a species

THE MUSIC Critics' Association sponsored a series of panel discussions in New York last week, in conjunction with a festival of experimental music being held at the Kitchen, one of the headquarters for the local avant-garde music scene.

One of the afternoon sessions featured the topic *"Commerciality, Mystique, Ego and Fame in New Music"*, with panellists John Rockwell, the rock critic for the *New York Times*, Brian Eno, Robert Fripp and Philip Glass.

Eno and Fripp fans queued up for admission to the small Soho cinema where the discussion was held. But after press and musicians were let in, only a small number of public seats remained.

Those who got in heard a rambling discussion that included the following points: (1) Eno believes that the role of the rock star is akin to the role of the shaman in tribal societies, (2) Fripp hates cameras, (3) Philip Glass has not been affected by fame since it came so late, (4) Rockwell, responding to an audience member's question about his power, said he did not believe that the *New York Times* constituted mass media. He was roundly booed.

Another session was a solo lecture by Eno on *"The Recording Studio As Compositional Tool"*.

Eno described the techniques of multi-track recording and played various songs from his own albums and from his productions of Bowie and Talking Heads to demonstrate how he alters instrumental sounds by *treating* them, running the instruments through the synthesisers he brings with him to the studio.

He played some Lee Perry dub productions to demonstrate that studio composition can be a process of subtracting instruments as well as adding them. He divulged an affinity with dub producers in that he, too, recycles the same basic tracks on different albums. Thus, 'Sky Song' from 'Another Green World' became 'A Measured Room' on 'Music For Films'.

Eno also spoke about his work on the forthcoming Talking Heads album, for which the basic tracks were recorded at the band's loft and then brought into the studio for revision.

One song was revised so frequently under Eno's direction that 60 different tracks have been recorded.

Eno said he had considered bringing a tape of the album to the talk, but decided against it because

ENO: "I am the shaman of your tribal society." Pic: KATE SIMON.

"when you play something before it's finished, people almost say 'you should have heard it before it was finished'. Never invite a critic into the studio."

Eno's barb was good-natured, but things heated up for the critics during a session on *Rock and Experimental Music*, with panellists Rockwell, Eno, British composer Michael Nyman, and Blondie's Chris Stein.

Rockwell opened the discussion by acknowledging the audience complaints about the series' organisation. "People ask why we give special privileges to journalists", he said. "It's because we are journalists."

Nyman announced that in London, experimental composers "have nothing to do with rock music" and said little thereafter. Eno noted that experimental music composers often work according to the guidelines of a system, while rock musicians go by what they feel will gain an audience response.

He also said that "rock music is personality-based. We always hear it in connection with a concept of the personality of the musician. Experimental music pieces tend to stand on their own."

Chris Stein spoke about his production work with Walter Stedding as an example of a rock-experimental fusion. "Stedding isn't experimental in the structural, fascistic sense. His work comes out of emotional responses, not out of a system. What we did was to chop it up into three or four minute blocks."

The real excitement was generated during the question-and-answer period.

Several experimental music enthusiasts attacked Rockwell in bitter tones for not reviewing more experimental composers and performers.

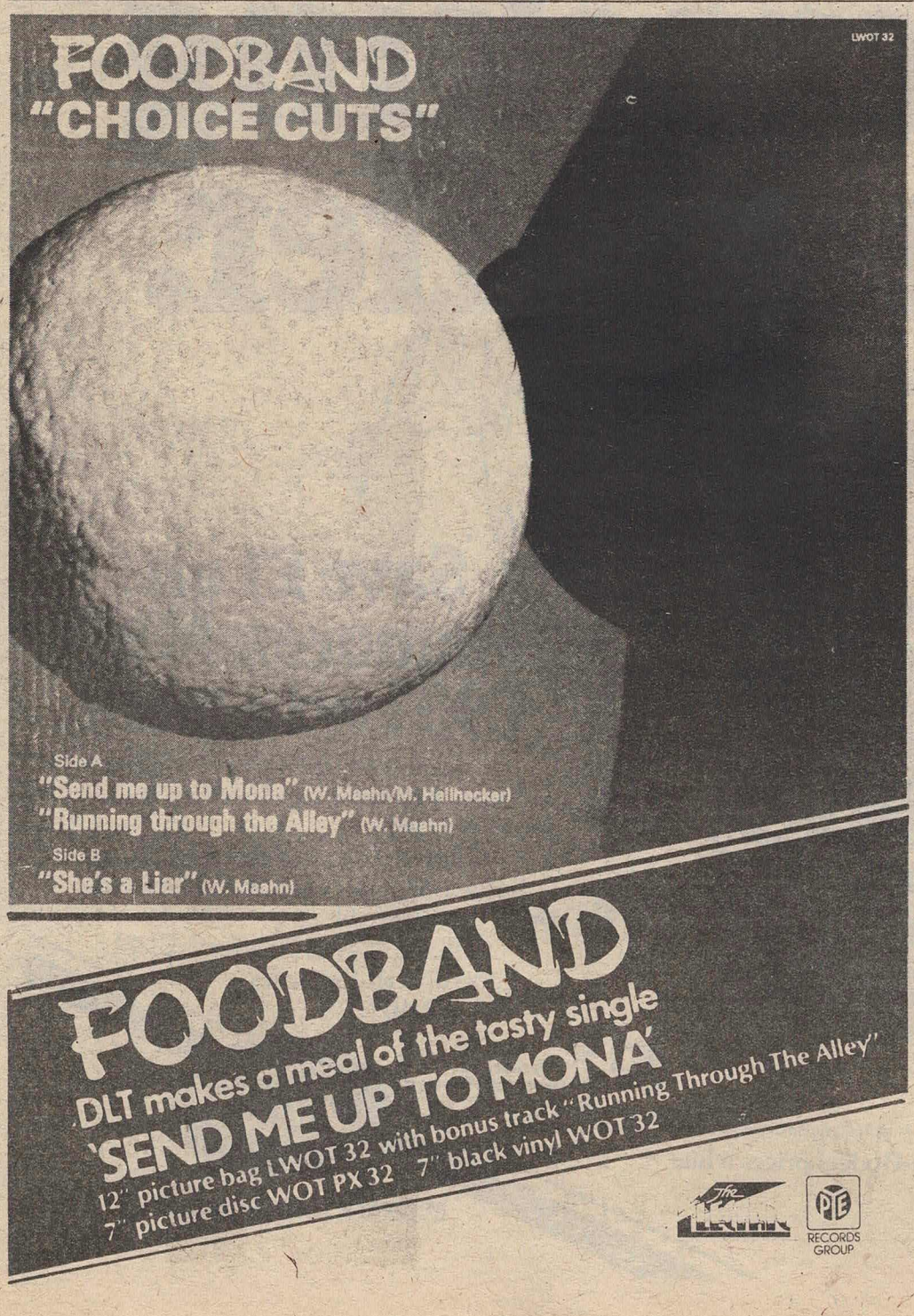
They claimed that his lack of support hampered the financial viability of the scene. The hostility escalated when Rockwell replied that "many things have been financially floated only because trendy people felt they were with it, from Louis XIV to whoever supports Robert Wilson."

The last straw for many women in the audience came when one attacked the panel for being all-male. Rockwell's reply:

"Rock and roll is a macho artform."

RICHARD GRABEL

THRILLS


FOODBAND
"CHOICE CUTS"
LWOT 32
Side A
"Send me up to Mona" (W. Maahn/M. Hellhecker)
"Running through the Alley" (W. Maahn)
Side B
"She's a Liar" (W. Maahn)
FOODBAND
DLT makes a meal of the tasty single
'SEND ME UP TO MONA'
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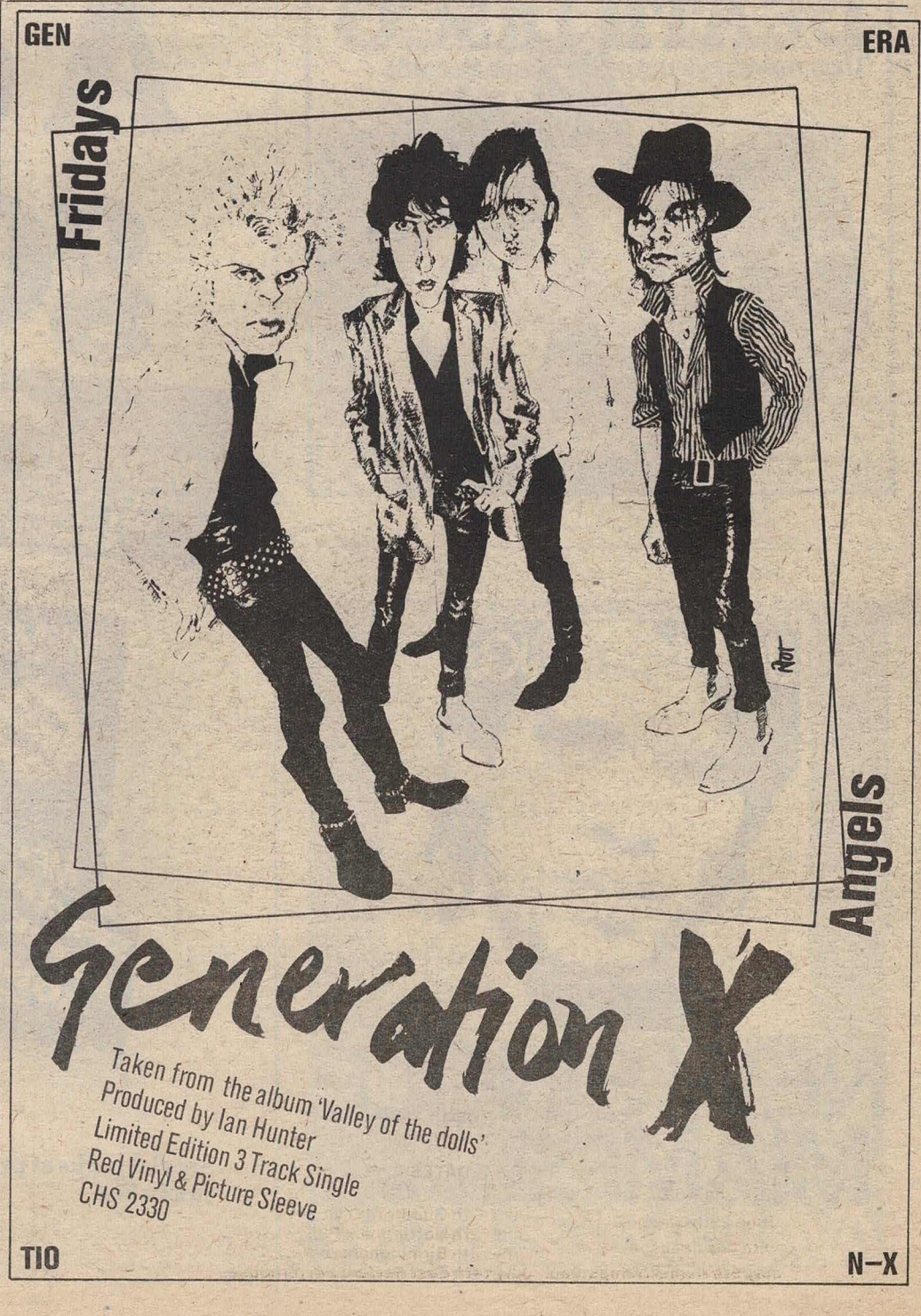


Wooden Spoon For Punk Sports

ALMOST Legendary Punk Guru and multi-purpose Scottish person, 'Country' Jock Macdonald, plus a basketful of his disciples, planned to stage a festival of punk athletics in Hyde Park last weekend.

Unfortunately, the Kensington Constabulary took a very dim view of one of Her Majesty's parks being put to such frivolous and blatantly unpatriotic use.

Consequently no sooner had J.M. & Co. set up the events than the police descended, confiscating a number of PiL stickers and records donated by a Mr. Lydon as prizes. Not to be out-done by the forces of Babylon, the enterprising punks broke into a building site and gleefully made off with 40ft of rope for use in a tug of war, and a number of sacks for a sack race.

By this time Macdonald estimates that 1,000 punks were assembled in the park, with more having been turned away by the law who had formed a cordon around the perimeter.

According to Macdonald: "What really got the police angry was when some punks hitched up the tug of war rope to a police van and towed it down the hill and into The Serpentine." However, when *Thrills* spoke to a spokesperson for New Scotland Yard he denied that any damage had been done to any police vehicle.

The spokesperson went on to say that "seven punk rockers were arrested after approximately 400 ran through Hyde Park, damaging the Lido Cafe, smashing 100 plates and stealing some cakes."

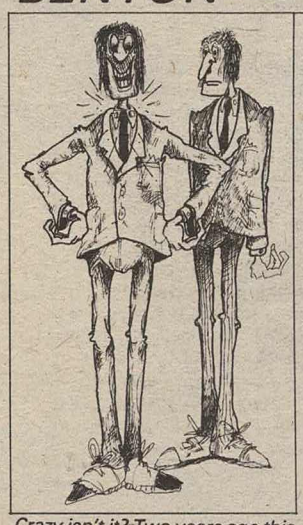
One point at which Macdonald's and the police's versions of the events do meet concerns an unfortunate ice cream van. In short — an incident which involved The Freedom Fighting Tug Of War Rope being hitched up to the ice cream van, and said van being towed around said park. Understandingly the ice cream vendor was somewhat less than pleased, as he was trying to make a lawful living by selling ice cream at the time.

The end result of all this mayhem, anarchy, fear & loathing, rebellion, freedom fighting, I-fought-the-law-and-the-law laughed etc etc was the appearance of Jock Macdonald at Knightsbridge court where he was fined a fulsome £10 for disturbing the peace. The price of Anarchy is being devalued, t'would seem like.

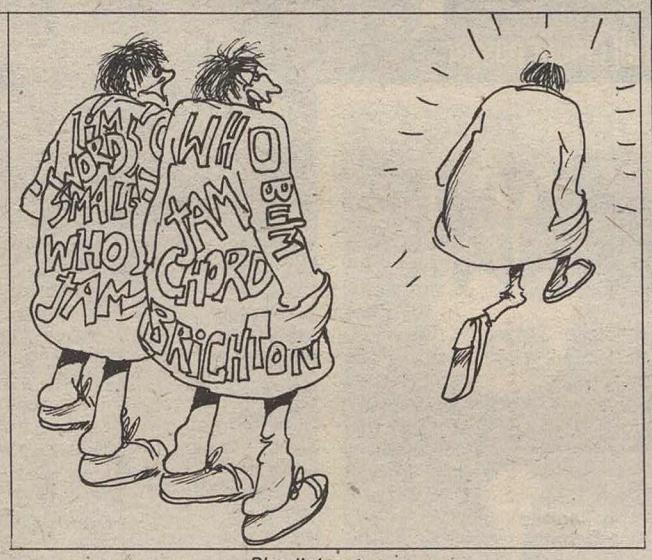
JOHN HAMBLETT

THRILLS

BENYON



Crazy isn't it? Two years ago this collar fastener was bolted through my left cheek.



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July 14th East Retford Porterhouse.

THE BOOMTOWN RATS
— ON THE ROAD

JUNE
26 SHEFFIELD Top Rank
27 WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall
28 HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic
30 LEICESTER University
JULY
1 BLACKBURN King George's Hall
2 BIRMINGHAM Digbeth Hall
3 EXETER Roots
4 PLYMOUTH Woods
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7 CAMBERLEY Civic Hall
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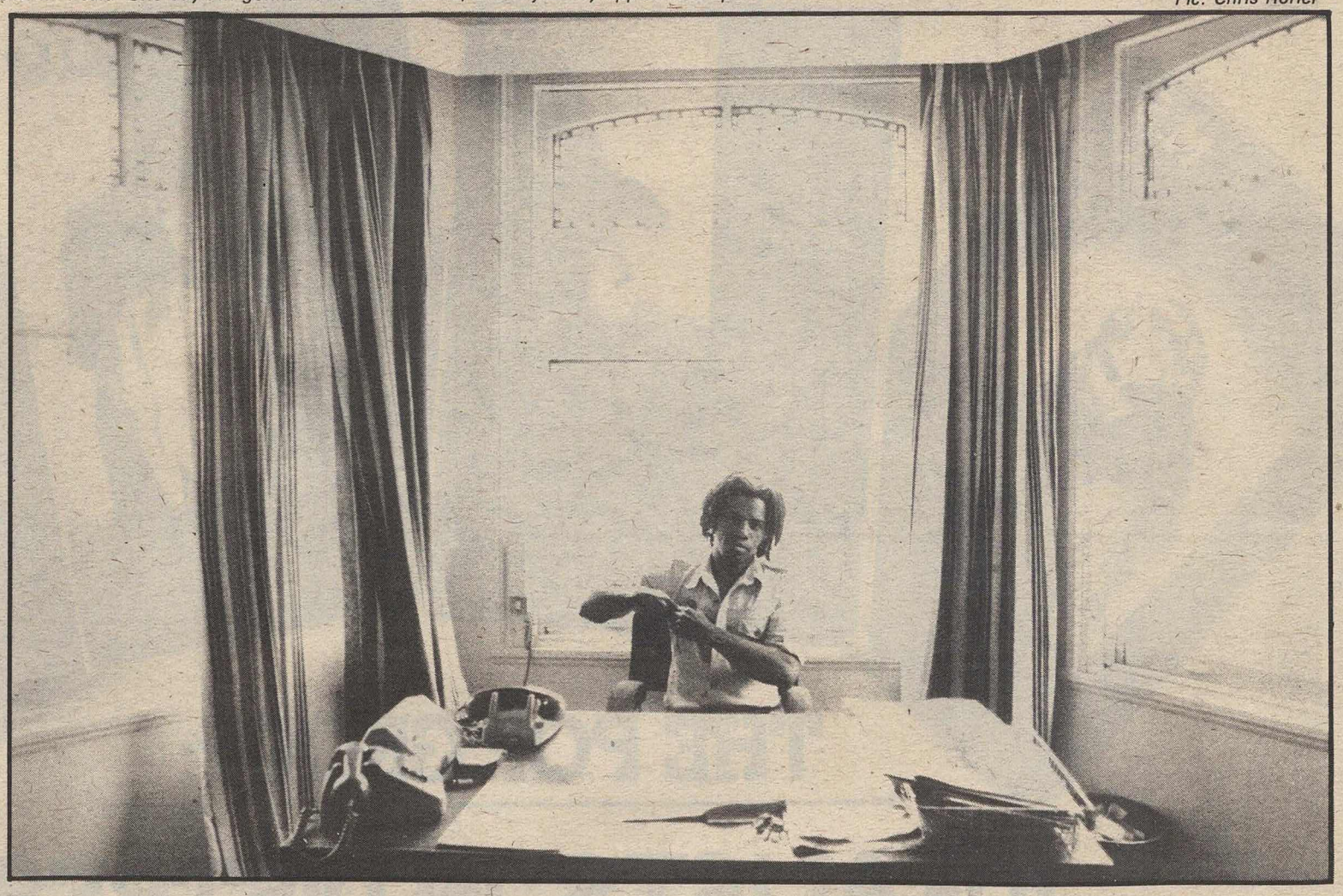
Grant: "I said 'One day I'm gonna have Grant House, this is just my apprenticeship'."

Pic: Chris Horler



The Equal Rights Of Ready Eddy

EDDY GRANT takes time off from the front line to talk to GRAHAM LOCK

I THINK you're hip to the music scene? OK, answer me these:

Who made one of the first English ska albums in the mid-60s, using various pseudonyms so that it looked like a compilation album?

Who had bleached white hair and played lead guitar with The Equals, penning their world-wide hits 'Baby Come Back', 'Viva Bobby Joe' and 'Black Skin Blue-eyed Boys'?

Who built, painted, decorated and now controls the first black-owned recording studio in Europe?

Which black pop star has acted at The Royal Court, had a part in BBC TV's *The Onedin Line* and once challenged Enoch Powell to a public debate on immigration?

Whose current Top 20 hit single comes from an album that was released and sunk without trace (or promotion) nearly twelve months ago?

Right, pencils down; and the answer to questions one, two, three, four *and* five is — EDDY GRANT.

"My interests are so diverse, man, we could be talking all night." He grins at me affably. "Cos I'm an *interested* person, right. I'm interested in *everything*."

You better believe it. We're sitting in the small but comfortable offices of Ice Records in London's Stamford Hill. It's Grant's own company, with branches in Africa and the Caribbean. Next door is the 24-track studio which he built himself. He also owns his own pressing plant in New Cross.

He's just finished producing the next album for 90° Inclusive; he's presently considering the offer of a part in a film for which he may also write the music. Tomorrow he's off to Nigeria on Ice business; yesterday he was recording the second of his appearances on TOTP with the 'Living On The Front Line' single, a sleeper if there ever was one.

"When I made the album, 'Walking On Sunshine', I *knew* it was a good album. But nothing happened. We put it out about a year ago, we were with Pye then and they weren't selling any records for us, nobody there was very interested.

"But a couple of DJs, guys on local radio stations and with small roadshows, they kept playing it. And one night I was at Hammersmith Palais and they played two tracks from the album, the title track and 'Front Line', and everyone just went *spare*. I said to my brother, 'man, we've got a hit single here'.

"So we cut them both as disco 45s, and we're gonna issue 'Walking On Sunshine' next, which is a real *mother*, and reissue the album at the same time. And that single, you know, has proved a lot of people wrong. Some very important people have been here and listened to that music and said 'no, it'll never happen'. Now I'm saying, 'yeah, thank you very much' all the way to the bank.

"It comes down to the people in the street, right. If they say 'yes', they'll wait forever to get that record. They'll go and buy it from a khazi, if necessary. And I'm very grateful."

To save people that embarrassment, Grant signed a one-off distribution with Ensign for 'Living On The Front Line'. It's a pleasant-enough reggae-cum-disco single *(it's a good sound — Ed)* but it gives little hint of either the range or the excellence of Grant's previous work.

BORN in Guyana, he came to England in 1960 and first dabbled in music as a trumpeter in the Camden Schools Orchestra, playing both jazz and classical music. He took up piano, then guitar, as his interest in pop grew; and the ska solo, 'Club Ska '66' (or '67?), was followed by a five-year stint with The Equals, and later by three solo albums, as Grant perfected a musical style that mixed elements from reggae, soul, and bubblegum and that showed traces of such different artists as John Lennon and Sly Stone. Despite the eclecticism, I mention that reggae seemed to be a constant influence.

"Calypso, more than reggae, but I don't have bags. It's just a question of beats and sounds and how you're feeling at the time. It's like somebody vomiting. You can't vomit just peas, or just rice, you vomit everything you've eaten. And when I regurgitate music, it's the sum total of everything I've been through in life.

"So it's very wrong, tragically wrong, for someone to say I'm a reggae artist or a soul artist. I'm just an artist, period."

Illness caused Grant to leave The Equals in the early '70s; and he turned his attention instead to starting his own production company, building his own studio and forming Ice in the Carribbean. It was also during this time that he tried his hand at acting; and issued a challenge to Enoch Powell to debate immigration with him — a meeting which never took place.

"I would've fucking slaughtered him, man. But I wouldn't bother with Enoch Powell now, he's a spent force in this country. Nobody's born prejudiced, right. My best friend at school, for about five years, was a white guy, and I didn't even know the difference between me and he till somebody *told* me.

"And that's tragic, that prejudice is so *ingrained* now. It's terrible, man, terrible. I'll tell you, right, I do not hate nobody. I don't hate no black man, I don't hate no white man, I don't hate no Chinaman. I love them all, cos they're people. They're people like me, and they don't know what the *ass* is happening. They're just existing and walking down a path, and they haven't got the first idea.

"Lost, all of us are lost, and manipulated by virtue of our colour or our position or whatever. It's a drag. And only people who get in a position of power can even talk about it.

"I'll speak freely, right, and my success allows me that. This unfortunate thing that people of my colour have been landed with, it's something that I don't want. I would've preferred to have been born a normal human being and had no hassles, no sweat, no prejudice — but that is *bullshit*.

"And now I am born a black man, of chocolate brown hue, and with that has come certain stigmas. And I'd be a fool to neglect it, and I'd be a fool not to try and better my position within it, and I'd be a fool to let anyone placate me to the degree where they can whip me at will.

"And a lot of black artists have allowed themselves to be placated, their mouths have been shut. They think if they don't speak out, their music will be played. But it isn't. They may not play my music, but I speak what's on my mind."

In Black Skin Blue Eyed Boys days

In the studio, his studio, '79.

For whatever reason, Grant's music has rarely received airplay commensurate with his talent. One example — The Equals' single 'Georgetown Girls', which he wrote and produced, was removed from the BBC playlist after one week to make room for Typically Tropical's horrendous 'Barbados'.

Grant gives a wry shrug. "My track record is that any time I have a record out, and it's *played*, I sell a million copies. To date that's been the situation and I don't see any reason for it to be broken cos I spend a lot of time, and I put a lot of love, into making my music."

Care about the quality of his music and a determination to give other black artists an opportunity appear to be the guiding lights in Grant's projectivity with Ice. But contradictions occur.

"Black people are the biggest consumers in the world, but they're not the producers. Who dresses up more than black people, who eat more than black people, who entertain more than black people? We don't control the means of production in any one of those things in this country.

"The radio plays black *American* music, right. They play Philadelphia International, cos they're affiliated to CBS. But if you wanna society that's culturally reciprocal, and if you're gonna play black music, then play black music from here — or what the hell are you gonna do with the black guys who were born here? They get fuckin' frustrated and go out bothering people or whatever.

"I know lots of talented guys — I might have the hit but I'm just *one* of them — and no-one will give them a chance. Or if they do, they won't pay them according to their skill. Black musicians just don't have the earning power, man."

And that effects Ice Records. The people Grant knows, the ones he most wants to help, can't afford the facilities in his studio and pressing plant. Ice functions on a tight budget; caught, like other small, idealistic concerns, between the need to be commercially viable in a cut-throat capitalist society and the wish to be a voice of, and for, the community it services.

SO FAR, Grant seems to be handling the contradictions with exemplary skill. A business man with a social conscience; an eclectic who has evolved his own style; a pop performer who doesn't want to be a 'star', yet who needs a degree of success to finance his other projects. He does it all with engaging confidence and style; but can it last?

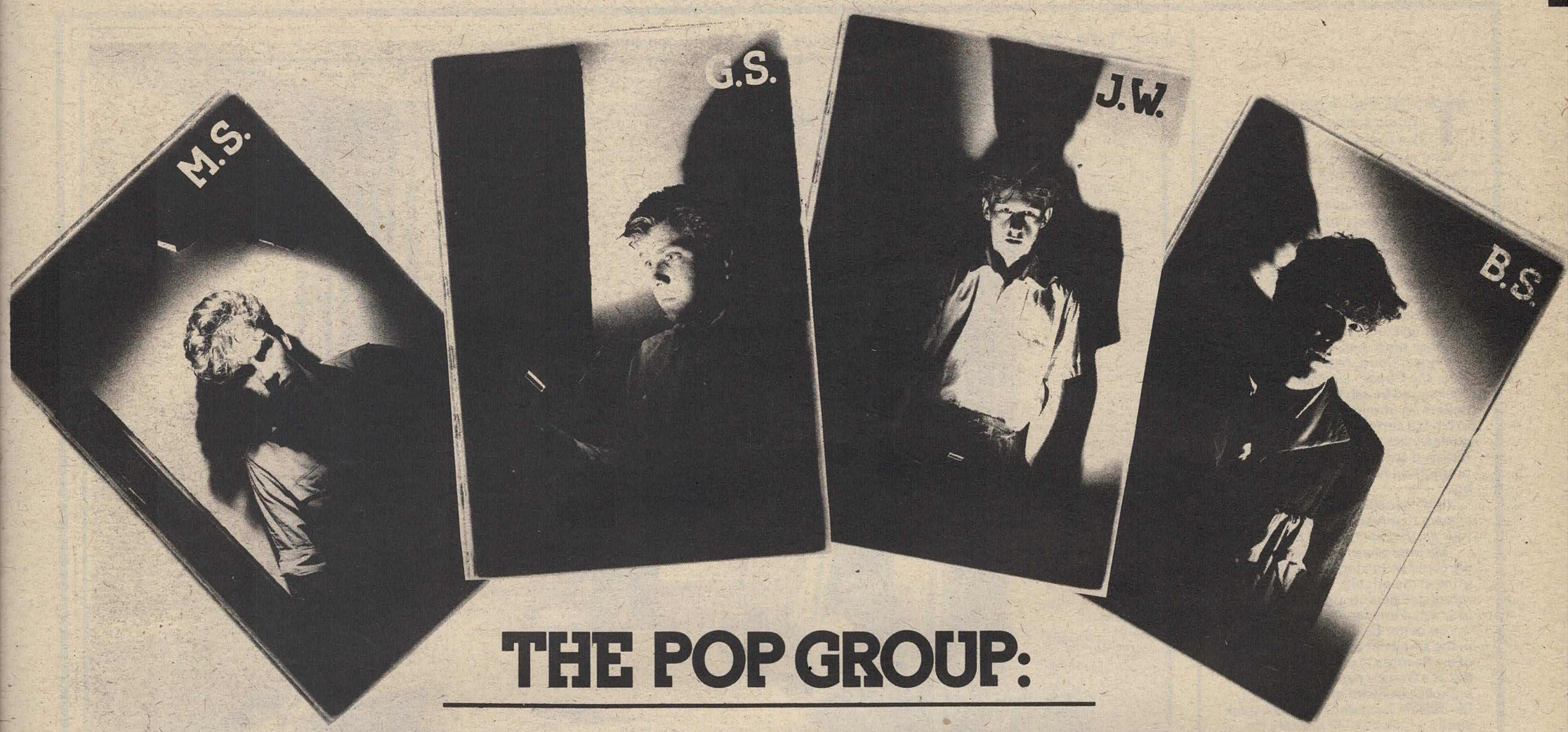
Typically, Eddy Grant has no doubts. The world is his front line, and he's gonna win.

"One day I'm sure I will be successful in this country, I will be successful in America . . . the world is a very small world. And I'm afraid of no-one, right. Not the man at the top of BBC, not the man at the top of ICI, cos he's only a man and they'll fetch him out feet first just like they're gonna fetch me out, or the peasant in the fields.

"The first day I ever went into the studio, I said to Mr Edward Kassner, who was boss of President Records. I said 'look, you have Kassner House, one day I'm gonna have Grant House, so this is just my apprenticeship but I'm prepared to pay to learn'.

"And I've paid and I've learned and here we are today sitting in my own little empire. It's not big, it's not glamorous, but it's functional and one day I'll reach where I wanna get to and then I think I can be of assistance to this society we're living in."

Let's hope he makes it, cos this rotten racist society needs all the assistance it can get.



THE POP GROUP:

IDEALISTS IN DISTRESS

They are young. They are talented. They are committed. They are confused. They are now without a record company.
'So what seems to be the problem boys?' asks **Max Bell.**

The Pop Group are a mess of insoluble contradictions.
They're trying to change their world?
The Pop Group are five ordinary boys living in an ordinary English town, Bristol.
How can they reflect a world of pain and atrocity?
The Pop Group are white and feel guilty.
They have made a single and an album, released on the Radar label, a subsidiary of Warner Elektra Asylum, owned by the Kinney Corporation, a multilateral conglomeration, a media monopoly, an agent of Western propaganda.
So what else is new?

HEY YOU, YES you, come over here, sit down. I'll tell you a cautionary tale. Maybe you've heard it before — it's that old story about the band and the record company; it's about young men and their confusions, their hopes and fears, their awkward self-consciousness. Sue me if it takes too long but I think you'll find a twist in the tail. When you do, perhaps you'll laugh cynically, perhaps you'll cry bitterly. The telling of it doesn't take too long.

THE POP GROUP, their putative manager Dick O'Dell, photographer Chris Horler and me are sitting in the ground floor flat of Mr. Simon Underwood, former employee at Rolls Royce in Bristol, currently engaged as a bass player. We're chewing the old interview rag.

The atmosphere in the room alternates between strain and frankness. The conversation is garbled and fragmentary, like The Pop Group themselves.

This meeting is one of a handful of introductions for a new music collective, and like many an introduction it gets off to a shakey start. The Pop Group are a band who have captured the attention of the thinking rock press with their mixture of jazzbo avant garde funk rock and their radical idealism. In The Pop Group's unofficial master plan there is no self-advancement and any attempt by the media to categorise their style is rebuffed with distrust.

Given this uncompromising stubborness would you be surprised to hear that the band have been buried in critical praise ranging from the considered and illuminating to the wary and ambivalent?

In the two years since their inception (and last July some of them were still at school) this lot have attracted the right pundits at the right time. After a sparse selection of dates the record companies came banging on their door.

They toured with Patti Smith, Elvis Costello, Pere Ubu and The Stranglers. Hugh Cornwell produced some demos, Radar provided an outlet.

The time that The Pop Group came into full view coincided with Radar's putsch on accepted record company tactics, a new approach that fell in line with the independent style of promotion.

Within the limitations imposed by big business, Radar were trying to be different. They offered an acceptable face. Even so, The Pop Group did not sign a contract. This was unusual. Eventually Radar's lawyers would present the band with some kind of ultimatum — the pen on the dotted line. But would the band sign?

Legally they were already bound by a contract of trust because they'd spent a considerable amount of Radar's money (£40,000 might be a conservative estimate). And although Radar had done alright by Elvis Costello, had a world megastar on the rosta, their other golden hopes weren't doing so well. The Soft Boys were a financial disaster, Red Crayola and Radar's intelligent re-issue series also seemed destined to fall on stoney ground.

So by June of this year the band and their label were due for a showdown, particularly as The Pop Group were floundering in the open market. Their album and the 'She Is Beyond Good And Evil' single were hardly public hits though the former has shifted a 'respectable' 10,000 plus.

Their last tour was curtailed by promoters Straight Music due to apathy at the box office. Pop Group prestige dates in London were similarly fraught. At the Empire Ballroom a scheduled Matumbi pulled out, at the London College of Printing The Slits stayed home. This latter concert, a benefit for the Scrap Sus campaign, raised £900 on the door but £200 of damage was done to the hall.

In their home stronghold of Bristol, Pop Group concerts assumed farcical proportions. An initial mishap occurred when [illegible]osting was late and The Jam were in town the same night. They cancelled.

When the date was re-arranged local television announced the wrong night and posters were inaccurate, with the result that several hundred people missed the performance but turned up for a non existent one.

The Pop Group were in the midst of these growing pains when we first met. But they didn't seem too bothered; in fact they were as stubborn as ever.

They *weren't* going to talk about their music, or their technical prowess, or their relationship with producer Dennis 'Blackbeard' Bovelle. They *were* going to talk about those subjects which they deem to be important, the everyday events that shape their attitudes; politics, repression, the liberation of the spirit, awareness of surroundings.

Whether the outcome was fruitful or plain naive is beyond me now. I remember being impressed and repelled by some of their reasoning but totally convinced by their sincerity. A deal of their talk can be glibly excused as youthful idealism, or accepted at face value. The band are at pains to insist that they are not spokesmen, have no answers and can only question everything. They would like you to do the same.

SIMON UNDERWOOD'S flat is on the corner of a formerly smart late 18th Century terrace. The rooms are quiet, light and airy. If walls, like clothes, tell you something about an individual's personality then you might guess that Underwood is of a radical persuasion — a Baader Meinhof poster here, a sardonic leaflet on the arms trade and the British Army there.

The room is dotted with prints and photographs of the band in fuzzy close-up, of some black jazz figures, on one wall the poster from their album, imparting bleak information, confronting the modern world.

Underwood is quiet and friendly, the oldest member of the group though not always the most articulate. He prefers actions to words. When the army held one of its travelling side shows in Bristol, to let the kids see how our boys keep the home fires burning, keep their big guns primed ('hop in this tank Johnny and we'll go for a spin round the park') type of thing, Simon and some friends went along to speak to the people, not to take a stance:

"We wanted to show them how disgusting it was that they can glamorise arms but not show pictures of soldiers with their heads blown off. It was all rock climbing, the outdoor life. These people just didn't seem to realise... it was a family show. At first they were ambivalent, against what we said but not too hostile. While we were talking a military band came by playing this stirring, patriotic music and suddenly they went mad, called us reds, pinko scum y'know. And we aren't Communists, we were just talking."

Underwood was beaten up on the way home.

Pop Group drummer Bruce Smith is an exiled Californian whose residual knowledge of America makes him less susceptible than the others to the surprise of violence. His frequent use of comparisons to the homeland makes this clear.

Bruce has a penchant for dressing gowns and girds his loins with ragged pieces of cloth. Bruce and Simon are the much vaunted rhythmic axis of the band, the pulse, the necessary formality. Like their partners they are self-taught.

Singer Mark Stewart and guitarist John Waddington arrive last of all, leaving the boys in the backroom and Gareth Sager (guitars and horns) to bear the brunt of our initial conversation.

Sager is the hardest member to fathom or like. At times he is forthright and deadly earnest, then suddenly he'll lapse into a fit of giggling silliness, looking for attention. His stage performances are equally unpredictable; he plays to extremes, some of them inspired, many of them distracting or under achieved. His antics often seem rooted in ego, yet Gareth will insist that the band seek to remove all the barriers between them and the audience, to create a happening, an open space.

Sager: "I don't see the point in entertaining just now... it's pure escapism. People have this ridiculous conception that rock and roll (laughs) is teen rebellion. It's pathetic, you might as well watch Les Dawson.

" Rock and roll is taking your mind off reality, it's thinking that Elton John playing in Russia is important. I'm more interested in art and its social function than art for art's sake. It's good that Linton Kwesi Johnson used his music to promote his work, rather than vice versa. That's much better than someone like John Cage (the electronic peer of Karl Stockhausen) who sits outside the changes and doesn't reflect what's going on."

This is a moot point of course. I argue that if people want entertainment then they have a perfect right to seek it where they will.

Sager reverses the logic: "How can you challenge that right? It's the way we're brought up. And then a band like ours comes along, and we're a real danger to your peace of mind. We're attacking institutions that might seem like common sense until you dig down and discover their motive. . . money. It's a game, entertainment, and we don't want to use this space to promote it."

One subject close to the collective heart is the *Sus* campaign (the Sus laws are those outmoded pieces of legislation dating from the early 19th Century and designed to prevent the spread of the Napoleonic code and its revolutionary alternatives which allow a police officer to hold a member of the public under suspicion of committing a crime, before any such crime has taken place).

The Pop Group LCP concert was a benefit to finance the campaign for repeal of the law, and they frequently distribute the campaign's literature:

"A lot of people don't know about a lot of things. They're deliverately kept in the dark. The benefit is to attract free publicity, because most of their time is taken up with defence costs. They encourage people to lobby MPs but black organisations tend to get involved on their own — they don't trust white middle class liberals. Obviously the law is being used to repress certain minorities, blacks.

"You can guess what's going to happen when you're in court with a magistrate and its your world against the policeman's. The media just won't listen to a campaign which defends blacks against whites; they turn it into a black power scare."

The Pop Group don't advocate violent reprisals. The problem, as they see it, is one of re-education, re-assessment of cultural standards. Sager's perspective is didactic: "Culture is work and duty in the west, and anything natural is a crime. Western civilisations are based on cities which, being outside nature, ignore the rest of the cycle. But in countless African tribes, where there is no

urban repression, there is also no concept of crime and punishment; they have sexual liberation; sexual intercourse is practised from puberty.

'All we did was colonialise, make them put clothes on. We should be educating ourselves; abolish schooling. All the money that's wasted in schools should be spent helping people get rid of ambition and indoctrination."

A note of self-doubt stops Sager in his tracks:

"But who are we to say they're all wrong? My utopia is the end of authority, license and privilege. The alternative is increasing totalitarianism, freedom without responsibility, letting one body decide your life; the idea is that the family and the state are inseparable and sacred units. But we don't want to use all these long words, 'cos it's really important to talk direct to the kids on street level. All we can advocate is, drop out kids! But be responsible."

And wasn't this utopianism attempted in the '60s and its leaders found wanting?

"That's because people did drop out and then hung around smoking dope. They should have been looking forward. The Pop Group isn't what's happening, it's a step to what comes next."

Bruce Smith has been listening intently to Gareth's reasoning and attempts to encapsulate it: "We're saying that you never forget the past : like the line on 'Boys From Brazil' that goes, 'If we forget the past we're doomed to repeat it.' You have to doubt everything, to check everything. That's why the album is called 'Y'; it's no good burying you head in the sand and saying you have no political motives. Everything you do affects others."

Sager interrupts, a dance of ideas flitting through his brain, all of them tempered by an equality complex:

"The important thing is, we don't want to come over like little philosophers. It's obvious we're the same as everyone else. In fact, we're a lot younger. The older generation is frightened by youthful spirit, it's against their inhibitions and cynicism. I advocate giving the inexperienced more power because experience makes you less likely to take risks."

Gareth stops and laughs at himself: "It's so frustrating; all these things are inside me and sometimes I can't find the words to express them."

He doesn't seem to be having much trouble today: "Society is too anal, but then so is music. Playing music all this comes out. I feel like I'm shitting on people instead of them shitting for themselves."

At this moment a whole bunch of people wander in. Simon's front door is not locked. As talk of shitting subsides Simon goes off to feed his cat and make some toast. I pop the 64,000 dollar question, the obvious one about justifying the release of product on Warners; it's the central problem for a group of young men who in every other department seem hell bent on ridding their audience of the consumer mentality.

After all, a record is promoted, it makes someone a profit, it contributes to the escalation and disease of Western capitalism. Nobody *needs* a record, not even a Pop Group record.

Mass head shaking: "That's the big problem", they sigh. "We know Kinney sell and make arms, promote imperialism in countries like Puerto Rico where they have no business to be. We know we're a part of the system, whereas maybe a worker at Rolls Royce doesn't know that the component he makes every day is part of a guided missile.

"What we say is that we're just using Radar for their money, to propagate the records and the ideas. But it isn't satisfactory. It took ages to get that poster bootlegged and accepted. Radar aren't happy with that at all."

When I tell the band I find the poster depressing they are shocked:

"That's what history books should be like; the media should take responsibility for the atrocities they could show, instead of glamorising them every night at nine o'clock. We've had loads of letters asking about the poster, positive letters. Those kids aren't depressed, they're hopeful. They ask us what we're involved in, they don't talk to us as a group. We never want people to look up to us."

> "I'm beginning to think it's more important to fight for what you believe in than to be in a group anyway."
>
> **Mark Stewart**

The poster is the work of Pop Group accomplice Rich Beale and the cuttings Mark has collected over recent years both for their striking visual effect and because they illustrate the lyrics.

Mark writes the lyrics.

"I look at them and they sum up what I feel about certain things. Sometimes the pictures are stronger than a lyric sheet. People can get what they like out of the songs. There's no one message. What they mean to an individual is fine."

By now concentration is fraying and so are tempers. Mark, say the rest, is being to reticent. One time John Waddington interrupts him in mid-sentence and Mark sinks into a sulk. Bruce attempts reconciliation with disastrous results.

"What's the matter Mark? For God's ake, you're not saying anything. If there's a problem why don't you tell us instead of sitting there and brooding."

Mark: "Nothing's the bloody matter!"

Simon: "C'mon Mark, there shouldn't be any hang-ups or secrets. Why don't you say what you were going to say?"

John: I just thought I knew what you were going to say, that's all."

Mark: "Why don't you say it then?"

OH DEAR. It seems reasonable to call a halt for a while. Some of us go round the corner and have a cheeseburger. The band stay behind to sort out their internal dispute. The mood is destructive. Chris Horler wants to take pictures but this is out of the question today. The Pop Group are not into self-promotion and Mark has boils on his mouth.

When we return the air has cleared somewhat, but Gareth tells me: "We've decided to censor ourselves on that last hour of tape. It was too bland. We didn't express ourselves properly."

I'm annoyed at this arrogance but not surprised. Their attitude towards me has veered from friendliness to hostility to contempt. It may be the result of past press

Continues over ➧

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PRODUCED BY RITCHIE GOTTEHRER
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THE POP GROUP:

From previous page

encounters wherein they claim to have been substantially misrepresented.

According to Waddington: "We haven't been allowed to say what we wanted. People always talk about the music. Or just when you're getting to know them the tape finishes and they don't have another or the writer has to go home. So all you end up with is chit-chat."

Five on one. I feel like a leper. Perhaps we can talk about Dennis Bovelle then? I am genuinely interested to know how the band approached working with a reggae producer. How do they rate the sound of 'Y'? Is it what they wanted?

Bruce takes the question at face value and tells me about the textures and the rhythms they picked up from the man:

"It's the way he mixes sound. He has a way of obtaining sound through feelings, making them work in a studio . . ."

Gareth intervenes imperiously: "I don't know how much of this interview we can use for talking about music and production. We want to talk about external things. They make more sense to more people. The producer was only there to help us get our attitude across."

Oh! So you didn't learn anything from Bovelle? Of course, they say, they did. Learnt from his expertise, his experience and his spirit. In 1975 Bovelle was the victim of a totally spurious rap for which he served six months in Her Majesty's Pleasure before being granted a Queen's Pardon.

Gareth is animated again, with reason: "How do you give a guy back six months of his life? Dennis in a prison with no instruments is a crime. Music is his life, he's a walking rhythm machine . . ." Pauses: "I still think we should talk about things that won't go over the *NME* readers heads though. But if we talk about the Conservative Government or something you'll only start getting petty."

Silence bounces across the room like a drunken wallaby. I might start being petty after all, but then there is no way of knowing what people who read the *NME* are like, is there? Besides, music *is* the medium you use.

"Insofar as you can say anything with it and get it across to anyone. We also want to tell the kids about big multilaterals like Kinney, companies that are bigger than entire countries, wealthier than continents. You buy their products every day of your life.

"People say 'it doesn't affect me' or 'what can I do about it?'. Well, you can stop buying certain imports, you can campaign against certain exports."

A voice: "We can't talk about that!"

Voices: "Yes, we can!"

This is starting to feel like a therapy session in a psychiatrist's surgery. Me? I'm just the stenographer. Still, I agree with their contention that music papers have a duty to reflect things other than plain old rock and roll. It isn't just an endless round of records, stars, icons, drum solos. That's a debate which figures in *Gasbag*, I say.

Bruce replies in kind: "Music is a celebration of awareness, Chanelling your ideas through what you play and the way you play it. These are subjects we want kids to be aware of — and yet it isn't just what we're about. We want them to open up to new experiences, not just rock or reggae or jazz. Movements and styles are only starting points; after that they get categorised."

Gareth: "And now the new wave thing is finished, it's ridiculous. It's back to that old playing crap. Encouraging virtuosity is absurd; it's all about technique and how well you play again."

I disagree. There is nothing wrong with encouraging virtuosity, it's a fundamental part of any art form. Showing off through virtuosity could be bad, but showing off without virtuosity is worse, eh? Haven't you got any better over the last two years?

The Pop Group's self-composed biography spells this out, exploiting the standard of excellence achieved by the rhythm section, referring to the levels of experimentation from the soloists. It mentions 'Perhaps Britain's toughest rhythm section.'

ON STAGE the band attempt to combine these elements with total audience involvement, and dislike the idea of a 'stage' anyway. Bruce defines it as a chemical reaction, an escape from contrived responses where the band comes on and plays at, not with, its audience; the audience in turn applauds, is passive, separate.

"We're not expecting anything specific. Sometimes people do come up on stage with us. It's great if that's how they feel. But the London date we played at St Paul's Church was awful. We were preaching to the converted. It was sick. Everyone was so into us that it was easy."

Of course those people might have been The Pop Group's rightful audience. Having your audience participating could also be disastrous, posing a problem of insurance, danger, loss of concentration. Worse, the people who want to enjoy themselves elsewhere are generally distracted by the appearance of exuberant invaders. The flow is lost, not heightened.

It has been suggested that The Pop Group will always play for a coterie, that they are indulged and are indulgent, or pretentious. They tell stories against themselves of people streaming out of the hall as soon as they take the stage, leaving the hardcore to provide its ususal, expected response.

My own impression of the band live is of five people attempting far too much. Their ambition destroys their subtlety. The better passages of 'Y', the quiet, reflective pieces, often occur when Sagar is playing piano, an instrument they ignore live. On stage they tend to hide behind their tapes, their volume, electricity.

Though The Pop Group laugh when they are called a rock band and laugh at the idea of the 'rock gig', their music is not the bohemian jazz funk they imagine it to be. Not yet. Though it's possible for a group of self taught experiemental musicians to achieve a level of performance where they can excite, move and involve the listener, it takes time to develop emotional sophistication.

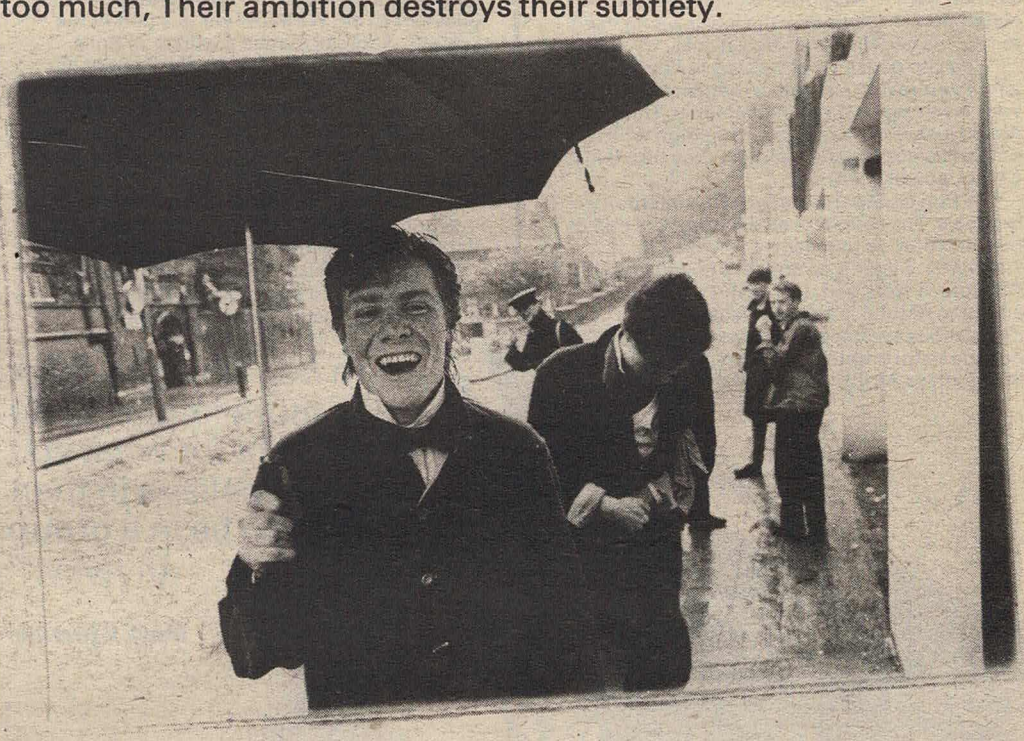
Pardon the expression but The Pop Group are trying to run before they can walk. Their musical tastes and influence are eclectic, invariably black, James Brown, Funkadelic, Parliament, Sun Ra, Last Poets, Ornette Coleman, Charles Hayden, Miles Davis. There's no point pretending that this music is not demanding to play, often requiring a different set of responses and values from a person weaned on white rock.

The band seem to be heading at times for the territory Miles Davis explored on his 'Bitches Brew' to 'Agharta' period and because of who and what they are they results are interesting. They're not reproducing or copying either; they don't have the technique (gulp) for that.

Listen to a Davis composition like 'Miles Burns The Voodoo Down' or 'Spanish Key' and yes, you'll find echoes of their intent; but whereas Miles' music embraces a spectrum of moods, shudders, flits, pulls taut like a membrane, prowls like a cat, the rhythm section is at one with the solo instruments. Pop Group music bursts out at random, like a crazed bull it doesn't know where it's going.

At present there's more chaos than order. The band are adept with rhythmic hooks and underlying structures but weak on the top layers. Only on their most impressionistic song, 'Savage Sea', do they resolve all their ambitions, achieving a peace which isn't introspective, a music which steps out over

My own impression of the group is of five people attempting far too much, Their ambition destroys their subtlety.



The Pop Group are at the turning point. Manager Dick O' Dell called their leaving Radar "the biggest scam since The Pistols and EMI"

the edge of chance and finds new ground to sustain its momentum.

Still, to adopt a Sagerism, who am I to tell them what to do, to curb their enthusiasm? Better that they learn for themselves. They *are* all inspired by their music; they enjoy it. Mark Stewart puts the feeling well;

"It's an unselfish sensation, a clear mind. You forget the diversions of the day and get to be practical. There's no point in being a cosmic asshole, there is a point in music where humans can relate freely, without embarrassment or violence. The tribalism we've been associated with got blown out of proportion but we meant it to signify a number of people coming together and getting higher. That's why it feels good.

"The trouble is most people aren't able to let themselves go, to accept new feelings. Everyone is so clogged up with education. The younger you start the better. Buckminster Fuller said, 'There's no such thing as genius, it's just that some children are less damaged than others'.

"We never felt different to our audience but we know we could reach a lot of people. It's worth it when they are genuinely involved . . . a girl in Swansea crying with happiness, people coming up — like the drummer in The Gang Of Four — and saying it's the best thing they've seen.

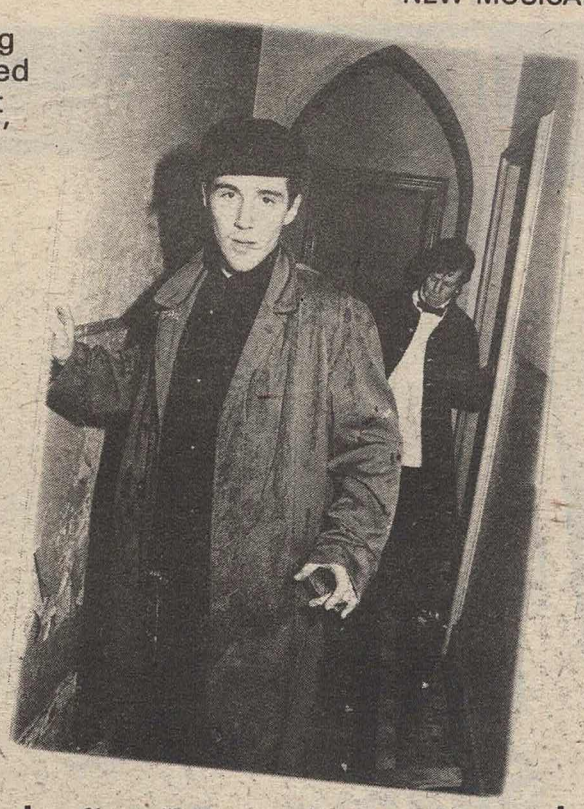
"See, for days on end you feel so futile and then you play a concert and it's forgotten."

THE POP GROUP'S influence on their contemporaries is impressive. They are part of a burgeoning community in Bristol, there are bands from Manchester to London taking their freedom fusion as an example. People write to them from America, Japan, Poland, Czechoslovakia. You can't argue with that.

The Pop Group do hate the idea of being copied though — of being idolised: "We'd hate to see lots of mini-Pop Groups, people must have their own attitude."

Mark cites the newish song 'Blind Faith' in that context. Its subject is the need to avoid leaders, politicians, parents, teachers, rock stars. By extension Stewart reckons that people must rebel against the work ethic altogether and enjoy the idea of leisure time.

"Kids are going straight from school to the factory, doing what they've been taught. Work is sacred, people don't know how to appreciate freedom. In Paris when they closed the steel yards down and then turned them over to automation there were riots . . ."



Simon: "But someone has to work in the factories."

Mark: "Yeah, let computers do it."

Simon: "So where does the money come from?"

Mark: "People don't need money. They're conditioned to buy consumer items they can't actually need . . . status symbols, even records, records especially. People have to get back to making their own music."

The boys in the band describe themselves, albeit tongue in cheek, as humanist radicals, or beatniks, young men in a world they see heading for destruction unless . . .

They have hope: "We are positive. Our songs try to make kids aware. 'Thief Of Fire' is about thought crimes, book burning, fascist propaganda. Once you realise these things have happened you can fight them.

"Blood Money' is about financial degradation. We're all responsible for the 10,000 people who die every day from starvation. People know it but do they think about it? Do they do anything about it?"

And do The Pop Group do anything about it, other than worry?

Mark: "There's very little you can do which is of any use. We're not preaching, though it might seem that way to someone who can't relate to our music. Basically, we're a bunch of 18-year-old kids, like any others; these are things we believe in, we talk about them at any time, and we talk about other things. There must be 1000s of kids like us who are beatniks at heart. At school I used to look at everyone and wonder if they thought the way I did. Why was everyone else *so* weird?"

Sundry voices: "And then he realised it was him who was weird."

Mark: "So I joined a band."

Chorus : "He joined a rock and roll band and went straight."

(Helpless laughter).

Straight to the screaming target?

A WEEK AFTER this interview I went to Radar to confront Andrew Lauder with certain Pop Group allegations that the company wasn't committed to their development, actively discouraged their attitudes and would be quite happy to mould them into the token left corner where they could rant occasionally while cleaning up their act sufficiently to score with the odd hit single.

Allegations of WEA corrupt coffers aside, Lauder, an honest and respected figure in the music business, a man who has applied lessons learnt in the '60s to the new mood of this decade, seemed to think that any resentment was par for the course twixt artist and employer.

And the little matter of a contract?

He pointed out that as The Pop Group had already spent a sizeable amount of Radar money they were legally under contract. He certainly didn't
seem like someone who wanted to say goodbye to the band. He said he liked them, with their faults, enjoyed their idealism, and fully expected them to accept Radar for what it was worth.

"They can use us — that's no big deal. All artists use their record company. That's what we're here for."

The week after that The Pop Group met Radar's lawyers. They did not sign a formal contract, their relationship was terminated, kaput, I doubt if there was much love lost.

Mark Stewart and Simon Underwood came up to London the day before this summit meeting and we tied up some loose ends. I don't think I've ever seen or heard a more confused bunch of young musicians in my life.

The band were on the verge of splitting for good. While Simon and Bruce see the benefits of infiltrating a major company to present their message, Gareth, Mark and John say they couldn't get to sleep nights worrying about the contradiction between ideal and practise. The majority held.

Now, The Pop Group are at a turning point. While manager Dick O'Dell called their leaving Radar "The best scam since The Pistols and EMI" Mark was in the mood for less mercenary soul bearing. He referred to the utter frustration the band felt when they made 'Y': "We were so fucked up when we made it, you have to be in a weird, tense frame of mind to listen to it. We were making the record and having people bring us our meals, do the washing up. Cigars and brandy afterwards, living like millionaries, it was revolting.

"I'm really worried now about being true to ourselves. When we started we used to begin by jamming. It was free expression. We tore songs apart like Hendrix ripped up 'Star Spangled Banner'. Now we just want to be understood; if it's free it doesn't have to be esoteric."

The Pop Group desperately want a hit single and George Clinton of Parl/Funk fame, to produce it. They think that he likes the band enough to eschew the usual high fee; that's another facet to their huge ambition and a fine example of their naivety.

The past months have hit the band very hard indeed.

Stewart told me that "nothing is sacred, not even The Pop Group, we might break up or we might go off and get work, we've been so sheltered by our thirty quid a week. I'm beginning to think that it's more important to fight for what you believe in than to be in a group anyway.

"When I was younger I got totally fucked over people like Roxy Music and David Bowie. They gave so many kids false aspirations by encouraging images and lifestyles that they couldn't afford. Now look at Bowie — all he can do is sing about his playboy adventures. It's so divorced from reality.

"I used to trust people like Patti Smith until we toured with her. She was like a dictator to her band, she told them exactly what to do. And we can't play gigs now with bouncers and high ticket prices.

"We're setting up an alternative index of venues, promoters, record shops, journalists, to avoid the business altogether. We're seeing The Gang of Four, Public Image and The Good Missionaries, trying to set up an alternative tour before the ideals disappear, before the media waters punk down like they did with rock and roll, with the '60s.

"The kids feel rebellious but they're energies are being manipulated through commercial channels. So many bands have fallen apart . . . what's the use of singing about spritualism before materialism and then continuing the process?

"I think we are a pop group, not a jazz group. I want us to be understood by anyone from nine to 90. It's time to set an example."

As for the future? It could be Rough Trade, the band's ideal, or it could be EMI where The Gang Of Four are supposedly experiencing similar heartbreak and misgivings. Whatever your feelings about The Pop Group they aren't about to sell their dreams.

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Fred Locks by the sea

Sound on the street

Nice Pix — Shame About The Words

REGGAE BLOODLINES
By Stephen Davis & Peter Simon
(HEINEMANN £4.95)
Movement of Jah People
by John Plummer
(Press Gang £1.80)

The general rule with large format music books is enjoy the pictures and ignore the words, and neither of these volumes proves to be an exception.

Not that either is a 'music book' in the conventional sense: *Reggae Bloodlines* is an American attempt at a profile of the 'Music And Culture' of Jamaica, its history, culture and music, undertaken in 1976 when the rock world woke up to the fact that *something a gwan* on this remarkable Caribbean island.

It's packed with often superb photographs which are both a (limited) gallery of reggae stars and evocations of the dazzling, heady scenery and atmosphere of Jamaica. Most of the photos were taken by Peter (brother of Carly) Simon, who's supplemented his own work with that of others — Dennis Morris, Kim Gottlieb and more who aren't always credited.

The text by Stephen Davis is largely haphazard and superficial, and often ill-advised. In terms of musical history and understanding the omissions are too vast to enumerate — no mention even of Dennis Brown, Niney, Gladiators, Abyssinians, Taper Zukie, Prince Buster, Duke Reid, etc, etc — and elsewhere its tone is patronising and offensive, in particular the references to Ras Michael as "bubblegum" and "the Grateful Dead of reggae".

Elsewhere, Davis fails to find words to match the atmospheric pics; instead we're given the usual glib exposition of Rastafari with a historical and anecdotal pot-porri. Not that there isn't something of value here — the chapters on Michael Manley and a Mormon country are both interesting, but overall I'll settle for the visuals.

Movement Of Jah People is a profile of Rastafari culture at the other end of the JA-UK corridor, the suburban ghetto of Handsworth, Birmingham, to be precise.

It's written by a white social worker from the area and admirably published by Birmingham's independent Press Gang. Its tone is, perhaps understandably, apologetic, its prose dry and unmoving, the opposite of its subject.

In the preface John Plummer says the book is aimed "not at a black audience but a white one — at the teacher, the social worker, probation officers, lawyer, vicar and the man in the street." As such its straightforward ABC account of Rastafari and the Handsworth community is sensible and useful, if not always perceptive — the ghost of the social worker is seldom absent. Its best moments are when Plummer describes his own experiences at how the British legal system reacts to Rastas, and black youth in general, when a little animation finally creeps in at the blatant injustices being meeted out.

The photographs and illustrations are modest in number and achievement, but do lend appropriate visual support to the text. Handsworth may not be as pictorially glamorous as Kingston but it's no less real.

Neil Spencer

ROCK FILE 5
By Charlie Gillett & Simon Frith
(Panther £1.25)
THE GUINNESS BOOK OF BRITISH HIT SINGLES 2nd EDITION
By Jo & Tim Rice, Paul Gambaccini, Mike Read
(Guinness £3.95)

Lists, first.

The Guinness Book of British Hit Singles is just that. A thick paperback, crisp Sunday supplement form, all beat-culture trivia happiness and contented chronological mini-biographies, Vera Lynn to Bob Geldof and all *45* faves and freaks in between. It is written by ageing men in suits, so if I was you, and you really wanted all this stuff, I'd break into the *NME* one night with some microfilm and a lot of patience.

We're all YOUNG after all!!! This is YOUTH music!!! Ripe for ageing sociologists!!! Who don't have a clue!!! ROCK AND ROLL IS HERE TO BE ANALYZED . . .

Rock File 5 continues in its own self-set tradition, with a coupla essays on aspects of beat culture and loads of logs and lists. It is a small paperback, and has no photographs, or illustrations, or good writing. Simon Frith contributes just what we expect him to ('Youth Culture/Youth Cults: A Decade Of Rock Consumption'), still trying to flog his transparent 'dispassionate observer passionate consumer' role to us all. Don't we feel so sorry for Si? Rock fans aren't interested in sociology, and sociologists aren't interested in rock and roll, as indeed he sez in his hilarious *The Sociology of Rock* . . . yep.

Still he has got as far as acknowledging 'punk rock', although he clings to the assertion that 1967 was, is and ever more will be the Year of Rock." This statement opens his essay and pretty much sets the standard.

The Guiness Book at least sticks to its brief. *Rock File*, in attempting to mix hard facts with ill-sorted — what the *'masses'* buy, etc — agit-pop, gets the worst of both perspectives.

If you don't like the froth, don't drink the copy!!!

Ian Penman

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July 9th Chester — Smartyz
July 10th Blackburn — King Georges Hall
July 12th Port Talbot — Troubadour
July 13th Sheffield University
July 14th Cromer — West Runton Pavilion
July 15th Jacksdale — Grey Topper
July 16th Purley — Mecca
July 18th Bournemouth — Village
July 19th Portsmouth — Mecca
July 20th Liverpool — Erics
July 21st Blackpool — Norbreck
July 22nd Dumfries — Stagecoach
July 23rd Edinburgh — Tiffanys
July 24th Ayr — Pavilion
July 26th Chesterfield — Fusion
July 27th Scarborough — Penthouse
July 28th Aylesbury — Friars
July 29th London — Lyceum
July 31st Norwich — St. Andrews Hall
August 1st Newport — Stowaway
August 2nd Birmingham — Barbarellas
August 3rd Newcastle — Mayfair
August 4th Manchester — Factory

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SINGLES

CONVERSATION PIECE OF THE WEEK

PUBLIC IMAGE LTD: Death Disco (Virgin). In the face of the unstoppable Sex Pistols 'Swindle' industry, John Lydon perversely stretches himself to the near-impossible limits to not only disassociate himself from his previous incarnation, but to alienate, to the point of hate, those who still resolutely cling to his former public image. Even Bowie didn't go to such extremities to lay Ziggy to rest.

So what is one to make of 'Death Disco'? Is it just another con-game? A gigantic piss-take to test the public's tolerance level? A way of relieving the boredom between bouts of television until the pubs open? A display of contempt? Another attempt at commercial suicide? Are, as some people insist, PIL incapable of writing songs?

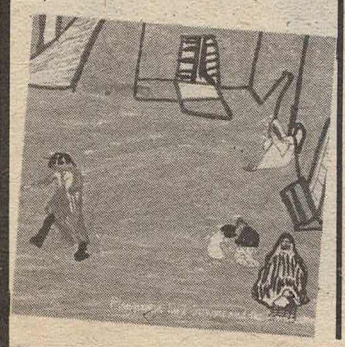
As intended, such questions remain unanswered and the controversy continues unabated. The enigma that surrounds PIL persists in making many uptight and uneasy. But then, isn't that the whole purpose? It's always much more fun working without a safety net.

What we have here is aural action painting: the spontaneous slapping of sound on a magnetic tape canvas. What probably started out in the studio as a dog-eared disco-reggae fusion emerges as a lethal dose of psychedelic eclecticism which makes the Plastic Ono Band's doodlings sound positively singalong. As the bass blackjacks the beat, drums keep strict mechanical time whilst multi-layered guitars scratch away like rats at the pantry door, the tortured melody line of 'Swan Lake' occasionally clawing its way to the surface.

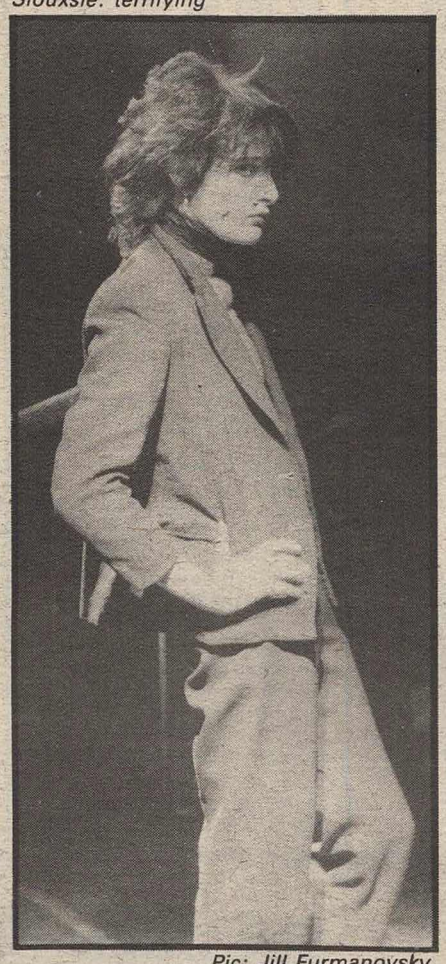
And Lydon? His lyric is to all intents and purposes incomprehensible as his voice alternates between a demented bray and a Bolanesque vibrato slipping forwards and backwards in the dub mix. Whether it is a hoax or a signpost for the future is open to interpretation. It exists, it irritates, it intrigues. You just have to keep on playing it. Mission accomplished

UNEASY LISTENING SINGLE OF THE WEEK.

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES: Playground Twist/Pull To Bits (Polydor). If Ingmar Bergman produced records, they might sound like this remarkable performance which terrifyingly creates a mood of uncontrollable child madness. The listener is immediately engulfed in a maelstrom of whirling sound frequently punctuated by the ominous tolling of church bells, phased guitars, thundering percussion, a surreal alto sax and the wail of Siouxsie's voice. It's a record that demands to be repeatedly played (preferably on cans to get the full effect) at threshold-of-pain volume to illicit the nightmarish quality of the experience. 'Pull To Bits' is just a continuation and, against what one assumes to be the laughter of disturbed infants, Siouxsie chants more abstract lyrics. Produced by Nils Stevenson and sound



Siouxsie: terrifying

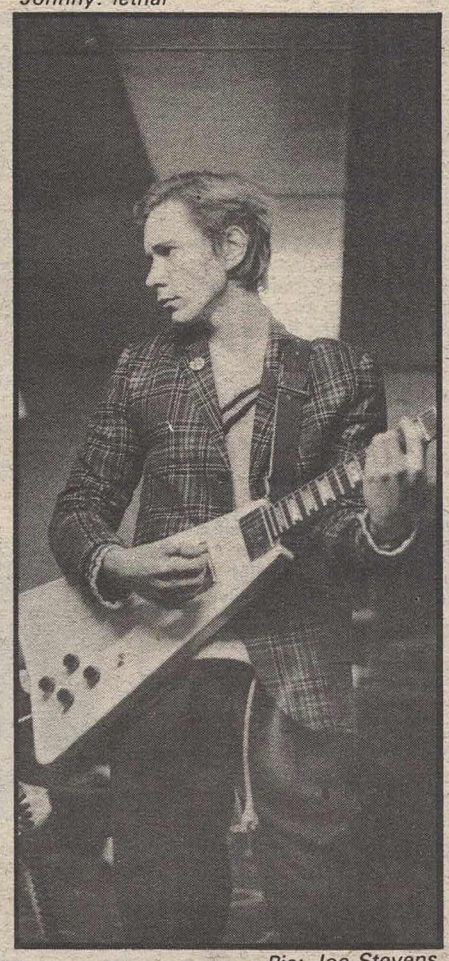


Pic: Jill Furmanovsky

Chrissie: elegant

Pic: Justin Thomas

Johnny: lethal



Pic: Joe Stevens

Another Bunch Of Classics

engineer Mike Stavrou, this record suggests growing maturity.

THE KID IS ALRIGHT SINGLE OF THE WEEK

THE PRETENDERS: Kid/Tattooed Love Boys (Real). An American expatriate, Chrissie Hynde has appropriated many of the most enduring qualities of three generations of pop music and synthesized this invaluable wisdom to carve out an acceptable identity. Here she displays even more self-assertion than on her debut 'Stop Your Sobbing', delicately combining the vulnerability of Ronnie Spector, the casual coolness of Sandie Shaw and, above all, the fragile, wistful sob that Shirley Alston achieved to perfection on The Shirelles' 'Baby It's You'. Second time around though, The Pretenders turn their attention to a fine brace of Hynde originals. Graced with a pristine Chris Thomas production, these songs create a simple, uncluttered atmosphere which, with its deep-tone single-string guitar lead, is redolent of The Shadows at their peak. Despite my constant references to sources, what emerges is pure and instantly recognisable Pretenders, the first side effortlessly elegant, the second flawlessly frenzied.

THE MILLION DOLLAR QUARTET EP OF THE WEEK

THE CRAMPS: Gravest Hits — Human Fly/The Way I Walk/Domino/Surfin' Bird/Lonesome Town (Illegal). In the continuing quest for rock's Holy Grail, experiments are frequently conducted to discover the heady elixir of rock's seminal recordings. Few succeed in discovering the cipher or rekindling the original flame. Sophistication of style, studio technique, marketing and manipulation have long since dissipated the basic elements. Occasionally, individuals accidentally crack the code, but not since John Fogerty has anyone located the original formula. The Ramones found the pass-key to the '60s, now The Cramps delve even further back to the dawn of creation and strike paydirt. Re-emerging as the Roger Cormans of rock, these titans of trash not only harness its early rawness but inject the music with their own psychotic psychedelic persona.

This is a compilation of their first two Alex Chilton-produced Vengeance singles with a bonus in 'Lonesome Town' and vividly depicts The Cramps stuttering and shuddering, hiccuping and hallucinating, rockin' and rampaging in grotesque Gothic glory. Utilising Link Wray-inspired buzzsaw surf guitars, the best tub-thumping drums since D.J. Fontana and enough reverb to fill the Grand Canyon, The Cramps catapult the past way into the future without ever resorting to pastiche or parody. On 'Lonesome Town' singer Lux Interior transforms this Ricky Nelson standard from a wimpy self-pitying ballad into the most austere statement of alienation since Presley's 'Heartbreak Hotel'. A classic soul stomper instead of just a former inconsequential chart-topper.

testament to the pleasures of 'real gone-ness' and a record that transcends four generations of the best that rock 'n' roll can offer.

SOUL, YES I SAID S-O-U-L SINGLE OF THE WEEK

MILLIE JACKSON: Kiss You All Over (Spring). A perfect example of Millie's neglected prowess as the current First Lady Of Soul. Such is the unique manner with which she extracts every last nuance from this song, which seemed pretty natty when first performed by Exile, that it re-emerges as a timeless

Reviewed by ROY CARR

MOTORHEAD: No Class (Bronze). No class? Never let me hear anyone say that about Motorhead since, along with the Motor City Madman, they're the only act around who know how to drop the heavy metal hammer with complete conviction. Lemmy — the legend, the true star that he is — sings like Rod Stewart after a night out on the tiles with Motorhead.

GENERATION X: Fridays Angels (Chrysalis). Apart from a great flair for visuals, the thing that initially attracted me to Gen X was their unbridled sense of enthusiasm and their determination to make good. They possess the basic qualities to fulfil their desires, but still need the catalyst to enable them to make the giant step. The potential is there; it just needs the spark.

T.V. TOY: Instant This, Instant That/For What It's Worth (Permanent). American Euro-men with a natural affinity for electro-mechanical melodrama. Concrete-mixer rhythm patterns generate tension on the top side and add even more menace to the Stephen Stills' '60s potential slaughter on Sunset Strip missive.

PINK LADY: Kiss In The Dark (Asylum).

TASTE OF HONEY: Do It Good (Capitol). Pink Lady — a pair of dainty Japanese disco dolls — have, so I'm informed, the distinction of currently being this ol' planet's biggest-selling girl act and, with this record, hope to repeat their success West of Suez. There's no reason why they shouldn't achieve their objective but, with former Left Banke/Stories mastermind Michael Lloyd in artistic control, I expected so much more than just a blatantly safe-as-milk dancer. Sure, as these things go — *chugga-chugga, chugga-chugga* — everything is in its correct place, only any individuality the Pinks might possess doesn't penetrate the production. Taste Of Honey started out last year with all the trappings of a winner, but this record reveals no apparent signs of progress, and also lacks the salacious humour that made them such an instant attraction.

DEBUT SINGLE OF THE WEEK

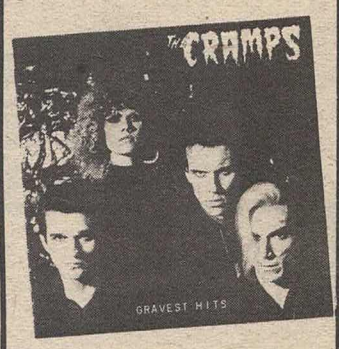
BILLY HANCOCK WITH THE TENNESSEE ROCKETS: I Can't Be Satisfied (Ripsaw). Though they don't resort to the extremes of style favoured by The Cramps, the remarkable Billy Hancock & The Tennessee Rockets substantiate that they have also managed to resuscitate the original sound, drive and freshness of the '50s and, without compromising their aesthetic values, made it appear surprisingly contemporary. No technical tricknology, just a genuine empathy with the roots of rockabilly and the kind of natural live-in-the-studio energy that makes most power-crazed combos sound positively flaccid. With a date sheet filled to the end of the year and Robert Gordon frequently checking them out for new material, Hancock & The Rockets play to win. If you have trouble locating copies, contact Vintage who are frantically trying to keep up with the overwhelming demands for this superb single.

THEY CARVED THEIR NAME WITH PRIDE

THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES: Absolutely Sweet Marie; Werewolves Of London; Next One Crying (Sire). Why were the six white horses delivered to the penitentiary? Why was the Persian drunkard following the singer? What drugs was Dylan doing when he wrote this song? What possessed The Groovies to release this as a single? So what if nothing is revealed — history has still shown that not only are other artists' songs safe in the hands of these lads but are quite often exciting. Treated with an Eddie Cochran intro and taken at patented Stones-trimmed swagger, the only shortcoming of 'Marie' is the most obvious one: only the Zim himself could get away with such stoned and sardonic lyrics. Nevertheless, the overall momentum easily carries Chris Wilson's vocal. And what have the Flamin' Groovies and the Grateful Dead both got in common? Both bands hail from 'Frisco and perform Warren Zevon's witty 'Werewolves Of London'. Finally, has John Lennon finally given up herding cattle and secretly joined El Groovers? Why do I ask? Well, on 'Next One Crying', which is based fair and square on the 'How Do You Sleep' changes, his presence is so overwhelmingly strong that one could be excused for assuming he had a hand in the making of this track.

THE IDOLS: You/Girl That I Love (Ork). An Anglo-American alliance which once had the dubious distinction of being called The Junkees. Other points of interest: former New York Dolls Arthur 'Killer' Kane and Jerry Nolan make up the rhythm section and 'You' is dedicated to David 'Rocky' Johansen. The flip, 'Girl That I Love (Wears No Pants)' is the better of the two cuts. With Steve Dior and Barry Jones fronting on guitars and vocals, The Idols cover the mid-ground between The NY Dolls and Thunders' Heartbreakers.

■ *Continues over page*



Singles Continued

■ *From previous page*

THE SEX PISTOLS INDUSTRY: HALF-YEARLY REPORT, JUNE 1979.

THE SEX PISTOLS: Anarchy For The U.K.; L'Anarchie Pour Le U.K. (Barclay Import). 'Anarchy For The U.K.' has transformed itself from a controversial debut single into a one-record industry. A veritable collector's wet-dream, it regularly manifests itself on various labels in various sizes, lengths, languages and pic sleeves. This is its third appearance in France, coupling the alternate 'Swindle' soundtrack take with the musette muckabout. Don't think that this is the last we've heard of it as I'm sure Talcy fully realises that it has yet to be issued either as a picture disc, on coloured vinyl or as a ten incher.

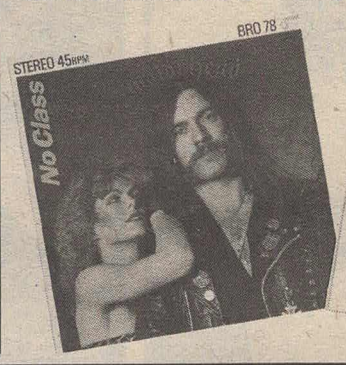
BARRY DE VORZON: Theme From 'The Warriors' (A&M). Theme! Theme! I looked, but I couldn't find one, but ain't carping, 'cause it comes on strong sounding like either an extended intro or the instrumental break on a blistering Donna Summer single. Hot stuff!

EL COCO: Dance Man (AV
GINO SOCCIO: Dance To Dance (Warner Brothers)
MARTIN CIRCUS: Disco Dance (Pye)
LAX: Dancin' At The Disco (Pye). All four records are about as imaginative as their titles imply. Any records (aside from the PIL single) I come across this week with either 'dance' or 'disco' in the title are promptly scratched from the running. Circus and Lax entrants are disqualified on both counts.

INDEPENDENTLY YOURS ROSES ARE RED: Your Love Is Like A Ballistic Missile (Posthumous Petal). Over the years singers have likened love to a violin, a heatwave, an itching in the heart, a butterfly, a drug. Therefore, in these Modern Times, why shouldn't smitten Modern Men from London offer a corollary to such all-powerful phallic symbolism as a ballistic missile? With vibrating rocket-in-the-pocket gusto and a hint of E. Cochran's 'Somethin' Else' riff, Les Roses Rouge serenade the object of their affections with the finesse of the LP choir in heat.

WORST GIMMICKS OF THE WEEK

HOT GOSSIP: A Super Casanova (Atlantic)
FREDA GOTHENBURG: Like A Dream (G.H.M.). The Hot Gossip picture disc is accompanied by a Zoetrope, an assemble-it-yourself contraption which (poorly) animates the tiny figures prancing around this platter's perimeter. One can only assume that the purpose is to distract one's attention from the truth that, on record, Hot Gossip don't project any of the naughtiness for which they are renowned. Could be Legs & Co singing for all we know. The sleeve of Freda's folly states it to be 'The World's First Backward Playing Record . . . Plays From The Centre Outwards'. Who needs it?



KI$$GO DI$$KO
KISS: I Was Made For Lovin' You (Casablanca). Let's not pussyfoot about. All you Kiss Army combat troops out there who proudly sport 'Disco Sucks' t-shirts and reckon these 20th Century Boys are truly where it's at are now confronted with the biggest personal crisis since that dreadful morning you awoke to discover tiny hairs sprouting right there in the palm of your hand! My sympathies. I know it's no fun being dumped upon from a great height or to be publicly humiliated by a piece of cheap plastic that as good as informs you that your allegiance to their bank accounts is no longer required. That's right, in their familiarly gross manner, Kiss done gone disco. Do you brand these bozos for selling out or quietly

burn your t-shirt and boogie on down in the face of such betrayal? Whatever, producer Vini Poncia's dismal attempt to xerox Maestro Moroder's technical expertise in such matters proves to be an abomination. But what is the poor sod to do when faced with such stale licks and lyrics overflowing with such unbelievable conceit. How can anyone who looks like Paul Stanley seriously croon *"I was made for lovin' you baby, you were made for lovin' me"* unless he was addressing these remarks to the brightly lit soft drinks vending machine standing in the corridor. Things get even sillier on the flip. 'Charisma' features Gene "I want to be treated as a serious musician" Simmons checking out his overblown ego: *"Is it my fortune or my fame/Is it my money or my name/Is it my Per-son-al-ity or just my sex-u-al-ity/What is my charisma, what is it about me that gets you so hot,"* bla, bla, bla. Prat! And that's meant as a compliment.

RUDOLP DIETRICH: B.O.F's/No Claim With Bluff And Swindle (Off Course)
MOTHER'S RUIN: No More Superstars/Danny Hot Dog (Off Course). The song titles sum it up. Swiss punks on Suchard. Pass the Kleenex. unbelieveable conceit? How can anyone who looks like Paul Stanley seriously croon *"I was made for lovin' you baby, you were made for lovin' me"* unless he was addressing these remarks to the brightly lit soft drinks vending machine standing in the corridor. Things get even sillier on the flip. 'Charisma' features Gene "I want to be treated as a serious musician"

LOX: Fun House/Starlet Love/Tell Me (Fetish). Ask for Lox in any New York deli and you'll be served smoked salmon on a warm cream cheese-smothered bagel. Ask for the New York combo of the same name and you'll get something nowhere as enjoyable. Fetish is a most apt label for this group to appear on; singer A. A. Pritchard's obsession centres around grafting an emasculated Roger Chapman bray over a re-shuffled Stones' 'Bitch' riff and preferring to sing the harmony, as opposed to the familiar melody line, on a too fast for comfort treatment of Mick 'n' Keef's 'Tell Me'. It's all quite pointless.

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Whatever Gets You Through The Daze

THE NICK LOWE INTERVIEW. By PAUL MORLEY

I'VE LOST track of time, but Lew Lewis and Reformer are on stage at Hemel Hempstead Pavilion blowing base boogie that the Hemel Hempstead audience aren't sure whether to love or not. I'm talking to Nick Lowe. He's looking rumpled and pained, but he's articulating clearly and plainly. He's a little more drunk than I am.

We're seated on wooden chairs in the vacated Lewis dressing room. Down the corridor in Rockpile's dressing room members of that group and some non-busy helpers are idling away the time in a different way. Drummer Terry Williams and guitarist / vocalist Billy Bremner are setting new records for alcohol consumption. Dave Edmunds is blow drying his hair.

Lowe has a cigarette in one hand, a drink in the other. Such objects rarely desert his clutch. I keep looking over his shoulder, seeing my reflection in a huge mirror and thinking what a way to earn a living. Asking a man who drinks and smokes a lot, writes pleasant little ditties, helps people make pop records and who seems on the verge of a nervous breakdown a series of questions that make believe he's special.

I fiddle with the yellow top of Lowe's cider bottle and wonder if he gets much chance to do anything other than music. Lowe's huge face eases into action.

"Er, well I'm not really interested in doing things apart from music. I used to spend all my time going out to see groups. I don't now and in fact I hardly ever listen to records . . . I do see some groups, but generally I think they're so duff . . ."

Really, I gasp, wanting to list all the great gigs I've seen this year. The tone of my voice seems to do it for me.

"Yeah, I haven't seen a good group for ages. Everything seems so stagnant. It seems to be like '76 still. And what the punk thing is being replaced by is this awful arty farty shit . . . like hippy music with thin ties or something. It's exactly the same old cobblers I can remember when the pub rock thing started."

There seems to me a massive and positive difference between, say, The Human League and Genesis, Siouxsie And The Banshees and ELP . . . in approach, ambition, influences. There's rebellion, concern, speculation, a lot less pomposity and a lot more noise. Nick Lowe, though, is the kind of person who, if you say, look you're being silly about this, will reply, 'Yeah, I suppose I am really.' So my indignant opposition brings about a sigh, a shrug of the shoulders.

"Yeah . . . but . . . I dunno, maybe I'm just an old cynic. I don't think there's any such thing as going forward." There's nothing so sour as a defeated idealist. "'Cos everyone thought they were going forward in 1967, when Sgt Pepper came out; everyone thought that was it, the sky's the limit, there is no limit to what can go down.

"But just the same rules apply nowadays. There's still the same record advances and geezers get a whole lot of money and things get dull and boring and there's no way out.

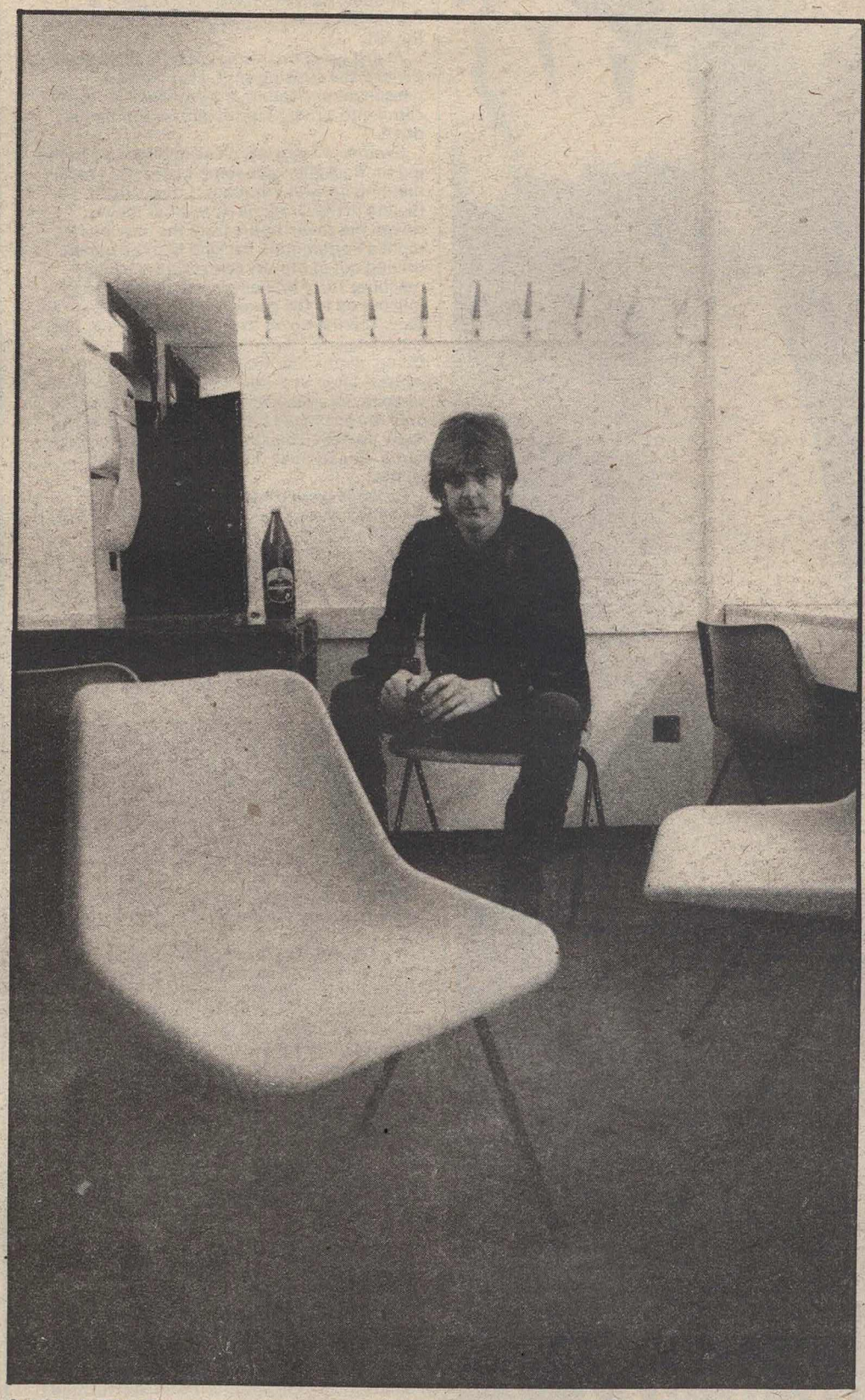
"The only two ways out, and this is a bit of a cliche — I think George Best said this actually — he said the only two ways to get out of where you're going, the channels you're streamlined into . . . I'm a middle class kid, so I was supposed to wind up, I wasn't so bright at school, I got one O-level, so what I had going for me was to be an estate agent or something, and I've got no desire, no interest in anything like that and what it entails, the only two ways to get out of that is to be . . ."

A pop star or a footballer.

". . .yeah . . . the only two ways out . . . and the thing about the pop business is, it's totally classless. Whether you're a lighting rigger or a lead guitarist, it's just whether you're on the case and a reasonably decent human being.

"It's was the life of it that always appealed to me more than ever being a virtuoso. I never really wanted to be a virtuoso. The life of it to me was going to be beautiful women and wild parties and all that sort of thing, the things that most people who buy the *NME* think is the life I lead.

"And the actuality . . . well, you spend most of your time waiting, hanging around, and, er, I think that's why I'm so cynical. I'm still well enthusiastic about everything and I think I'm good at what I do, but I get very frustrated, cos it's happened to me.



NICK LOWE: Pic: PENNIE SMITH

"There's been times in the past when I've kicked myself and thought this is a movement y'know, that we're going to change the face of the earth. But you can't, it's still the same old, y'know, mafiosa rule the roost, and they pat people, even Malcolm McLaren — there's people patting him on the head somewhere. He's reckoned he's turned the world upside down. He fucking hasn't."

But there's so much more choice now than there was three years ago. The fact that someone like you can appear on *TOTP*.

"I think if you stick at something long enough," Lowe softly continues along his patient way, "even if it's estate agency, if you stick at it long enough then eventually your turn comes around. Suddenly it's next! They discard one lot and it's the next lot on the lauching pad.

"And then so on. It just revolves around and then after a while you're dumped. But it's generally up to you if you're dumped or not, if you can't ride it. But I don't particularly want to do that. I don't like riding. I like feeling like an underdog.

"I'm not looking for any success or anything like that, 'cos I don't like people who are successful particularly . . . it's a bit of a sweeping statement that . . . generally people that I don't know anyway."

People would suggest that you're successful, I reason. Hits, friends in the right places, Radio One awards . . .

"Well, the Radio One thing, who else were they going to give it to?" he modestly objects. "There wasn't exactly that much competition . . ."

But that's success to most people.

"Yeah," he agrees, "people do think I'm successful. I can't understand why."

So you dislike yourself?

Lowe laughs this off. "Well, I've got enough problems on my hands without disliking myself as well. But I, er, it's so hard, I don't know, cos everything I do is done. Well, the moves I make anyway, are done without hardly any consideration as to what the results will be . . . I just think if something is a good idea, I'll have a shot at it, and often as not it never works out."

So do you feel lucky that you've got those choices to make?

"CHRIST!" Lowe shakes his head. "Incredibly lucky. Christ! I can't believe it . . . I wake everyday just thanking whoever it is or whatever it is, I don't know how, I've slept on enough floors in my time, and now I can pay the rent and I've got the old studio donwstairs in my house, and all the rest of that bullshit.

"But I haven't lain awake at night scheming or anything like that. I'm just damned lucky. That's it. I don't actually think I deserve it as a matter of fact. I don't think I've done enough work. I've worked hard at what I've done, but it's only cos I'm not interested in doing anything else.

"When I first started I did have this idea about you go out and make a record and everyone grooves on it and then you get lots of money and lots of women and then you get really rich. I had all those silly ideas, but it didn't take long to get it knocked out of me. Well . . . in fact it did — it took a hell of a long time to get knocked out of me."

So long that by the time it was knocked out of you there were the first traces of acceptance?

"No . . . I'd started . . . long before I'd started earning any money I started to feel proud of what I did. That's probably because I had a very bad time in the early '70s with acid . . . and, er, I thought I was . . . I nearly lost me marbles . . . there's no two ways about it. I went like a vegetable for quite a long time, and after that I realised I couldn't do anything else, it was almost like a straw to clutch at — a duff old guitar, that was all I had.

"And it was after that I made up my mind to do whatever I thought was a good idea — sod what everyone else thought. And, er, I've never done anything with a view to becoming rich and famous . . . It is great fun, and it is very nice when someone slings you a big cheque for strumming a few chords . . ."

What about the people who give you this life, the people out there now sitting through Lew Lewis.

Lowe looks at the floor and takes a deep breath.

"Well . . . I must admit . . . I never really . . . how can I put this. No. I don't feel any sort of gratitude to anybody for the fact that I'm earning some money. They don't have to buy my records. I've put out so many records that have flopped. I couldn't imagine going out to buy one of my records, not in a million years. But I feel grateful to something or other.

"Actually I'm beginning to sound like an old hippy already. It's the force in the sky man! I don't know what it is, but I don't ever feel 'my wonderful public' or anything like that, cos I don't know who they are.

"All I know is that I listen when someone's pumping gas into the Transit, or the guy's delivering the milk or the letters. I listen to that what they're whistling, what they're singing and I wonder, oh why have they picked up on that bit? Because I'm interested in seeing if I don't have to compromise myself, cos I'm still a bit of an old hippy like that, and make something like *that* . . ."

JAKE RIVIERA, the sleazy, abrasive and well-earthed opposite to Malcolm McLaren, spreads his arms, releases a smile, and exclaims: "Our act's doing a tour, you've got a paper to print, let's do it!"

No fuss, my baby. Riviera, the man who launched Stiff, of Riviera Global Productions, who cares for Costello and a number of others, is a heavily sarcastic music biz entrepreneur. If a number of people have taken his dark sarcasm seriously then it's obvious why his weighty press paranoia image has developed the way it has over the last few months.

Riviera travels in a straight line. If the odd wimp stands in his way and is tumbled over then he's not likely to turn round and say sorry. The wimp then cries off and Riviera's branded a nasty man.

Put it this way. Riviera has never planted a shoe heel deep into my protruding instep. He does wear dandyish shoes, though. At the moment he's briskly choreographing the affairs of the real group Rockpile as they travel around the country on a proper tour.

Rockpile have a neat range of dandyish shoes. Terry Williams has a soft pair of cream delights complete with delicate buckles. Billy Bremner's footwear is well put together. Dave Edmunds wears tough two-texture boots that smooth to a dull point. Nick Lowe bought his thick inflexible looking cowboy boots in Phoenix. Rockpile are a real group built from the feet up.

Rockpile are not pretty. Williams is small and sneaky. Bremner is thick and fleshy. Edmunds is shrivelled and blotchy. Lowe was

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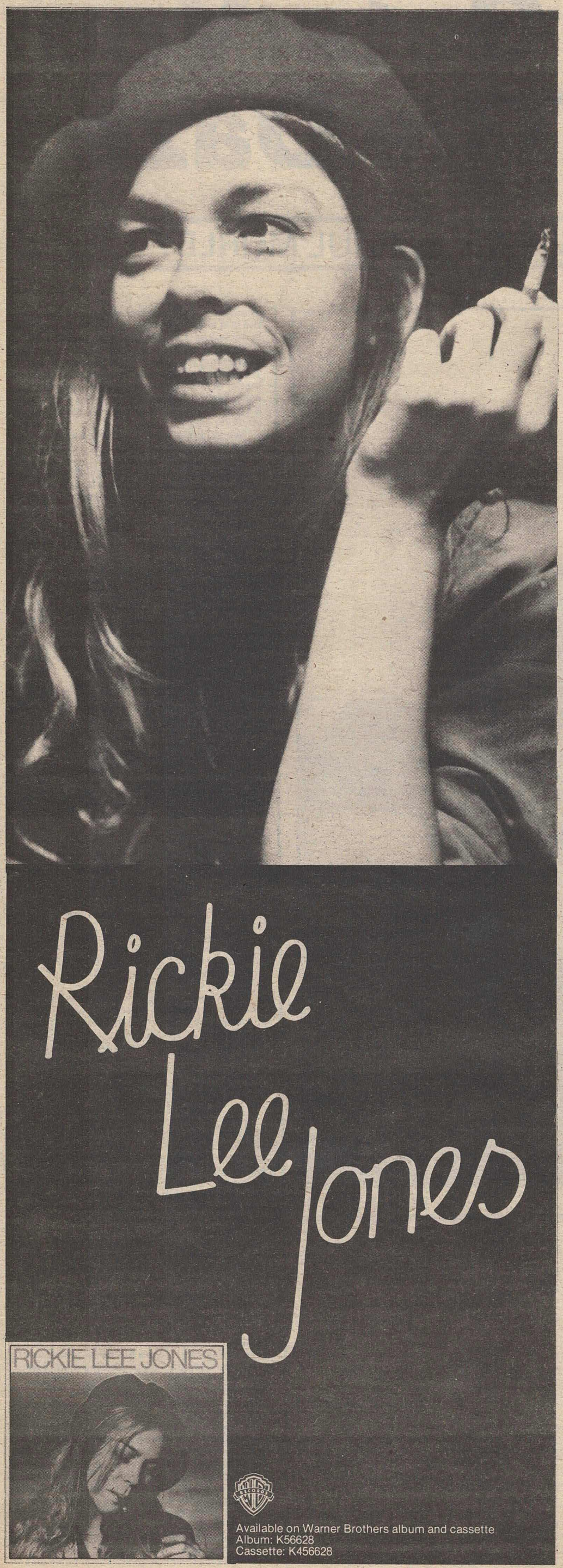


■ *From previous page*

not elegantly manufactured. With Rockpile we're in nowhereland between the Talk Of The Town and the college circuit. We're somewhere between the UK Subs and Tom Jones or Help Yourself and Candlewick Green, where compromise is a shameful thing but looking smart isn't.

Rockpile are another sort of pubrock remnant, with Rumour; equally traditional, weary and wicked, lovable and lamentable.

HALFWAY down a narrow red lane, a bend and a half off the Shepherds Bush Road, is a small well designed terrace house shared by Lowe and Riviera. Inside an interview is flapping to a close. The *Mirror's* Pauline McLeod has finished an afternoon interrogation and a red haired photographer snaps Lowe and Edmunds on a scruffy sofa with weary workmanlike precision.

The *NME* evening shift is ushered into the upstairs lounge. Lowe looks washed out. But people have papers to print and tonight, Thursday, Rockpile have a gig to play, at Hemel Hempstead Pavilion, a 30-mile drive up the M1.

At just gone five, threequarters of Rockpile, Riviera, the evening shift, an unknown passenger and tour manager Nigel Johnson climb into a rusty Transit van for the Hemel drive.

Swansea, Tuesday; close enough to a home gig for Rockpile. I can remember little. I recall meeting up with Edmunds, Lowe, Nigel, Riviera in the Dragona Hotel after they'd driven the seven hours from the previous night's Portsmouth. Packing into the transit, driving out of the city centre into the hills, reaching Terry Williams' local where people mill out on to the pavements drinking like it's a race. Tearing down to the Top Rank club and watching Lew Lewis' huffing puffing set. Doing plenty of drinking. I remember wine, whisky, lager and cider. Seeing the floor come close to my eyes a few times. I remember the only music played between acts being Iggy's 'New Values.' Thinking all Top Ranks look the same. Cheap-posh, low lit, sparkling and sterile.

Rockpile played a loutish set. If Dave Edmunds was a few years older he'd be Bert Weedon. If Nick Lowe was a few years younger he'd be Dee Dee Ramone. If Billy Bremner was a little thinner he'd have nowhere to rest his guitar while he picks out the notes.

After the gig it was down to some club and some more drinking. I got to bed at four, woke up at seven, and then remembered I hadn't done the interview. Cry? I almost shaved my legs.

The centre of London, Thursday; the van collects the fourth Rockpile and makes for Kilburn and the M1. First stop is an off licence. Everyone bar Nigel and the evening shift race into the shop. Edmunds grabs six cans of lager and a bottle of cider. Bremner and Williams get lots of beer. Lowe indulges in two bottles of cider. Riviera sticks to wine, which he gaily swigs from the bottle.

Edmund discovers my age — 22. "What's it like?" he mutters jealously. Dave Edmunds is 35.

The second stop is to collect some special talcum powder, presumably for Edmunds to pat under his armpits.

The van loses itself in the commuter escape in the midst of Kilburn. On boarded up shop windows huge yellow and red posters boast Rockpile Featuring Dave Edmunds and Nick Lowe. Bremner and Edmunds discuss some obscure Gibson guitar model.

"You should see Dave's house," scoffs Riviera, "it's like a guitar museum. Just enough room to sleep." He gloats into his wine. Edmunds shrugs into his can. The van inches forward. Up at the front Lowe gulps some cider.

"I'VE GOT this reputation," grins Lowe, "as being the 'new wave' producer or something. Anyone who knows anything about making records knows that the early stuff — I've done some good records, I know that — but the early stuff I did was absolutely useless. I knew nothing about it. The only reason I got into it was that when Stiff formed I was the only person who had ever worked in a studio just about. I had no interest in being a producer at all.

"I've learnt about it now and I've sort of developed ideas from listening to Edmunds and listening to the radio.

"I don't like to come across as real humble — I'm a revolting ego tripper actually — but it's like I'm at a loss as to why I'm in this position. Cos I've just bumbled my way through the whole thing.

"The one thing I am certain of is I like being out of synch, I like being not quite right for what's happening at the time . . . and, er, I'll read the old music papers cover to cover every single week, all of them, from *Jackie* through to *Melody Maker,* just to get a sort of pitch, cos I don't want to turn into some sort of snob . . . y'know, 'I know what's going on, listen, I make up the rules baby, and you guys just follow them.' I don't want to be that, or tee hee sixth form aren't we an incrowd.

"I want to make records people will like and that I can be proud of. When I say I've bumbled through, I mean, I listen to say a Jeff Lynne record and now that sounds to me like a craftsman's record. I could never make records like that, I just haven't got the patience.

"I feel like I'm a stamp collector. Being in the music business is like a hobby for me. And my real job is just keeping my actual mentals

Nick Lowe

'I dunno, maybe I'm just an old cynic. I don't think there's any such thing as going forward.'

together. That is my job. That's like working in the estate agents, and this pop music lark is what I do in the evenings sort of thing. I'm keen on it. But I have to spend most of my day just getting through the day, not going mad. That is the hardest work for me."

You're worried about boredom?

"Well, boredom is the most frightening thing. Bored people are boring people, I generally find, so the reason I work hard is because if I'm continually setting myself things to do then I can't get bored — even though I'm irritated and don't want to do them. I just have to think about my own sanity."

Do you ever feel you're losing that?

"Oh yeah, all the time — at least three times a week . . ."

What, as a big deal?

"Oh yeah, I mean real bad. I come across as a idiot, I know, but it's only because I'm, er, just desperate, just desperate to get through it. We've all got to get through it, from the cradle to the grave, we all want to get through there, and unfortunately I'm very aware of that.

"Maybe that's why I come across sounding very humble, which I don't mean to sound. People often say to me, you've got no belief in yourself. Well, I have — but my own involvement in the music business is just so that it keeps my brain thinking about something else apart from me . . . and that's why I come across as a sort of drunken prick."

Dave Edmunds

'Rockpile is in fact extraordinarily equal. I suppose if you pressed everyone they would say it's Dave's group.'

Lowe pushes his head between his hands and mockmoans: "In fact I'm a serious artist, no one will understand." He sits up. "Yes, that's about it."

You think about things too much, I say uselessly.

"Mmmm . . . yeah . . . that's . . . yeah . . . of course Rockpile is a great . . . what do they call it when you get bitten by a snake . . . ?"

Antidote.

". . . antidote. Yeah, Rockpile is the antidote. Those guys are a continual source of amazement. Because they're infuriating on the one hand and very kind on the other, capable of great compassion, and good, fine qualities, and they're interested in music, which is handy cos that's basically all I talk about."

He laughs.

AS THE VAN lurches forward in the Kilburn jam, someone wonders if anyone saw the previous night's fun documentary on the perils of Alcohol.

The ITV programme listed the strengths of a number of beers and lagers, and ran a questionnaire to gauge the viewers' depth of involvement with dangerous liquids.

"I'm a dedicated drinker," proudly reveals Edmunds.

"I watched it in the pub," says Bremner.

Williams tops that.

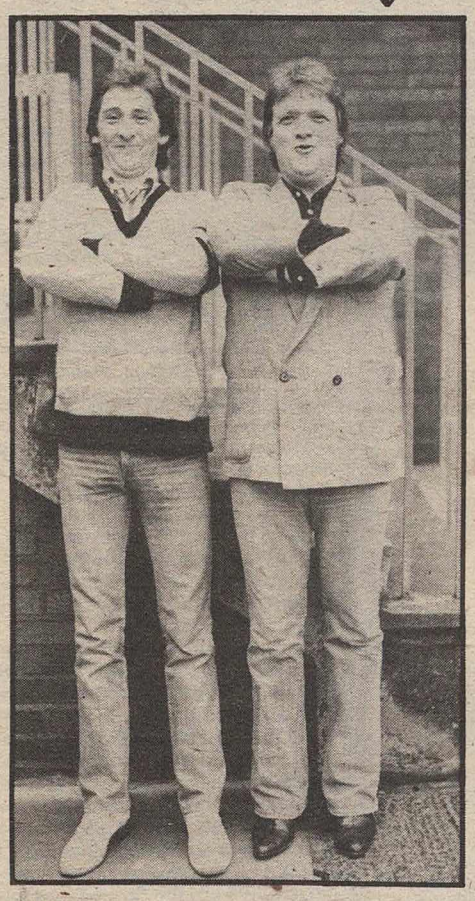
"I saw it on the video when I got back from the pub.

"The previous day had been a day off. Williams later tells someone he got more pissed than when he's on the road. "Some day off".

I GLANCE in the mirror again. I look almost as wasted as Lowe, who is sipping cider. I ask what sort of things in his work make him proud.

He answers quickly. "Well, I think just to achieve a fuckbeat, whether it be fast or slow,

'They're infuriating on the one hand and very kind on the other, capable of great compassion and good, fine qualities ...'



Terry Williams, Billy Bremner

. . . there are no rules of getting it, you can imagine a group in a village hall playing it, it doesn't have to be you.

I like to make records that have got some thing anybody can do, to try and make records that sound like they should be hits, except they aren't generally. If they are, fantastic, but it makes me proud to turn out something that sounds like a record that missed. Although the funny thing is I've still got a lot of time for 'Breaking Glass' which was my only real hit.

"A funny thing all that rip-off business . . . again, it's my own fault, saying oh yes I steal this riff and all that, so everyone is supersensitive towards anything I do. They look for where I've stolen it from.

"Y'know, everyone steals, but because I came out with it direct . . . I mean, Billy Joel and Jeff Lynne have got a lot to answer for. But it's kind of fun that people are confused."

THE VAN'S still stuck in this jam. After a few promising shuffles it pulls up behind a red double decker bus. Smiles and groans break out as the two small advertisements on the back of the bus are noticed. A poster for Dave Edmunds new LP on Swansong, 'Repeat When Necessary'. And a poster for Nick Lowe's new LP on Radar, 'Labour Of Lust.'

"That's the first time I've seen them together," says Riviera.

"You look like a prannet," laughs Lowe at Edmunds.

"I can't even see the writing on yours," says Riviera, squinting at the rain soaked picture.

"You look like you've just had a hernia," decides Edmunds looking away from the poster of an inane pointing Lowe.

Lowe thoughtfully lights a cigarette

DO YOU, I wonder, feel that being involved with Rockpile suppresses your individuality?

"Yeah, but that's fine by me cos it helps me to be a little anonymous. I don't like being a frontman. I just disappoint people all the time, y'know, if I'm shoved into that slot. So Rockpile is perfect for me."

What about there being two obvious individuals in the group? The jealousies, the conflict, the inner turmoil . . .

"That's the funny thing about Rockpile. It is in fact extraordinarily equal. I suppose if you pressed everyone, they would say it's Dave's group really, I think Dave is the leader. But Billy and Terry have almost as much say."

The van's made the motorway and the difficult part of the journey's over. Beer cans litter the floor, wine and cider bottles are emptying, air is smoky, Hemel is approaching. Rockpile has begun to dissect the make-up of the current Lowe hit 'Crackin' Up'.

Williams says it's too slow, and Lowe's bass line too ploddy.

Lowe agrees.

Williams reckons there should be a fiddly bass line in there to keep things flowing. Lowe nods but says it's difficult for him to sing and play at the same time. Besides, he'd want paying for doing two jobs . . .

Hemel Hempstead Pavilion . . . It's a few minutes before seven. Into the dressing room to attack the booze. A four-minute soundcheck. Back into the dressing room and more booze. Some Pennie pictures at the side of the Pavilion. Back for more booze.

Urm, I say to Jake, any chance of a chat with Nick.

"Yeah, yeah, you've got to push these guys, they'll sit around all night if you don't say anything." I say something to Nick and we stroll down to Lew Lewis' empty dressing room to talk about everything except Brinsley Schwarz and the road to ruin.

THE HEMEL Hempstead gig is reckless and perky and somehow splendid. Billy Bremner stares into space, oblivious of his uncool double chin. Terry Williams chugs away doing just enough to raise a sweat. Nick Lowe looks his usual awkward self as he thuds unconvincingly on a ludicrously excessive but beautiful looking cherry red eight-string bass. Dave Edmunds is careful not to put a hair out of place or mess up his well pressed jeans and shirt. In a way the whole thing's not far off Bill Haley And The Comets; in a way it's downright deplorable.

And yet somehow it's splendid. Maybe it's because of Rockpile's well worn cynicism — but it's a long way from 'Death Disco'. Like Rockpile have got nothing to lose.

Lowe, afterwards: "I can get really nervous before a gig, it's a kind of feeling I enjoy. It's a masochistic thing, and tonight I was extra nervous because there was hardly any soundcheck. I don't even know how things are working or what they are. If people ask me what PA we are using I say it's black and made of wood. I don't know what things are called or how they work. I just know when they break down — it feels really bad and tonight it felt like it was all going to fall to bits.

"But we got to 'Cracking Up' and it all started to go and you can tell when people move. There's a feeling that comes across . . . it's easy then.

"We're so used to English audiences and so cynical ourselves, and knowing how cynical the audiences are . . . the thing about Rockpile is the stuff we do is so simple. If you just play it ain't going to impress nobody. I think what people get off with in Rockpile is that everybody's playing these simple tunes like in their sleep but like grooving on them.

"It's like no work's gone into them, and that's what makes Rockpile such a good group.

"But when you're not convinced yourself, that's when you get nervous.

"I think groups are really dull at the moment, really dull, but I think Rockpile are fun because it is *such* a group, because it is what I always thought was a good group — sort of all friends with each other, didn't take it seriously but they were good, and it was almost like they did it without thinking about it . . . and a style comes out of it.

"My record got slagged because I think everyone was expecting me to write songs about people getting eaten by dogs, and on purpose I wanted to make a straight record . . . because it ain't the individual tracks to me, it's the whole theme that is summed up.

"So I was kind of surprised people missed the point. I just wanted an old fashioned sort of pub rock approach, just to piss a few people off. Just that."

AFTER THE encore laden gig, in an almost boozeless dressing room packed with London visitors, Dave Edmunds is using Pennie's camera to take some pictures of a quietly conversing Nick Lowe. Lowe impatiently poses now and again.

Riviera is buzzing about, smile flashing. "Let's get some punters in," he cheerfully announces, and then taunts, "Far more important than talking to you people!"

Too true.

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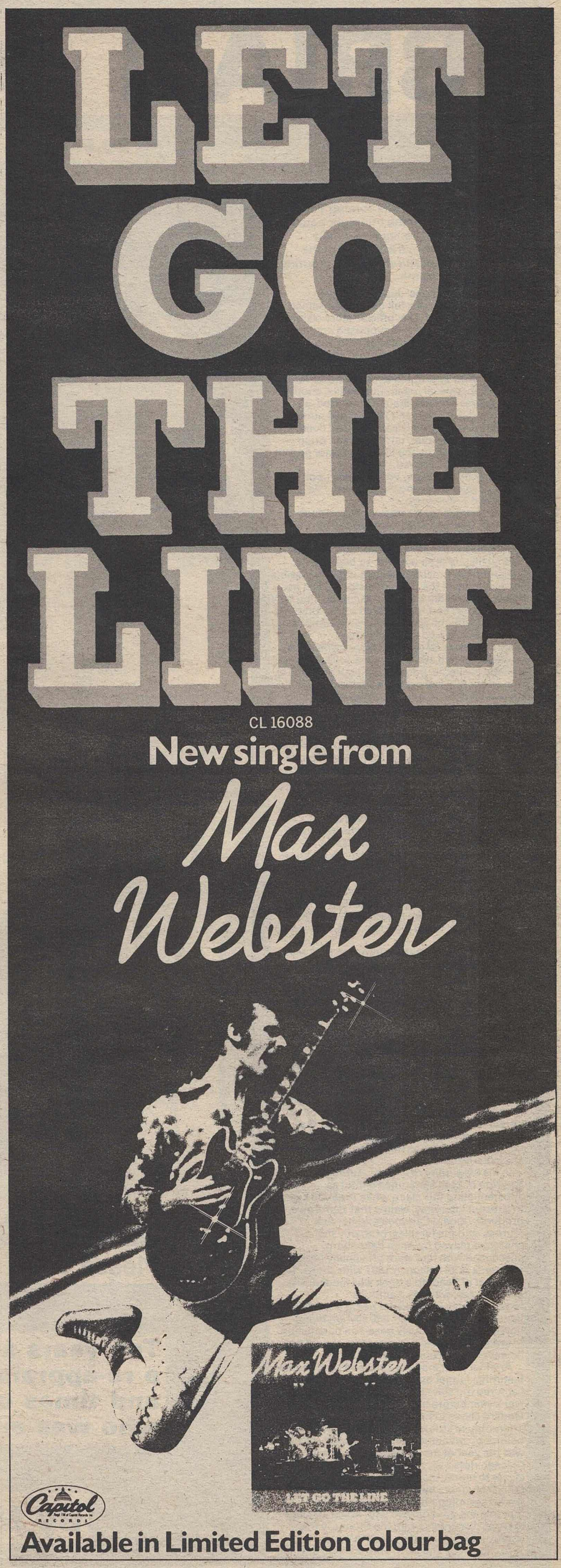

BRIAN JONES

28 February 1944 — 3 July, 1969.

"Please don't judge me too harshly."

Ten years after his death, a re-appraisal of the life and times of the Rolling Stone who was crushed by success.

By NICK KENT

TEN years ago this coming Tuesday, shortly after the midnight hour, Lew Brian Jones was pulled unconscious from the bottom of the swimming pool situated in the grounds of his Sussex home.

The facts of Jones' death have, even after the passing of a full decade, remained strangely unclear. The 'official' story claims that, on the night of this supposed accident, Jones was sharing his abode with one Anna Wohlin, a 21-year-old nurse and apparently the victim's then-current girlfriend, who immediately attempted to revive her lover by means of artificial respiration, whilst another two figures present, Frank Thorogood, a 44-year-old builder, and 22-year-old nurse Jenny Lawson, hastily called a local doctor.

One fact, however, remains clear. Brian Jones was dead by the time the doctor and/or ambulance had arrived.

"Early this morning you knocked upon my door / I said 'Good morning, Satan, I do believe it's time to go'."

The couplet comes from a classic blues number 'Me And The Devil' written by legendary "enigma of the blues" Robert Johnson sometime in the late '30s. Johnson's actual history is so warped, so blighted by mystery that precise dates are nigh impossible to ascertain. In the place of historical fact has been constructed a sinister and unsettling wall of anecdotes and 'embelished truths' that, coupled with the songs of his own composing that have survived the blight and approximately 30 of which have formed the contents of two admirable CBS collections still readily available, portray Johnson as a young blood deeply ensnared in a tormented lifestyle of part-hedonism and part hand of fate, psychotic and misery that would rob him of his life before he'd reached his mid-twenties. More to the point Johnson, fanciful legend declares, was a figure who sold his soul to the devil in order to become undisputed 'king of the blues' and who consequently was dogged by demons intent on driving him down six feet under the ground.

All very colourful mythology and as spooky as you want it to be — this image of the musician as hell-bent hedonist forever living on the edge and constantly chased by demonic forces intent on marking out a short life-line for their victim was instigated by Johnson but has, with the advent of rock'n'roll, been utilised to explain the blighted lives and deaths of the likes of Jimi Hendrix (all too often regarded as Johnson's spiritual heir), Gram Parsons . . . and Brian Jones.

Ironically, in the early autumn of 1968 Mick Jagger, lead singer of The Rolling Stones, the band that Brian Jones, along with Jagger and one Keith Richards had pioneered into action in the early '60s, would sing those very lines from 'Me And The Devil' in a specially prepared sequence for *Performance*, a film that would finally be released three years and much wrangling after its completion.

Jagger played the part of Turner, a recluse rock star who'd lost his 'demon' and the consequent 'bottle' he needed to put on a performance. Many have claimed that Jagger, in order to find the persona for this part — a persona that would avoid the need for the singer to get too 'autobiographical' — used cohort Brian Jones as the prime source for his characterisation.

In his biography of Jagger, Anthony Scaduto quotes Marianne Faithful as substantiating this claim while Amanda Lear, in a recent interview, claims that *Performce* producer Donald Cammell told her that 'Turner' and the females, primarily the character played by Anita Pallenburg, ensconsed with him were principally based on Ms Lear's brief liaison in 1967 with Jones. The facts that a) Scaduto's book was loaded with inaccuracies, with Ms. Faithful's reminiscences in particular being a touch 'fanciful' and b) Ms. Lear will say *anything*, however mischievously based on pure fiction, in order to increase her notoriety, should not however be discounted here.

Another film, made in 1968 and prominently featuring Jagger and the Stones, however captured the state Brian Jones was really in just a year before his death. In *1 + 1* Jean-Luc Godard chose to juxtapose his own often-obtuse little vignettes dealing with the politics of 'revolution' (1968, you may recall, was the year of mass student unrest with the Chicago riots over in the USA and also much closer to home, the Paris riots instigated by French students but exploding with the workers lending their support and nearly toppling the government with brash displays of mass discontent) with the Stones in the studio, slowly but surely constructing 'Sympathy For The Devil' into a shape it would *not* take when 'Beggar's Banquet' was later released.

Jagger and Richards were in fine fettle, experimenting with the song's structure while Mssrs. Watts, Wyman and Nicky Hopkins dutifully followed orders. Brian Jones however was stuck away to one side, alone in a booth where he strummed an acoustic guitar which, unbeknownst to the hapless Jones, was unmiked. Overwight and drugged out into a state of miserable numbness, he looked pathetic, particulary in contrast to Jagger and Richard who at this point were looking the sharp, elegant dandies of which Jones himself was once the very epitome.

Jones' demeanor, warped and badly-shaken by the culmination of events of which he'd been part instigator / part victim, was further demoralised by the continued presence of Anita Pallenberg, a tough, vicarious beauty whom, many insiders claim, was the only woman Jones had ever really loved. Their affair — tempestuous, wild and very, very intense — had collapsed in the summer of '67 when Pallenberg, purportedly disgusted by Jones' bestial behaviour in Morocco, had turned to fellow traveller Keith Richards for comfort.

The relationship between Keef and Anita blossomed overnight into romance and the pair left Jones abroad under circumstances that, once again, have caused a plethora of rumours of double-crossing and devious hanky-panky. But, whatever the fact or fiction may be, Jones, however 'gross' his behaviour had been whilst inebriated, was shattered by Ms. Pallenberg's departure alongside Richards.

Now, it's 1968. Jagger and Richard are really 'hitting the note' with the music that'll make 'Beggar's Banquet' the Stones' strongest album to date and a stunning return to form after the 'Satanic Majesties' snafu. Meanwhile Brian Jones is falling apart, as close to a broken man as can be found. His 'demons' are innumerable and are constantly dogging the hazy vision directing his actions. Heart-broken, psychologically addicted to poly-drug abuse, pursued by the police to the point where his state of mind — at its strongest indelibly streaked with a sensitivity that in times of stress reverted to a form of paranois that could well be classed as a form of clinical insanity — is severely unbalanced. Jones, once so buoyant, so cock-sure, so secure behind that exquisite Siamese-cat smirk of a grin, the ultimate 60's Beau Brummel, has degenerated into an uncontrollable, brain-scrambled wreck.

The Rolling Stones, early days

In a year's time, after hitting the abyss, he will duly state that he has left the Rolling Stones. Even though many observers claim that, at the time of his choosing to sever a bond that had been causing immeasurable grief to both parties, Jones was in better health than he'd been in for at least two years and that he was beginning to formulate a musical vision and get his often wretched lifestyle into some decent perspective, it took less than a month from June 9, when his departure from the Stones was 'officially' declared, to the fateful early hours of July 3 to consummate the final open verdict of his death by misadventure.

Brian Jones' life was full of highs and lows, many of them instigated by his own penchant for a hedonism that could be vicious, nay sadistic, at times. For every overly sympathetic portrayal of Jones in which the ex-Stone inevitably ends up playing the hapless and over-sensitive victim, there is another abrasively antithetical portrayal of the man as a self-centred, narcissistic, talentless sadist revelling in an ugly, unsettling pleasure at the mayhem and misery he all too often caused those who crossed his path. Both sides have their convincing tales to tell, but ultimately Jones' story needs a third party — someone to grant the man's story an angle it has thus far never received. What follows is an attempt at just that.

The only way in which to outline a responsibly accurate view of Brian Jones' life inevitably leads one to checking through the facts and ephemera so far published on the man, and to talk with those people who really did have close contact with Jones — from those who knew him during his early years as teenage reprobate and sullen rebel living in all-too-sedate Cheltenham, through the inevitable move to London where, adopting the pseudonym "Elmo Lewis", he set about making a name for himself as a promising

young blues guitarist on the small, incestuous London circuit (where blues obsessives were considered by and large a suspect, worrisome breed right at the time when trad. jazz and skiffle were considered respectabble, safe forms of musical entertainment, a state of affairs more than consummated by a stringent quasi-mafia of London club owners who made sure the latter, orthodox, spineless forms ruled to the gutsier, more vibrant form's detriment) and then directly on to the consummation of the Rolling Stones, the 1963-'66 period of culminative super-notoriety, musical progress, world-wide success and a gruelling, unceasing workload mainly involving endless touring with recording sessions set up, more often than not, in convenient days off.

And then, beginning with late '66 and the Stones' spurning of such debilitating schedules, one has to note Jones' slow, sordid, downbound spiral into debauchery, a traumatic love affair, drug abuse, drug busts instigated by an unarguably ruthless conspiracy on the part of certain policemen bent on playing havoc with Jones' psychological weaknesses. Finally one follows Jones' last months as a Rolling Stone and sees something of what seemed to some to be the beginnings of revitalisation — spiritual, psychological and physical — suddenly cut short by his death under circumstances that still remain hazy and open-ended.

A few years ago, I set about attempting to draw together an often bewildering and confused set of statements from a number of key-informants who had known Jones well at different times in his life. Although I failed to contact several obvious key figures, principally Jones' parents, Anita Pallenberg, and other former lovers like Anna Wohlin and Pat Andrews (mother of his second illegitimate child and the girl he took with him when he left Cheltenham for London), I managed to interview an old Cheltenham croney and flat-mate of Jones during the most heated period of Stones activity in the mid-'60s, and also a shady character, a part-time drug dealer with unsettling connections with the East End gangster world who'd become a member of the Stones' entourage during '66, cultivating a relationship mainly with Jones and then Keith Richards, becoming the former unofficial nurse-maid and the latter's 'right hand man' of sorts until in late 1974 he was unceremoniously fired for purportedly taking too many liberties with Richards' generosity.

The two most prestigious people I talked about Jones with were Richards himself — albeit informally — and Alexis Korner, whose candour and insight on the subject of a man whom he had certainly known extremely well, made him the most important witness.

Korner, vividly recalls the first time he encountered Jones. Korner, well-known amongst the albeit small brigade of ethnic blues obsessives dotted haphazardly around the length and the breadth of the British Isles, was, irrespective of his actual talents in said capacity, *the* pioneer, a much revered maverick who along with harp player Cyril Davies constituted the vanguard of the British Blues movement.

As a struggling professional, Korner in 1961 found himself billed alongside the more orthodox Chris Barber's Jazz Band at a suitably miniscule club in Cheltenham, a sedate, timidly conservative city perversely at odds with the style of music he was playing. Once offstage he was accosted by an intense young man, inebriated but charged up with a bravado and aggressive Dutch-courage style of self-expression.

"It was Brian, of course. He was accompanied by a mate of his, I seem to recall, who said nothing. Not that anyone else could, because Brian was this pent-up ball of obsessive energy, talking away ten-to-the-dozen in an incredibly intense manner."

Korner remembers Jones boasting of his abilities as a blues guitarist, quizzing him about possible outlets for his talent, throwing in obviously concocted 'tall tales' about his past, at once desperate to communicate with a fellow blues obsessive but mostly talking *at* Korner. Jones' intensity, the manic obsessiveness of his whole manner — these were the traits Korner recalls most dramatically.

Jones' encounter with Korner was not without its measure of subsequent momentum, but at the time it served only temporarily satiate an overbearing restlessness and misery caused through Jones' Cheltenham background. That fate should place a spirit as temperamental, rebellious, and prone to bouts of chronic depression as Jones' in a sluggish antiquated environment like Cheltenham could easily be regarded as a blight he could never quite overcome and thus an essential factor in the reasons for his all-too brief lifespan. The rest of the Stones were all born within an agreeable proximity to London — Jagger and Richards being schoolchums raised from birth in Dartford, Bill Wyman hailing from exotic Penge, and Charlie Watts, closest of all, born in Islington.

Certainly Keith Richards, in his mammoth interview for *Rolling Stone* conducted in 1971 by Robert Greenfield believed this to be true. As Richards informed Greenfield: "Brian was from Cheltenham, a very genteel town full of old ladies, where it used to be very fashionable to take baths once a year at Cheltenham Spa. It's a Regency thing, you know, Beau Brummel and all that. Turn of the twentieth century vibe . . but just a seedy place full of aspirations to be an aristocratic town. It rubs off on anyone who comes from there.

". . . He (Brian) had to conquer London first, that was his big thing. He felt happy when we'd made it in London, when we were the hip band in London. For me and Mick, it didn't mean a thing, because it was just our town."

A pertinent issue indeed, then, was Cheltenham. Certainly Jones' sojourn there, once he'd reached his teens, was a miserable, if volatile, one for all parties involved. The 'olde worlde' style of the town repelled him to the point where his frustrations and depressions led to resentment against any and all forms of authority. He instigated a riot at his school, despite having proved himself a potential academic wonderkid. From then on, Jones and the academic world never gelled. Furthermore, he openly scandalized the family name by siring two illegitmate children before he was 17. Music was the only outlet for his frustrations, although his first ventures into the realms of semi-pro musicianship saw him being kicked out of several trad. jazz groups who all considered his self taught attempts at playing alto saxophone and clarinet as abysmal.

JONES was far more successful at playing guitar, anyway, having spurned trad for the infinitely more invigorating blues of Elmore James. After an anguished stint busking around Scandinavia, he returned to Cheltenham and played with a straight-ahead instrumental rock combo, The Ramrods, until his burgeoning restlessness and repulsion at having to play one Duane Eddy number after another forced him to make the big move to London.

After a number of menial jobs (amongst them, Whiteley's departmental store in Queensway, then the Civil Service store in the Strand — he was sacked from both for till-pilfering), his bravado, plus the change of name to 'Elmo Lewis' (inspired by his key influence Elmore James), got him in with the small blues movement of the time. He learnt harmonica from Cyril Davies and somethime guested with Korner's Blues Band Incorporated, but secretly wishes to lead his own R&B band. An advert placed in *Jazz News* got the nucleus of the self-named Blues by Five motivating with an ever-changing roster including Ian Stewart, Charlie Watts (very briefly), guitarist Geoff Bradford and vocalist P. P. Pond (later to be better known as Manfred Mann's Paul Jones).

Versions of Jones' first meeting with Mick Jagger and Keith Richards are hazy. Richards claims he saw Jones playing 'Dust My Blues' as a guest spot with Alexis Korner. Both he and Jagger were highly impressed and a rapport began. Anyway, Blues By Five broke up when Jones, enraged by the apathy of punters sequestered in the top room of the Bricklayer's Arms, stormed the makeshift stage shouting "fuck you, you bastards", and immediately joined up with Jagger and Richards.

This is where we start to clash with the alltoowell documented history. The name 'Rollin' Stones' was taken from a Muddy Waters song, Brian Jones showing his compatriots the Elmore James style, Jagger tossing in his Jimmy Reed influence, Richards the Chuck Berry fanatic. Enter Messrs. Wyman and Watts, plus of course, poor old Ian Stewart. A residency at the Station Hotel in Kew Road follows, and in one month the audience rises from 50 to an ecstatic 500.

Enter Andrew Oldham, 19-year-old publicist for Brian Epstein and all-round sharp hustler, plus partner Eric Eastern. They become the official Stones managers, thus crudely ousting Georgio Gomelsky, the previous benefactor. After first attempting to smarten them up, Oldham realises the potential of the band's habitual sloppy style of dress and unkempt appearance. Barbers are peeved, parents shocked, their off-spring mesmerized "Would You Let Your Daughter Marry A Rolling Stone?"

A long-term Decca contract sires two minor-league chart entries, then it's third time lucky with 'Not Fade Away'. A stunning first album is released. In June 1964, a pungent, snarling version of the Valentino's' 'It's All Over Now', bulls-eyes to No. 1. The follow-up, Sam Cooke's 'Little Red Rooster', the Stones' most ethnic blues workout to date, hits that bullseye again, this time on its first week of release. A second album is similarly successful.

Then, in 1965, after one hideous attempt to break the States, the summer of that year sees 'Satisfaction' lodged at No. 1 in the U.S. charts. The Stones are by now a world-wide success. The pace is fever pitch fast, but the output somehow holds up, through 'Get Off My Cloud', 'Nineteenth Nervous Breakdown', 'Paint It Black', etc.

By now, a songwriting team matching Richards' tunes and riffs with Jagger's sneering lyrics has been long established. 1966's album 'Aftermath' breaks more ground, The Stones bow out of touring with 'Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby' and a Royal Albert gig reaching new heights of audience mayhem.

In this current era of one album a year with one or two singles more often than not taken from said album being the required output for a successful band, the days of two albums a year and four singles not destined for album registration appear long forgotten. However, in the three years — 1963-'66 — the Rolling Stones delivered and toured ceaselessly, and the turmoil caused by a frankly inhuman workload, one long hideous blur of "hotel and too many dumb chicks" as Keith Richards recalls it (the latter of course providing Jagger with the subject for his vicious misogynist treatises, most notably on 'Aftermath') had shaken up the Stones badly.

No-one was more destroyed by the brutal routine than Brian Jones. His dream was always to have led a band, and indeed in the beginning — at those marginal Station Hotel gigs — he was very probably the leader. The bill-posters initially read "Mick Jagger, Brian Jones and The Rolling Stones". However, two vital destructive factors had occurred, the first being that it was Jagger and Richards who were writing the songs and thus had considerably more say in the form the music took, the second being that Andrew Oldham didn't get along with Jones, even suggesting to the other members in clandestine conferences that he be removed from the line-up. After all, his guitar playing had deteriorated, plus his good looks were drawing the spotlight away from Jagger, whom Oldham saw as the key member.

JONES' flatmate of the time prefers some semblance of anonymity. A nervy, intense type, he asks to be referred to simply as "Dave". "They'll know who I am," he remarks. And they do indeed, *they* being old Stones aides-de-camp and former fan club secretaries. Yes, they reply, Dave was very close to Brian. One of his few close friends in fact.

Dave affectionately shuffles through old photos of Jones he took in 1965. He is very concerned that "the real story" be told. Dave recalls Brian, by this time a successful Rolling Stone, literally quaking and claiming that he'd accidentally overheard Oldham 'plotting' his removal from the band. Dave, knowing Jones to be prone to fits of paranoia, went to the door of the hotel room "and, sure enough, I could hear him (Oldham) trying to convince Mick and Keith."

Jones' paranoia would immediately turn to a boastful petulance. Was it not a fact that he, Brian Jones, was the one the girls craved for most? He was the best-looking, the sharpest dresser, the hippest member of the band. He was the one that picked up on things first, the most daring. He'd smoked dope first, dropped acid first. They were jealous of him because he got the best-looking girlfriends, because he was the most outrageous. Without him, The Rolling Stones were nothing — or so he convinced himself over and over again.

The fact is that the Stones possessed three strong figures who somehow never gelled socially, certainly not after success had struck. It would be Mick and Brian — thick as thieves — for a while, or Keith and Brian hanging out as close as twins. But as a threesome the chemistry never meshed. Someone was always left out and it was a situation as much to do with Brian's own plotting as with any natural human inbalances.

The frightening thing for Jones was that Mick and Keith were tied together by their songwriting partnership, not to mention that they came from the same area and knew each other at the age of six. A veritable Romulus and Remus coupling were the two Dartford jive boys, raised in an environment fundamentally alien to Cheltenham and Jones with his constant, fidgety neuroses and caprices.

As the Stones' success grew virtually week by week, so Jones' once urgent desire to be "the undisputed leader" of the band became a feeble pipedream. Realising this, he worked adamantly on areas where his presence would be an indisputable necessity. When onstage, as Jagger strutted imperiously in a cleverly personalised pastiche of James Brown's classic moves, and Richards dipped and dived thrusting his guitar forward like a bayonet, Jones would attempt to upstage them both by posturing, his face a mask of mischief complementing the effete gestures. Jones didn't get physically caught up in the pulse of the music so much. Instead, he coasted along in a display of serenity, as if the very casualness of his stance was positive proof of his superior stature.

In other words, he'd decided that if he couldn't be the creative leader of the Stones, he'd be the most elegant, stylish teen dream pop star of the group, of any group.

As a musician, Jones' manner also manifested itself. So Mick and Keith wrote the songs — well, then he, Jones, would compensate by constantly dabbling with other more exotic instruments. There was the sitar he guachely picked at, cross-legged, on 'Paint It Black', the dulcimer he played rudely on 'Lady Jane'. Jones was in fact a quintessential dabbler — the king of rock dilettantes, enshrined in an area where style not expertise was the be-all and end-all. The only instrument he could really play with any extensive ability was the harmonica. By 1965 he'd virtually forsaken guitar, bowing out with the spookily evocative (and innovative in terms of the white R&B context) slide embellishments featured on 'Little Red Rooster', the number that Jones was to eventually nominate as his favourite Rolling Stones track.

As far as live gigs went, this was no great problem at the time. This was, after all, the heyday of Stones mania — when, as Richards was to reminisce to Robert Greenfield, "no-one could hear a thing, what with that weird sound that thousands of chicks make when they're lettin' it all out. They couldn't hear the music, and, because there were never any monitors, neither could we". Jones simply maintained his mischievous air, whilst Richards alone kept up "the crude wall of frantic strumming" that constituted the band's live guitar sound.

Jones' boredom with the guitar and onstage ritual was only a minor problem, however. Jones' flatmate Dave would sometimes travel with the Stones and it was on one such occasion that a concerned Charlie Watts took him to one side.

"Charlie had noticed that Brian was drinking very heavily. He was concerned about Brian's well-being, his health. He thought that Brian was fast becoming an alcoholic."

This was to be the first manifestation of Jones' addictive personality. Soon enough, the shadow of alcoholism was nothing compared to the mind-scrambling quantities of drugs Jones was pouring into his system day and night for literally years.

Hyde Park, 1966

With Anita Pallenburg

After the second drugs trial, September '68.

Continues over page.

From previous page

BRIAN JONES

Perhaps Dave's most interesting story is the one he tells about Jones' encounter with Bob Dylan.

The mid '60s were a period of intense competition for major rock acts, with everyone who was anyone feverishly experimenting, dabbling with new sounds — The Byrds, Brian Wilson, The Yardbirds, The Stones and, most importantly, The Beatles and Bob Dylan. Dylan was the king, the bard, and those two years would see him at his most mercurial and daring, pushing himself so fast and so hard that, by the autumn of '66, the lunatic pace he was maintaining left him straddled unconscious in the middle of a dusty road, either symbolically (the unofficial story tells of a breakdown and a lengthy detoxification from heroin and amphetamine addiction) or actually (the motorbike accident). Dylan himself was a fizzing, walking time-bomb of vicious ego-mania, bursting with vengeful ardour and twisted malice. He had the sharpest tongue, the wittiest turn of phrase and a hyper-sardonic penchant for put-ons and put-downs. His was an awesome and frightening presence and, like a legendary youngblood gunfighter, he'd check out the opposition, making sure the latter knew who was boss — him.

Dylan and his entourage made bee-lines, first for The Beatles, then for the Stones. As far as The Beatles were concerned, Dylan struck up a relationship with John Lennon, a liaison that Lennon was later to admit made him feel constantly uptight. Dylan evidently took an immediate liking to Brian Jones, possibly out of admiration for his contemporary Beau Brummel style, a style that the folkie turned speed-freak rocker was interested in cultivating himself.

New York Post writer Al Aronowitz, an accepted member of both Dylan's and the Stones' inner sanctums, wrote of Dylan and Robbie Robertson turning up to a party at a 500 dollars a day penthouse suite in some grand New York hotel in order to coerce Jones into jamming with them. The ensuing jam was so intense, Jones' harp playing so abrasive that his lips were bleeding profusely. "Don't be so paranoid Brian," Dylan would slyly but affectionately admonish. Later, Dylan turned up again, with the sole intention of seeing Jones, at 1 am in Manhattan's Lincoln Square Hotel.

Dave puts the capper on these Dylan-Jones liaisons when he claims that one night in '65 Brian received a phone-call from Dylan asking him to join his back-up band: "Brian was frightened of Dylan, though. He refused to go into great detail about the encounters and the phone call but he did say that he thought Dylan was a fraud."

To top even this, just as Dylan had mercilessly lampooned John Lennon by writing '4th Time Around' as a cliqueish retort to Lennon's 'Norwegian Wood', Brian Jones firmly believed that 'Ballad Of A Thin Man' was written as a put-down of himself, the line *"Something is going on here but you don't know what it is, do you, Mr Jones?"* used to pinprick his insecurity.

DYLAN however was still mooted to be best man at a wedding for Brian Jones. In 1965, a press report stated that rumours were sweeping London that Jones was set to marry German-born Anita Pallenburg. A Chelsea party was apparently a hot-bed of gossip about this with Jones, probably in a stoned stupour, dropping Dylan's name as best man.

Although no wedding took place, the fact remains that Anita Pallenburg was a true kindred spirit, not like all the dumb 'dolly birds' and Cathy McGowan clones he'd relentlessly gone through one after the other, tossing them aside like so much debris. An ex-model turned actress, Pallenburg was not merely a striking beauty but a powerful, ruthlessly amoral woman of the world who fed on new pleasures, on outrage, on taking life to the limits of endurance. She had a fearsome presence and she saw in the Stones that essence of danger and amoral toughness that Brian Jones, more than any other member of the band, personified.

The two principal films she appeared in — first *Barbarella* (1967) where her role as evil haridan-beauty was perfectly complemented by the voice of Fenella Fielding and then *Performance* (in a part that required the minimum of acting, so close was it to her own personality) — grant one an excellent insight into her character.

Dave blames Pallenburg more than anyone for causing his beloved friend's downfall, though it's a charge weighted with bias since her arrival at the flat he and Jones shared virtually forced him to vacate the premises. Anita wanted privacy for herself and Brian. After that, Dave and Brian never met.

To detail the relationship Jones and Pallenburg enjoyed would perhaps drag this piece into squalid sensationalism. Suffice to say that all avenues of experience, be they sexual, chemical or otherwise, were explored. Certainly Pallenburg had a striking effect on Jones visually. His hair cut in a French bouffant, his face embellished with make-up, Brian Jones never looked more exquisite before or after. The Brummel heritage of Cheltenham that Richards referred to was more than accurate, as Jones' style moved from a sharp mod look and the matelot sweaters and white jeans of '65 into a fullblown display of Edwardian velvet jackets in gauche colours and patterns, swathes of scarves, jewellery and a white floppy hat coquettishly perched on his exquisite bouffant. Jagger and Richards tried to emulate the look but they couldn't touch Jones.

In January '67 the band lined up in Hyde Park for a photo session to celebrate the release of 'Between The Buttons', a session that was to be Jones' last and finest hour as rock 'n' roll dilettante and the Stones' most photogenic member.

Just prior to this, Jones had issued a photo of himself decked out in full Nazi regalia, his jackboot stamped down on a doll. The idea was Pallenberg's. Jones' only comment on the shot was "The point of it is that there is no point." *Rave* magazine, a '60s monthly for 'dolly birds' ran the photo with a grave tut-tut of a caption. Ironically, the same magazine had just run an inconclusive piece on Jones' strange behaviour of late, noting that the once-gregarious Brian had become insular and uncommunicative. No overt references were made, but the between-the-lines read-out hinted at hard drug-taking and Brian Jones in far-from-healthy fettle.

Which was true. The Pallenberg-Jones relationship was based on who could take things to the furthest limit. The essential difference was that whereas Pallenberg had a real strength of character, a quasi-ruthlessness that held her together, Jones was an unstable personality unable to cope with the come-downs whilst at the same time discovering sides to himself — very ugly sides — that he couldn't contain. The writing was already on the wall with the fateful holiday to Morocco when Pallenberg left with Keith Richards. Richards addressed the subject of this Moroccan sojourn to Pete Erskine in an *NME* interview circa August 1974.

"The thing that blew it was when we went down to Morocco and he was pulling this hard-man number knocking off Moroccan whores — uh — being absolutely disgustin' . . . so I said 'C'mon baby, I'm takin' you home.' So we left and that was the end of Brian and me as friends."

Of all the Stones, Keith Richards has been the only member willing to be expansive about Brian Jones (Jagger finds the subject very touchy while Watts and Wyman never really got close enough to Jones, despite being in the same group, to be truly informative). Richards' quotes and views on Jones have often been contradictory. To Robert Greenfield, Richards eulogized at length on Jones' abilities as a fine and versatile musician. To Erskine, Keith claimed "Brian wasn't a great musician" before detailing Jones' problems, his animosity towards the Stones, the fact that "he always needed an enemy — an imaginary foe. Brian would always manipulate people into situations of proving your friendship to him by doing something dastardly to the other person."

As regards the ructions of the Jones-Pallenburg break-up, Jones' body-guard/nurse-maid — we'll refer to him as Mr D for convenience sake — claims: "It's certain that Anita was the only woman Brian ever loved. But then again, I don't think Brian was really capable of 'love' as most people feel it."

RETURNING from Morocco, Jones continued on his fearsomely self-destructive course of poly-drug abuse. Mr D describes a typical Jones day: "He'd wake up in the morning, take leapers, cocaine, some morphine, a few tabs of acid and maybe some Mandrax. Then he'd try and get dressed and end up with, like, a lizard-skin boot on one foot and a pink shoe on the other. He could barely stand up."

And then there were the busts, the first was a fair cop, the second evidently a 'plant' since Jones had been warned of the event two hours before it took place. By now, the mixture of drugs, misery and extreme stress had played such havoc with Jones' paranoia that, according to Mr. D "He was too scared to go out to buy a pack of fags because he believed the guy behind the counter was a plain-clothes cop."

The stress caused him to adopt a disturbing series of mannerisms: a bleary glazed stare, a voice so soft it was a ghostly whisper. A stay at a mental hospital didn't help matters, simply because Jones took all his drugs in with him.

Alexis Korner remembers seeing Jones in late '67: "He looked like some debached vision of Louis XIV. Seeing him there suddenly made me realise that acid could cause brain damage. It was hideous to see him in such a wretched condition."

continues page 65

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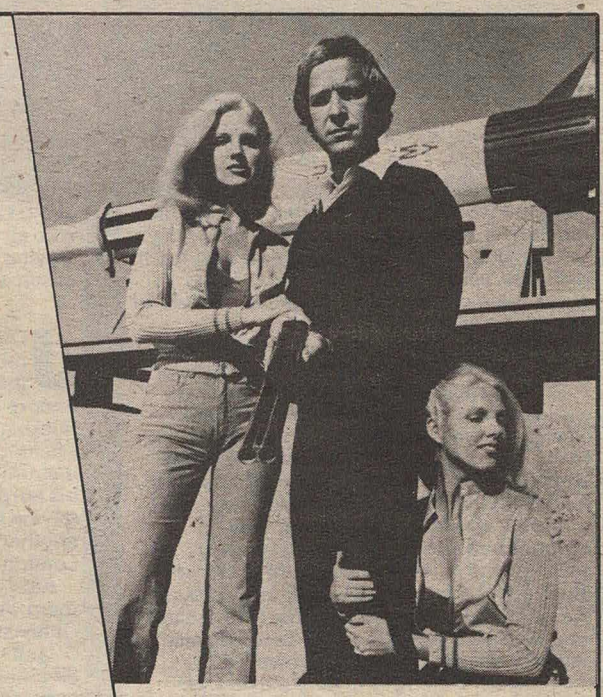

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SILVER SCREEN

The Kids Are Alright

Directed by Jeff Stein
Starring The Who
(Brent Walker)

Even John Entwistle smiles in *The Kids Are Alright.* This is not in itself good enough reason for hotfooting it down to your nearest moving picture house to cop a viewing, but this softening of the normally dour Entwistle physiognomy (boatrace to you, pal) goes a long way to saying just what *The Kids Are Alright* is all about.

The film isn't a definitive biography. If, say, I hadn't known that their internal chemistry was about as stable as a rowing boat in a Force Nine gale, *The Kids Are Alright* wouldn't have put me straight. Don't get me wrong — I'm not knocking, merely indicating what an 'up' film it is.

The Kids portrays the positive side of The Who and in doing so is a vastly entertaining, fast-moving and altogether cogent piece of celluloid. Never once does one get the impression that life at the top is anything other than a bed of roses — not that there's time to think such quibbling thoughts as one slice of Who history makes way for another.

The film is Californian Jeff Stein's first major feature. Previously he'd worked on documentaries, featurettes and promotional films. That he was attracted to making a film about The Who because he had long been rather partial to them is abundantly clear.

This isn't a self congratulatory, ego-boosting, introspective 'insight' into The Who made by a prestigious director at the behest of the group themselves. His obvious affection for his subject, and also his distance from it, ensures that *The Kids* is no superstar home movie.

Only a small percentage of the clips were shot specifically for the film, including a specially staged Who gig at Shepperton replete with lasers. The majority of footage is taken up with archive material that Stein has diligently rescued from obscurity in the vaults of this or that TV or film company.

As those familiar with the soundtrack album will be aware, the material dates back to The Who's earliest days and takes us through a potted history of the band as they absorb one trend, personalise it and move on to another. The order of sequences is not chronological, but put together with the emphasis very much on fun.

First and foremost *The Kids* is very funny and Keith Moon's untimely death in no way muffles the laughs.

In fact, whether Moon is clad from cranium to crotch in leather for a spot of flagellation or adopting his best Beach Boys falsetto for an impromptu rendering of 'Barbra Ann', one is left thinking just how much fun he had when he was alive.

It's already been said that *The Kids* is Keith Moon's film. I don't agree. For while it communicates Moon's zest for life, it also focuses on The Who's collective gusto. Townshend too comes over as a clown. There are no hints of his angst-ridden psyche or, come to that, of the friction between him and Daltrey. Townshend's often referred to intellectual status is itself nicely debunked when a long-winded and intense Barry Fantoni, interviewing Pete with 'a really meaningful' question about 'Tommy', is met with a pregnant pause, followed by a solitary "Umm".

There's more irreverence when the unthinking woman's crumpet Melvyn Bragg, decked out in a longish barnet and flowered shirt, very much the young BBC trendy, is made to look something of a berk when he weighs in with a 'significant question' about The Who playing Woodstock, only to be encountered with Townshend's: "I hated the whole thing". Cut to film of The Who on the boards at Yasger's farm. (Throughout, Stein's use of juxtaposition is totally effective.)

But the real sucker's award goes to Russell Harty who is sent up rotten by The 'Orrible 'Oo — or to be more specific the wit of Moon and Townshend, as he attempts to interview the likely lads on his chat show. Not once, or even twice, but four times are we treated to this priceless footage of Harty in deep water as he attempts to salvage himself with one inanity after another.

As for the music itself, I can only say that I was left with an adrenalin rush very like the ones I've expreienced at a couple of Who shows. Without a doubt, *The Kids* is one of the few entirely successful rock movies, for once getting to grips with the highs of rock and roll.

If you weren't one of the lucky few who attended the band's recent Rainbow gig, seeing *The Kids Are Alright* is a good second best. And believe me, that's saying a lot.

Steve Clarke

Two types of racket: Townshend (above) and Dean-Paul Martin

Players

Directed by Anthony Harvey
Starring Ali McGraw and Dean-Paul Martin
(CIC)

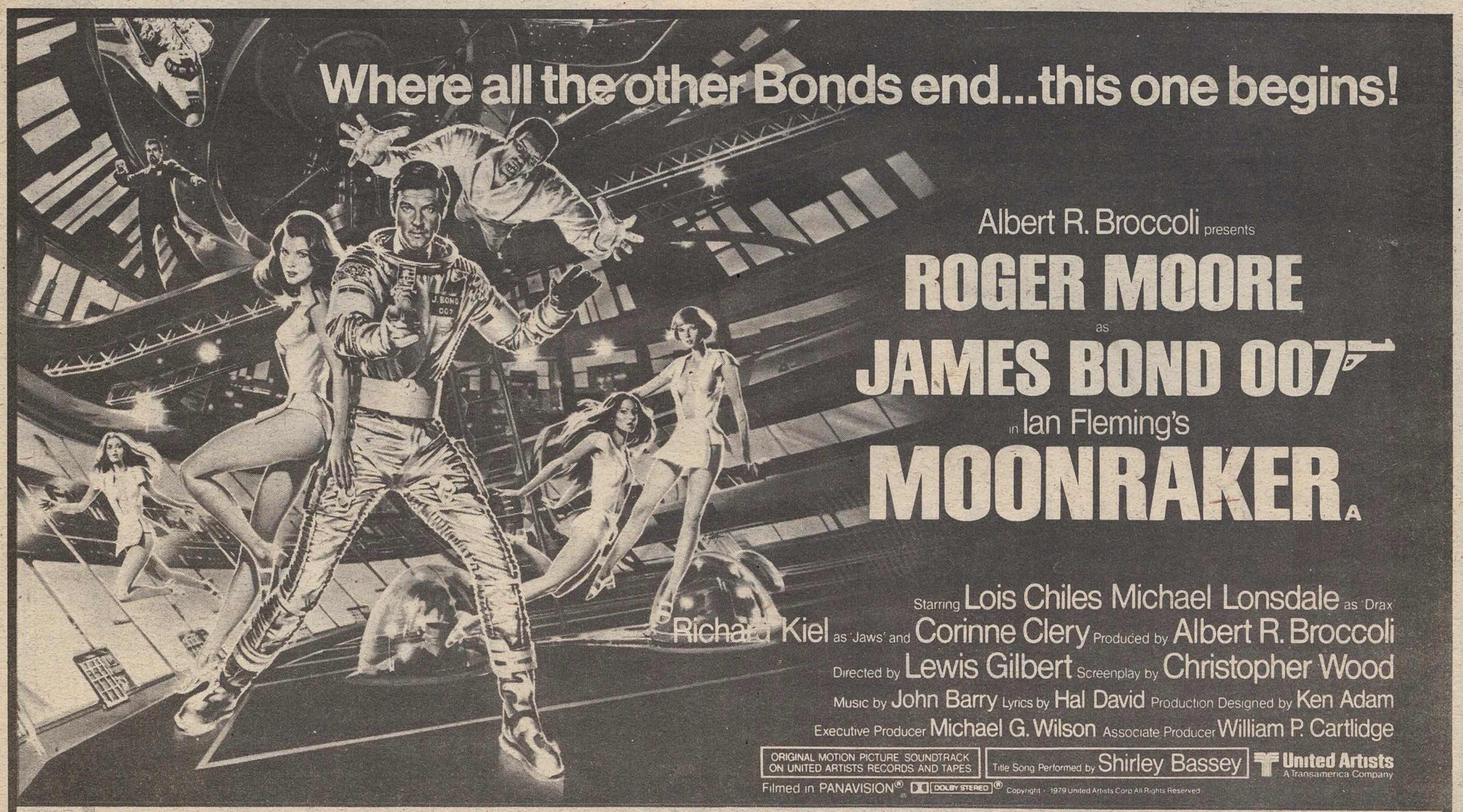
Players is Hollywood formula: Tennis plus Romance plus Big Names equals *Love All Story.* Tennis could just as well be substituted by swimming, fly-fishing or whippet-racing.

The story is the age-old Cheri tale of older woman / young man. He's an up-and-coming tennis player in need of motivation. She's the mistress of a jet-setting tycoon. They meet in Mexico and Fall In Love. She inspires him to take his game seriously. He enlists the help of tennis coach Pancho Gonzales (nicely played by himself). He starts winning. She wants out. Martin: "I love you." McGraw: "Then let me go." That's about it really. It's hardly a love story with balls.

Ali McGraw looks incredible for her age (whatever that is) and Dean-Paul Martin is a pleasant-looking hulk (though a trifle too blond and thin-lipped for my taste). It says in the blurb that Martin was sent to a shrink to prime him for this part, instead of an acting coach. Make of that what you will.

My advice is to watch the real thing this week and next, and keep a lookout for Ramirez — how there's a good-looking geezer.

Jill Furmanovsky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Music by John Barry Lyrics by Hal David Production Designed by Ken Adam
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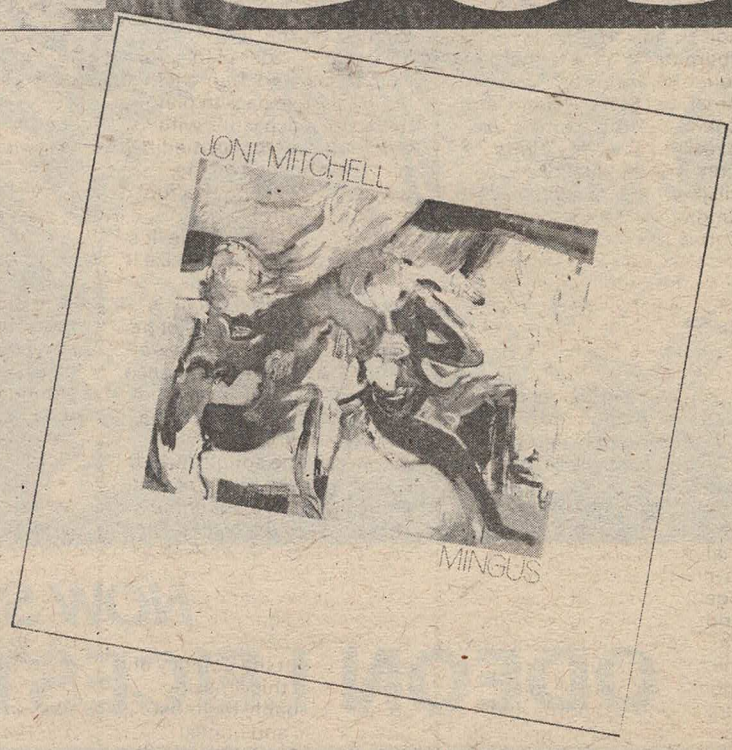

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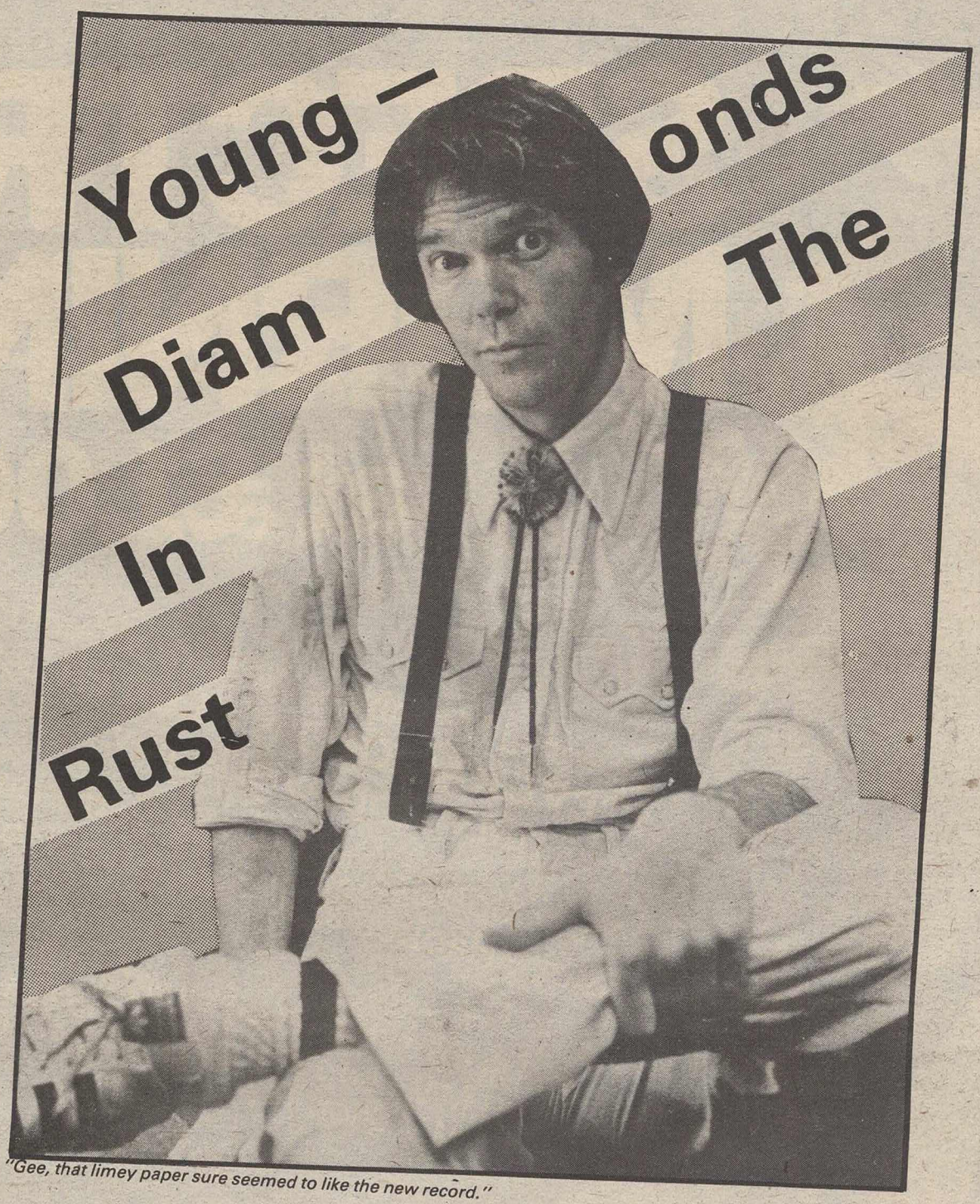

"Gee, that limey paper sure seemed to like the new record."

NEIL YOUNG
Rust Never Sleeps *(Reprise)*

God knows, you're at liberty to draw your own conclusions as to why 'Rust Never Sleeps' is the masterpiece it so obviously is, but the whys and wherefores are strictly secondary to the fact itself: very simply, 'Rust' is the finest album Neil Young has ever released.

About pressing this claim, I have absolutely no qualms or nagging doubts whatsoever and, my feelings about the sheer, breathtaking magnitude and breadth of this record consistently grow stronger and stronger.

But to temper the gush with some perspective — 'Rust Never Sleeps' is the new Neil Young album and is not to be confused with the movie soundtrack to 'Human Highway' also due for imminent release under the title of 'Rust Never Sleeps' (ay, waffy as warped floor-tiling is our Neil!). In other words, it's the official follow-up to the laid-back and mellifluous 'Comes A Time' which provided Young with his most commercial and thus successful LP in many a year.

With 'Rust's' appearance in the market-place, the ever-intrigued Young watcher can at last see a wickedly devious method in what seemed all too often to be a blinkered, idiosyncratic madness. 'Comes A Time', with its supple lilting melodies, Young and Nicolette Larson cooing and baying together to a lazy Southern Californian moon and Young's muse calling the shots with deceptively 'mellow' observations and vignettes of the pains and pleasures of the tender trap, can now be viewed in the fiercely juxtaposed light of 'Rust' as Young seducing back his 'Harvest' fringe audience — one certainly large enough to overcome the 'cult' status his prior albums had strait-jacketed him into — only to hit them all square in the gut with this devastating album.

'Rust Never Sleeps' spotlights our hero in complete control of his genius. Every Neil Young album, however brilliant or average, has had its share of shortcomings, its loose-ends, alongside the 24-carat aural gems. 'Zuma', the indisputably last *great* Young album made prior to the trough represented by 'American Stars 'N' Bars' and 'Comes A Time', came close to racking up a very high score, but the quality-gauge still juddered, striking a hundred per cent proof with 'Cortez The Killer' but seeming merely pleasant when the needle moseyed over 'Lookin' For A Love' or 'Barstool Blues'.

'Tonight's The Night' included wheat-chaff, providing an imbalance that, yet again, pinpointed Young as a genius sorely bereft of a perspective on his own output.

'Rust Never Sleeps' remedies this blight. Here finally is a Young album with its instigator collecting together the finest songs he's written in the last few years, and dividing the contents into one side of acoustic Young (mostly solo with Nicolette Larson, Joe Osbourne and Catt Himmel assisting on 'Sail Away') and one side of electric Young with Crazy Horse. The overall feel to both sides is distinctly 'live' with the two tracks book-ending the album — the acoustic 'My, My, Hey, Hey (Out Of The Blue)' and the electric 'Hey, Hey, My, My (Into The Black)', both renowned for the reference to one Johnny Rotten — definitely culled from live gigs.

The acoustic 'My, My' sets an eerie, haunting tone as a preface to what is to follow. It's a melancholy, somewhat disorientating coda — as poignant as it's disturbing and not a little ominous (the melody is credited jointly to Young and one Jeff Blackburn, leader of the Ducks, the band Young joined briefly a while back to play bars and beach clubs with before the inevitable media scrutiny pounced on the project, thus nixing the 'fun' quotient pronto).

The lyrics feign a facile 'It's Only Rock 'N' Roll But I Like It' style in the main chorus — *"My, My, Hey, Hey/Rock 'n' Roll is here to stay / It's better to burn out / Than fade away"* — but the true lyrical essence here, which aligns itself perfectly with the sense of a very real melancholia so redolent in the song's mood, is caught in the bitter ironies of the lines: *"It's out of the blue and into the black / They give you this, but you pay for that / And once you're gone you can never come back / When you're out of the blue and into the black."*

More about the potency and relevance of this amazing song — probably the most bitter, ironic and honest statement about rock 'n' roll and its attendant lifestyle — when we come to the cataclysmic version that ends this album. Next up, see, comes the second of these nine gems in the grimly titled 'Thrasher'. The song's mood is also poignant, a quiet fire of emotive force that deals with sudden change, the need to adapt under heavy manners and — if anything more to the point — the need Young denotes to come to terms with a personal sense of responsibility under such disarming circumstances. The thrashers are the ploughs Young uses as an image to denote the old way and the old work savagely raped and pillaged by machinery. To wit: *"When the aimless blade of science slashed the pearly gates / It was then I knew I'd had enough, burned my credit card for fuel . . . / With a ticket to the land of truth and my suitcase in my hand / How I lost my friends I still don't understand."*

Young, coming to terms with this mass upheaval, has to choose what he needs to survive and build some sort of new life with; the lyrics are stunning, the only parallel to their economy and emotional compactness being Dylan's 'Tangled Up In Blue'. Young, though, has more pressing matters to deal with than emotional entanglements written about in the third person. The spirit of hope, of light in the darkness, is ever present in both songs: *"But me I'm not stopping there, got my own row left to hoe/ Just another line in the field of time / When the thrashes come and I'm stuck in the sun like dinosaurs in shrine / Then I'll know the time has come to give what's mine."*

'Ride My Llama' is gonzoid Young — a long, long way from the 'After The Goldrush' whimsy of yore and an exercise in surrealism that is funny, brilliant and embellished with a stunning melody — and unlike anything from Young's previous work. It's so whacked-out; Young meets a man from Mars — *"And when we got on the ship / He brought out something for the trip / And said 'It's old but it's good' / Like any other primitive would"* — and this is followed up a ridiculous chorus of *"I'm gonna ride my llama / From Peru To Texarkana."*

It's pure inspired gibberish with a melody similar to Brian Wilson when the latter was at the height of his melodic powers. 'Pocahontas, Marlon Brando and Me' is a gem, leaping on from a vivid account of the atrocities the Red Indians were forced to suffer in the whole 'How The West Was Won' horror show.

Only 'Sail Away' is slightly lacking, having Larson & Co. on board to grant the song a 'Comes The Time' feel. More potent whimsy, an exquisite mellowness but, but . . .

Well, you can sail on through because side two drives down on the listener with four blazing hot tracks that almost literally redefine the term 'electric music'. These songs are so driven, vibrant, rock-hard and buzzing with intensity that they make 'Cortez' positively torpid by comparison.

'Powderfinger' sets things off in suitably epic style: *"Look out Mama, there's a white boat comin' up the river / With a big red beacon and a flag and a man on the rail / I think you better call John / 'Cos it don't look like they're here to deliver the mail . . . It's got numbers on the side and a gun and it's making big waves."*

You could call this Young's 'Maggie's Farm' — he's playing this young-blood hill-billy boy facing imminent danger in the form of a desperado pirate gang heading upriver to rape and pillage and all his kinsfolk are out to lunch in one form or another. Young, *"just turned twenty-two"*, has to think quick and it's time for a man to do what a man's got to do: *"Daddy's rifle in my hand felt reassurin' / He told me, 'Red means run, son and numbers add up to nothin' / When the first shot hit the dock I saw it comin' / Raised my rifle to my eye / Never stopped to wonder why / Then I saw black and my face splashed in the sky."*

Young's ghost is left to sing in the last verse *"Just think of me as one you never figured / Would fade away so young / With so much left undone."* This tragi-comic tale of woe makes complete vaudeville out of the Eagles and all their self-conscious outlaw crony ilk's sickly desperado stance, but the lyrics are just a minute fraction of what's going down here.

The real deal is Young and Crazy Horse providing the real firepower with swinging, howling chords and hunks of brittle guitar static lunging against a brutally loping rhythm over a melody and coda that, once heard, demand to be played over and over. Here Young and Crazy Horse have surpassed anything on 'Zuma' and the only comparison in view has to be 'Cinnamon G[illegible]'.

But before you've had time to recover from the ecstatic rock action of 'Powderfinger', Young and band literally powerdrive into 'Welfare Mothers' and again the music's *so* strong. Between strangling his fretboard into honing forth the tautest, most angular, beauteous guitar solos on this planet, Young opines that *"Welfare Mothers make better lovers"*. Truly unbelievable music.

'Sedan Delivery' goes even further out on a limb: *"I recall how Caesar and Cleo / Made love in the Milky Way / They needed boats and armies to get there / I know there's a better way."* Again the spirit of Dylan '65–'66 looms in the distance lyrically — it's pure surrealism all down the line, full of women with varicose veins, going to a dentist and losing blood, old men in white coats who everybody say are loonies.

And Young himself? Well, he's happy midst the mayhem: *"Sedan Delivery is a job I know I'll keep / It sure was hard to find."* The riff meanwhile verges on the supernatural, piledriving like a rockabilly 'Subterranean Homesick Blues' one minute, virtually catatonic the next.

And then, of course, the grand finale. The acoustic strum of 'My, My, Hey, Hey' is transmitted into a demonic thrashing riff so piercingly violent, so damn brutal that you realize that this song isn't about Johnny Rotten or Elvis Presley at all. It's Neil Young's own declaration as king of rock 'n' roll. To push the point home, whereas in the first acoustic version the Rotten reference was *"This is the story of Johnny Rotten"*, Young now vamps behind this blitzkrieg of relentless, thrashing symphonic, electric cacophony with an "Is *this the story of Johnny Rotten?"* and the band sing *"Johnny Rotten, ooh Johnny Rotten"* in a jokey falsetto. And, of course, Young knows the answer. Yeah, Rotten is / was a great seminal rock figure but Young is here with *his* statement of intent.

Time fades away. It's 24 hours since I wrote all the previous woffle but my obsession with 'Rust Never Sleeps' continues unabated.

One thing I know though. 'Rust' is poignant, perceptive, menacing, dangerous, witty and cataclysmic. It's a veritable embarrassment of riches with Young forsaking all previous themes — lost love, precocious whimsical romanticism, topical bathos, you name it — and coming to terms with both himself, his environment, his responsibilities and the accelerating action of his new inspiration.

As his only true rival, one Mr Zimmerman stated last year that "When the '80s come we've got to have all our cards on the table or we'll be out of the game." 'Rust Never Sleeps' backs that quote up with a fearsome vengeance. The clincher is that Neil Young's cards are all aces wild. 'Rust' never sleeps. It explodes. You'll either be part of the debris or the beneficiary of a new and vital perspective. Either way, you've got to check it out. Take a chance on the *real* last dance.

Nick Kent

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On A Wing And A Whim

B-52ettes Cindy Wilson and Kate Pierson. Pic: Joe Stevens.

THE B-52S
The B-52s *(Island)*

Anyone with even half an ear cocked to the dialogue that surrounds the music must have heard by now that they're living in some sort of new golden age of pop: naive, zestful, transient and confusing. A period of musical adolescence. Anything goes.

Or, more to the point, anything *could* go given the right alignment of forces too vague and co-incidental to fully enumerate. Look at the charts, look at the clubs; rock's moving fast. The cynical, mistrustful gloom that fell last year has been dispelled, the inertia overcome, and old criteria outmoded. And anyway, it's not a time for pundits. Actions are speaking louder than words.

Which is a generalised way of explaining why it would be good, if a mite prickly, to be in the shoes of The B-52s at this present moment. Let's get specific . . .

This is the best debut album of the year. No conditions, no exceptions. As innovative and invigorating as 'New Boots and Panties' or 'Talking Heads '77', and as wayward yet accessible. That good.

When all The B-52s meant to me was a casually bought single of odd connotations and amusing combinations I would have doubted their chances of pulling such a chestnut from the fire. But live tapes testified that there was more here than was first divulged. They could play, they had songs, they have ideas. They've got wit and they've got energy. What more do you want?

The chops to transcend the marketing machine that is now gearing up to launch them but has been known in the past to leave some sorry casualties in its wake, perhaps? I'd like to say "Who cares?", but the trouble is I do. It'd be a shame and a crime for The B-52s to fall foul of that sort of fickle elitism. There's too much here for everybody. Music to laugh with, music to intrigue, music to dance to, music to stir you up, and nothing you could safely anticipate. Each of the nine songs offers fresh angles. It's hard to know where to put the needle down.

So we'll start at the bottom, with the fatback drums, propulsive guitar and skin tight arrangements that are the unifying currents and The B-52s most obvious asset in this novel era of itchy feet. Nowhere is the quality more apparent than on 'There's A Moon In The Sky', which crisply captures the nervous, anxious thrill of the search for romance (with the most unlikely of metaphors) and rocks like a rocket on a gantry.

Similarly vivid, exceptional lyrical gambits are pulled off throughout. 'Dance This Mess Around' implores boys and girls to loosen up a little in their dealings with each other, not to grow stale in their responses. '606 0842' is one of those numbers you see scrawled on seedy walls; it ends in frustration. 'Hot Lava' teases a naughty, nonsensical pun out over its approximately three minute length. 'Hero Worship', written by a friend of the band and sung by Cindy Wilson with the most fearsome unchained passion from a female rock voice since Patti Smith (who has clearly inspired her) cut 'Gloria' and 'Free Money' — deals in no uncertain terms with (get this) emasculation.

"I hero worship", she admits. *"He deserves it. I DESERVE IT!"*, she screams. If someone else sang this song it could be interpreted as appallingly submissive. She sings it like a tiger — you can't help but feel she's getting the upper hand.

To words like these — that dazzle and play like the words of Beefheart and Dury, simultaneously bawdy and innocent — add the most disciplined use of tunes and spaces this side of James Brown and that side of Talking Heads, sweeten with the beat, shake and stir.

I haven't mentioned '52 Girls', the B-side of their first single, which has improved with age, and 'Rock Lobster', the A-side, which hasn't. Nor have I referred to the spooky 'Planet Claire' or the delightfully throwaway version of Pet Clark's 'Downtown', which comes off like two little Rita Tushinghams dabbing on lipstick and rouge in front of their mother's dresser.

But I don't think I can sit still any longer. People, it's hot. Play it till you drop.

Paul Rambali

Tales Of Power

CREEDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL
20 Greatest Hits *(Fantasy)*

Remember John C. Fogerty and his blueprints for greatness? Well, time was when Creedence Clearwater Revival laid claim to the ultimate title of rock and roll heavyweight supremacy. By June 1969, with 'Proud Mary' perched comfortably in every top ten in the world, and a brace of albums that seamlessly bridged the gap between commercial acceptance and the so-called *progressive* album trend, John, his bro' Tom, Stu Cook and Doug Clifford were kings of the patch.

CCR started life as a Northern Californian Beatles copy outfit. But before long their distinctive combination of country-flavoured rockin' blues metamorphosed into the style that encapsulated a tradition by redefining its strongpoints for a new audience.

In retrospect (and this album serves the dual purpose of crystallising and introducing the Creedence appeal), the abilities of John Fogerty as songwriter, guitarist, arranger and producer have rarely been equalled. He ignored the psychedelic heyday completely, preferring to concentrate on the rhythmic possibilities inherent in Motown and soul; CCR's was a gospel truth, a righteous case of white boys testifying to the beat of the city and the peace of the country.

A typical Creedence song never needed to outstay a three minute welcome, the musical points still poured forth, a glorious excess of riches from John's vocal gravitas and stirring lead guitar to Tom's driving right hand and the potent backline swing of Cook and Clifford.

This unchanged four-piece quality entered some worthwhile development with a secondary burst of early '70s activity that spawned further hits, hits, hits. By the time CCR called halt in 1973 they already had sufficient a list of successes under the belt and artistic credibility to retire gracefully. 'Bad Moon Rising', 'Travellin' Band', 'Down On The Corner', 'Green River' — dig down deeper and uncover the nuggets you'd forgotten, or never heard, like the sweet surrender of 'Who'll Stop The Rain', the raucous beauty of 'Lookin' Out My Back Door', the steamy, sexy, cultured thrashing of 'Sweet Hitch Hiker'.

Never adequately replaced, certainly never copied, this is the sound of American rock at its height, soaring from a peak. The spell is not broken.

Max Bell

STEEL PULSE
Tribute To The Martyrs
(Island)

The second chapter of the book according to Steel Pulse, 'Tribute To The Martyrs' provides further proof that the band, already recognised as integral to the self-confidence and development of UK reggae, are not to be found wanting in these dark days.

Purists might, probably will object that, like last years's 'Handsworth Revolutuon', 'Tribute' isn't roots as they perceive them, that Karl Pitterson's production of both albums has been disappointingly soft. Well, such grumbles are really only a very small part of the point . . .

Steel Pulse, Aswat, Matumbi, Cimarons, Reggae Regular, Misty, Linton Kwesi Johnson, whoever — UK reggae obviously has to contend and make contact with a wide, disparate audience, one that only Bob Marley (and, at a pinch or three, Third World) among JA artists have so far succeeded in reaching. As a result, the means it uses to achieve these ends have been and will continue to be necessarily many and various. So be it, as far as I'm concerned.

There are eight songs here, and five of them deal specifically with black martyrdom. Spun on Selwyn Brown's undulating keyboards, 'Unseen Guest' opens, graphically depicting a martyr-to-be in a vermin-infested cell. He's resigned to his execution but confident in his God with whose help his spirit will be victorious: an attitude that's forceably reasserted throughout the album.

The title song ends the first side. Edging down a path intricutly crosscut by Basil Gabbidon and David Hinds' guitars, it ambitiously places black martyrs in a wider historical and philosophical context, proudly traces the veigns of pain and sacrifice with a final rap. Toussaint L'Overture, Paul Bogle, Marcus Garvey, George Jackson, The Black Panthers, Martin Luther King, Steve Biko, Malcolm X — the names are called and thus enshrined.

Side two sharpens the focus. Reinforced by percussive synthesiser, reverberating gongs and short, plangent guitar and solos, 'George Jackson' stands firm for the memory of a man whose miserable fate Bob Dylan was moved to consider at the turn of this decade. 'Biko's Kindred Lament' examines another

A Pulse person Pic: Adrian Boot

case and cause, this time that of the civil rights activist murdered by South African 'security' (whose security?) forces. Both tributes are emotive and emotional; neither are trite ot trivial.

'Blasphemy (Selah)' closes the album, reconciles Old and New Testaments, calls to heart and mind Christ, that most misunderstood of all martyrs. Needless to say, all these songs are articles of faith and, as such, can be taken or left. Me, I'll take them as best I can — for their commitment, eloquence and conviction.

Elsewhere you'll find the statutory 'Babylon Makes The Rules' riding on blazing horns and carrying a distant echo of Marley's 'Natural Mystic', also 'Sound System', the single and the album's 'Sound Check' (a musical celebration: *"Heavy Rhythm/Disco jive, conquer I no . . ."* and 'Jah Pickney (Rock Against Racism)', self-explanatory and militant, a confident contrast to the passive stance that paradoxically made 'Ku Klux Klan' seem all the more urgent.

To steal a phrase, Steel Pulse have so very many things to say. They also thrust a lot of lyrics into any one song, but Hinds' lead vocal phrasing makes good work of it, effortlessly stretching sense and metre. The instrumental undertone is simultaneously as direct and complex as ever — check, for instance, the arrangement of 'Blasphemy' and the way its lyrical sentiments are carried by the song's rhythmic rise and fall and rise. Masterly.

This is devotional and devoted dance music. These are songs of resilience and resolution. Give unto them and receive likewise.

Angus MacKinnon

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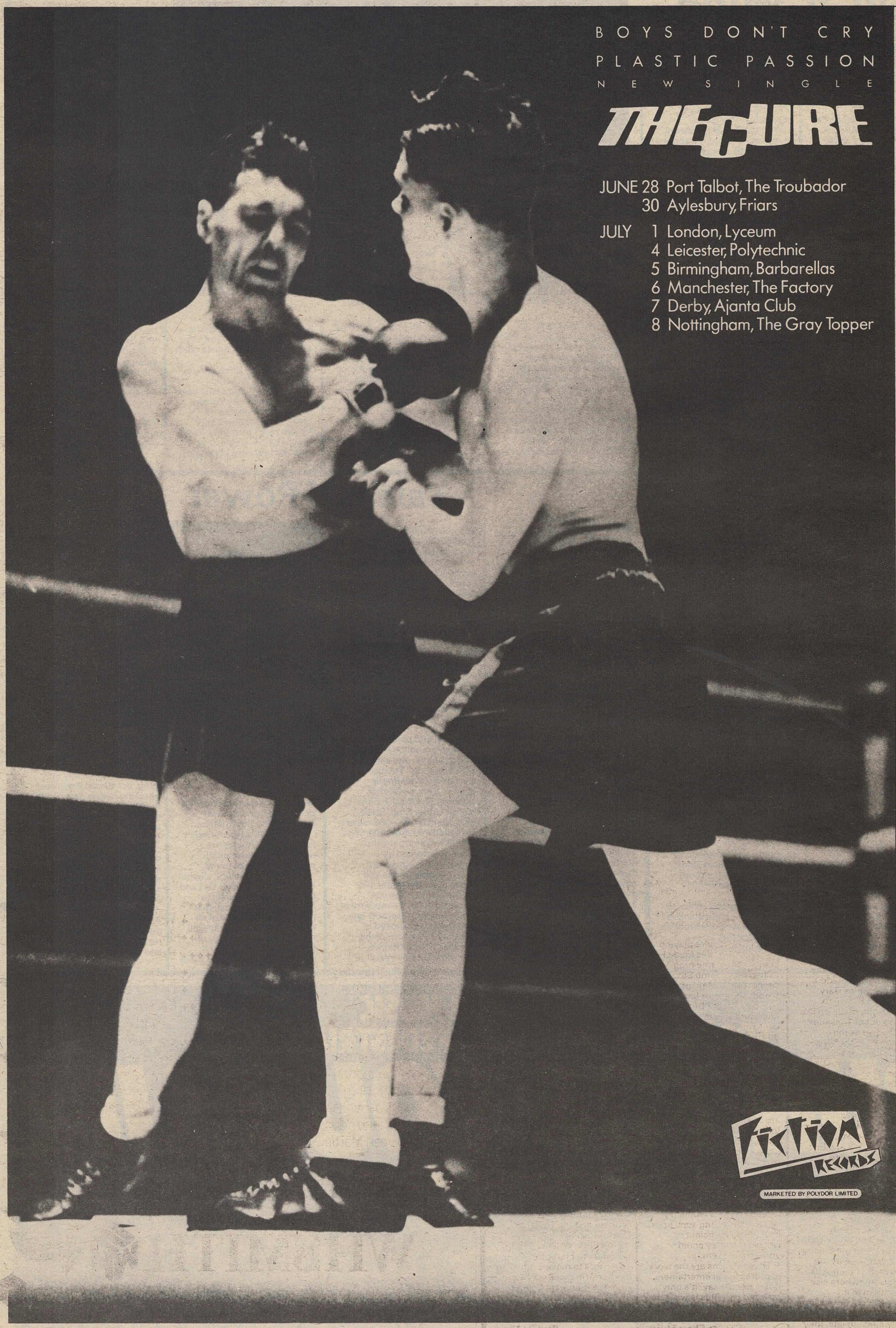
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Are These Men Box-eared Bozos? *(Yep)*

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Dynasty *(Casablanca)*

Professional entertainment! It's the best, it never quits, there's nothing like it. It's the real thing! It's sound and light and colour and spectacle to deafen and blind and dazzle and exhaust: it's form and style and presentation and flavour and you can talk about it all the way home and the next morning you get up and go to work or school and everything's just the same except that you want some more next night.

Nothing gets in the way. Nothing sticks in your throat, nothing messes you up, nothing changes the way you feel, nothing makes you look around. Entertainment is the art of perfect packaging: when the packaging isn't just what the substance happens to be wrapped in, when the presentation isn't simply a means of rendering the contents accessible and attractive, but when you get *pure* packaging and *pure* presentation undefiled by any substance or any contents.

Nowadays a lot of people like to buy pretty, complex boxes without anything in them: if there's anything in the box it worries them and they think they're being cheated. Finally, they feel that if the box contains anything then they're being planted with something they didn't want. After all, what they bought was a box. Wasn't it?

Queen and Kiss are fine boxes. They are virtuosi in the art of rock and roll packaging and presentation, they go through all the rock and roll motions of slightly different but vaguely overlapping rock eras with a few new stunts added. Queen, being English, emphasise the work ethic by going through lots of musical motions involving such attractions as The Unbelievably Fast And Tasteful And Inventive Lead Guitarist trick, the Balletic Lead Singer Who Writes Pretty Tunes trick and the Dynamite Rhythm Section trick, all tarted up with a touch of vaudeville and campy posturing. The end result is that they come across like Shirley Bassey fronting Rush.

Kiss, being Yanks, eschew even those concessions to a shared ideal of quality. Their schtick is pure excess: the music is merely an excuse for the costumes, the gimmicks, the blood of fire and soft-pore corn. The end result is that they come across like The Monkees meeting The Munsters for a bondage party.

Queen have refined the musical language of the period between 1968 and 1972 (briefly, from Heavy Rock to Early Glam) into a sequined porridge which makes this live double album of their greatest hits appear to have been poured onto your stereo straight from some unholy musical liquidiser. Freddie Mercury resembles Gary Glitter trimmed down to fighting weight, made up like something out of Tussauds and dressed up as the leatherman from the Village People: he can vocally approximate everyone from Paul Rodgers to Jon Anderson, but I can't figure out what sort of accent he thinks he's talking in. Brian May has apparently memorised the complete works of Jimmy Page, Jeff Beck, Jimi Hendrix and Eric Clapton and learned to reproduce everything except the emotion. The songs range from fast Heavy Metal to Floydy space-outs and neat little mock-classical music box stuff and it's all very impressive and all very meaningless and no-one will ever take any of it personally and that's just the way the band and their audience like it, so let's go somewhere else and leave them to it.

'Dynasty' is, apparently, the first Kiss studio album for absolutely ages: of late, their fans have had to content themselves with a double live album (their *second* double-live, as it happens), a movie, two comic books and four solo albums. The impression received is that the album was almost as much of the chore to make as it is to hear: Kiss's pretensions are not nearly as amusing as Queen's and there isn't even the mild diversion of a spectacular waste of enviable musical dexterity. Kiss are not 'bad musicians' as such: after all, how much 'technique' is necessary to make a great rock and roll record like 'You Really Got Me' or 'Pretty Vacant'? Very little, right? The point is that what's needed is soul and inspiration, and I swear that there ain't an ounce of either from end to end of this tepid, sludgy album.

Whether they're playing lame disco ('I Was Made For Lovin' You'), lame brag-rock ('Charisma'), lame Stones covers ('2000 Man' of all bloody things) or lame bad-boy struts ('Dirty Livin' ' and 'Hard Times'), Kiss can't even muster up the dumb-crambo energy and out-to-lunch loony flash required to make this kind of damp-squip pulp-rock even semi-palatable. If you're gonna dish up crap, at least do it with conviction.

Voices in my head mutter lines like 'You never understood that it ain't no good, you shouldn't let other people get your kicks for you' or 'It's better to burn out than it is to rust' or 'Passion is no ordinary word', and while it would be too much to demand that people like Queen and Kiss would be capable of writing such lines, it would be sufficient to believe that they could understand them.

These albums are the work of professional entertainers. When people say 'It's only rock and roll', this is what they mean. These albums are 'only' rock and roll.

Charles Shaar Murray

PETER FRAMPTON
Where I Should Be *(A&M)*

Dorian Gray, eponymous hero of Oscar Wilde's masterpiece, possessed a portrait of himself. Years passed by but Dorian remained the same, beautiful youth acclaimed and adored by fashionable society. In an attic, meantime, the picture was ageing horribly; daily it decayed, grew ever more grizzled and loathesome.

Peter Frampton gazes out from his album cover good looks intact, immaculate, blue eyes unclouded in a decade and more of top-pop stardom. But something nasty has been happening to his music ...

Maybe it's success. Cocooned and comforted by mega-platignum sales, the needs for risk and progression must get decreasingly apparent; the impulse to serve up more of the same irresistible.

And that, unsurprisingly, is just what Frampton's done. His first album in two years, since 'I'm In You', the present venture marks some improvement on its sickly predecessor, and should at least match it in commereial vibility. But 'Where I Should Be' is still distinguished more by its predictability, by its lightweight grinding formula orthodoxy, than by anything resembling excitement.

Much of this lack of impact may be down to Frampton's singing. By no means a bad guitarist, the man's voice is so devoid of conviction or character as to glide through one ear and slide out the other.

Add that to two sides of competent but unremarkable compositions, and the results merge into that ceaseless flow of LA product, another testament to West Coast Complacency. Even two Sam 'n' Dave inclusions, 'May I Baby' and 'You Don't Know Like I Know', fail to shine, reduced to super-session sameness courtesy of (among others) guitarist Steve Cropper and the Tower Of Power Horn Section.

Title track 'Where I Should Be' refers to Frampton's eagerness to make a return to live performances very soon. After the 'Sergeant Pepper' disaster, I'd have been inclined to lie low for a little while longer.

Paul Du Noyer

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- ✦✦ James Taylor
- ✦✦✦✦ Emmylou Harris
- ✦✦ Little Feat
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- ✦✦✦ Everly Bros.
- ✦✦✦✦ Neil Young
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Emmylou back home on the range

EMMYLOU HARRIS
Blue Kentucky Girl (Warner Bros)

RICKY SCAGGS
Sweet Temptation (Sugar Hill import)

After the disappointment of 'Quarter Moon In A Ten Cent Town' contemporary country music's first lady is back on album form with a vengeance.

Since she gave the genre a cowgirl boot up its mawkish bum back in '75 and '76 with her 'Pieces Of The Sky' and 'Elite Hotel' albums, Ms Harris and her exemplary Hot Band have stayed true to a tried and tested formula mixing traditional country material, country rock and mainstream pop and rock.

Under the production guidance of Brian Ahern, now Emmylou's other half, this blend of music began to wear a little threadbare on 'Quarter Moon'. One got the feeling that Ahern, his missus and The Hot Band had taken their stetsons off in the same recording studio just once too often. A new approach was called for.

A perusal of the credits on 'Blue Kentucky Girl' reveals that Ahern is still behind the board, and that Messers Burton, Lee, D. Hardin et all are still backing the songbird. But the queen of the cowpokes has managed to make a truely superlative album.

Howcum? A change of refreshments, a nod from Big G, or simply Lady Luck dealing Emmylou and the cats a winning hand?

Wrong each time. The answer, my friend, lies in all concerned adopting a more traditional approach. It's almost like Ms Harris and Co. going in for a much less commercial style.

'Blue Kentucky Girl' is far less of a pop album than its immediate predecessors.

It does include one pop song — a definitive pop song, in The Drifters 'Save The Last Dance For Me' — but whereas The Drifters' rendering came on like a macho swagger, Emmylou's is downright poignant. Taken at a down tempo in traditional country waltz time, it's strewn with Albert Lee's exemplary mandolin playing and a characteristically lethal performance from the rest of The Hot Band.

I doubt if The Hot Band has ever played better than on 'Blue Kentucky Girl'. Their commitment to the singer and her material is remarkable.

Elsewhere the material comes from a mixture of traditonal (the Louvin Brothers, Leon Payne etc) and contemporary country writers, Willie Nelson represented by his blazing 'Sister's Coming Home', Rodney Crowell chipping in with just one song, 'Even Cowgirls Get The Blues' (not one of his finest), and Ms Harris at long last covering 'Hickory Wind', arguably

Emmylou. Pic: Paul Canty

Gram Parsons' finest hour.

In keeping with the instrumentation of the rest of the album this version of 'Hickory Wind' features a traditional, almost stark line-up, the fiddle of Rick Scaggs well to the fore and emphasising the song's melancholy. Slower than the other versions, Emmylou's performance bears witness to her vocal dynamics. Talk about control!

The arrangement is deceptively simple, achieving an almost gossamer grace.

Another stand-out is Jean Ritchie's 'Sorrow In The Wind' on which Ms Harris has vocal accompaniment from Sharon Hicks and Cheryl Warren'. Again the arrangement is starkly immaculate: an exquisite track which manages to be both delicate and powerful.

Unlike scores of country singers Emmylou Harris is rarely, if ever 'sentimental', such is the conviction in her voice and the painstaking craftsmanship of her cohorts. A less talented singer could easily come a cropper on the Louvin brothers no-emotions-barred 'Everytime You Leave', on which she duets with Don Everly. This is as soulful as it gets.

'Blue Kentucky Girl' has a purity rarely heard. Emmylou Harris seems one of the few performers around whose vision has remained uncontaminated by the frequently numbing business she works in.

While Ricky Scaggs positively shines on his boss's album, his own is essentially a routine mixture of mainstream country, bluegrass and country swing. As is the nature of these affairs Emmylou contributes, but even this does nothing to prevent 'Sweet Temptation' from being at best a competent effort. Unlike his fiddle playing, Scaggs' voice is not in the least bit distinctive.

Steve Clarke

VARIOUS ARTISTS
It's Only Rock'n'Roll 1957-64 (EMI)

One of the more nuttier released in EMI's Nut series, this 20-tracker contains recordings made on both sides of the Atlantic during the period 1957-60, the only '64 cuts being a couple made by Jeannie And The Statesiders, whose all-American lead vocalist hailed from no nearer the land of the all-night hamburger than Dagenham, Essex!

Some of the U.S. items are certified classics — The Silhouettes' 'Get A Job', The Olympics' 'Western Movies' and Bobby Day's 'Little Bitty Pretty One' etc.

But the British offerings are quite weird and wonderful in the main, including 'Queen Of The Hop', rendered by Don Lang, once resident singer at the Wimbledon Palais; 'Right Now, Right Now' by The Squadronaires big band, an outfit that started life as the RAF Dance Orchestra; and 'Living Doll' (not the Cliff Richard associated hit) from Goon Show resident Ray Ellington — though the latter's inclusion is hardly so surprising when one remembers that Ellington enjoyed a string of R'n'B hits as long ago as the late '40s.

Tracks by such as Dickie Pride, Vince Taylor and Dave Sampson's Hunters may please the denizens of 'Rock On' and similar establishments but overall, this is a distinctly oddball package with a higher than average quota of archive abortions.

Fred Dellar

NEW ENGLAND
New England (Infinity)

New England are, in no particular order, an American ELO without strings attached, a sort of imitation Rutles, a superbly polished 1974-type rock group, an unwelcome cross between Queen and 27 other bands too unpleasant to mention.

To be fair this outfit does have some advantage in the composing abilities of its leader John Fannon, obviously a man with a talent for turning (or churning) out serviceably pleasant compositions albeit lumbered with lyrics of undistinguished banality.

But as the decade wears on it gets harder to tolerate yet more self-satisfied, generally American, acts of zero inspiration, cynically grinding away with long-redundant formulas.

The New England sound is heavily mellotronic and melodic, medium-metallic and truly mediocre. Even if it has the freshness that befits a debut album, the portents aren't hopeful — essentially it's a music of soaring cosmic pomposities, washing across a standard 'high-energy' rock framework.

Still, the production work of Paul Stanley from Kiss and Queen's man Mike Stone will certainly confer some tangible benefits in terms of commercial viability, and it's likely we'll hear New England's name rather often.

One can sense the record captures all it was intended to. All it's go to do now is make them rich and it'll have justified its existence entirely.

Paul Du Noyer

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Deadlier Than The Maels . . .

AMANDA LEAR frolicking with the late Keith Moon. Pic PAUL CANTY

NOEL
Is There More To Life Than Dancing? *(Virgin)*
AMANDA LEAR
Never Trust a Pretty Face *(Ariola)*

Disco having become the premier refuge of the bogus and the slovenly, it comes as no small thrill to meet two albums which use the form for their own diverting ends, respectively frivolous and bewitching.

Granted that disco and Ron and Russell Mael share an intrinsic triviality, it was hardly surprising when a marriage was duly arranged. What *is* surprising is that the brothers should consummate it so gloriously by writing and producing 'Is There More To Life Than Dancing?'

The two closing quickies, 'Au Revoir' and 'I Want A Man', are thoroughly pleasing little trifles, the former graced by sweet sax straight out of Junior Walker's 'Walk In The Night', but the three marathons are special. Each stretches a slight, irresistible melody to extremity over a Moroder-copyright rhythm track that fluctuates just enough to satisfy armchair dancers.

'Dancing Is Dangerous' (9.45) deals unflinchingly with the dangers of addiction: *'Dancing is dangerous / Gently embraces us / Then won't let go till the end of our days'*. Whoever Noel is, she unleashes this dire warning with unseemly exuberance, abetted by ecstatic flyaway backing vocals. Towards the end, a male (Mael?) voice joins in, intimating that *'We'll never see daylight again'*. Hope not.

The single and title track, clocking in at 8.09, expresses similar fears: *'Could it be that I've overdone it / I've danced my mind away?'* More inspired singing. Wonderful. On 'The Night They Invented Love' (9.16), Noel recalls Lene Lovich's work with Cerrone, showing just the right sense of the ridiculous as she encourages some lad to recapture that Adam-and-Eve feeling. Bongoes and soaring sax provide extra inducement and delirium rules. A hat-trick, no question.

The ever-present machine-stomp will delight dyed-in-the-wool cavorters, while the rest of us can savour the sheer fun and games of it all. That disco should inspire the Maels to dump their usual glibness for this exhilarating fare is baffling and possibly miraculous. You'd be a fool to miss it.

I'd always assumed that the only essential difference between Amanda Lear and Bianca Jagger was that the former had managed to blag (or otherwise secure) a record deal and some expensive studio musicians. 'Never Trust A Pretty Face' knocked such preconceptions into tiny pieces.

Last year, Lear told the French monthly *Rock And Folk* "Si Marlene revenait, elle ferait de la disco". Since the legendary *chanteuse* chose instead to make a silly film with Messrs Bowie and Hemmings, The Great Dietrich Disco Album has been made in her absence.

'Pretty Face' is not half as contrived as that sounds — a version of 'Lili Marlene' is the one serious miscalculation — but the husky, androgynous singing and general air of world-weariness sustain the comparison. Yet even 'Forget It' and 'Intellectually', female ripostes to 'Under My Thumb' and 'Stupid Girl', have a strange warmth. Amanda Lear, they suggest, might reduce the average male psyche to tatters, but the process still sounds like fun.

The songs, mostly written with producer Anthony Monn, are strong and intriguing, Charly Ricanek's arrangements dense and imaginative. 'Black Holes' and 'The Sphinx', with it s musing on eternity, benefit in particular from some dramatic texturing.

'Pretty Face" itself brilliantly evokes the mood of Roxy's 'Song For Europe', opening with some sombre, Teutonic accapella work. 'Dreamer (South Pacific)' is even better, the singer languidly remonstrating with a lover who dreams obsessively of an idyllic existence in the tropics. A distant, subtle parody of the chorus from *South Pacific* offsets the dark, European foreground.

Amanda Lear is funny as well as beguiling — try 'Miroir', a sliver of Dietrich-sings-Coward whimsy — and has made an album of luxurious mystery and humidity. One wallow and herbal baths will never be quite the same.

Harry George

SKY
Sky *(Ariola)*

They might look a prize collection of dorks, yet Sky's line-up is probably endowed with more individual skills and collective talent than any combination this side of Anfield.

It includes John Williams, the top classical guitarist, session-bass supremo Herbie Flowers (who played on 'Walk On The Wild Side' as well as writing 'Grandad'), also the all-purpose keyboards capability of Francis Monkman. That's not to mention Kevin Peek on electric guitar, or percussionist Tristan Fry — both heavy names in their respective fields.

Between them, Sky's musicians have bestowed the benefits of their virtuosity in directions as diverse as Benjamin Britten and T.Rex. Somehow, they've brought it all together to make this album, and you can't even see the join.

The results are pleasant and melodic, exquisitely crafted; possibly the most satisfying type of rock/classical fusion, being neither pretentious at one end or condescending at the other. Sky should appeal to lovers of highbrow easy listening as well as to 'proper-music' lovers prepared to loosen their dickie-bows.

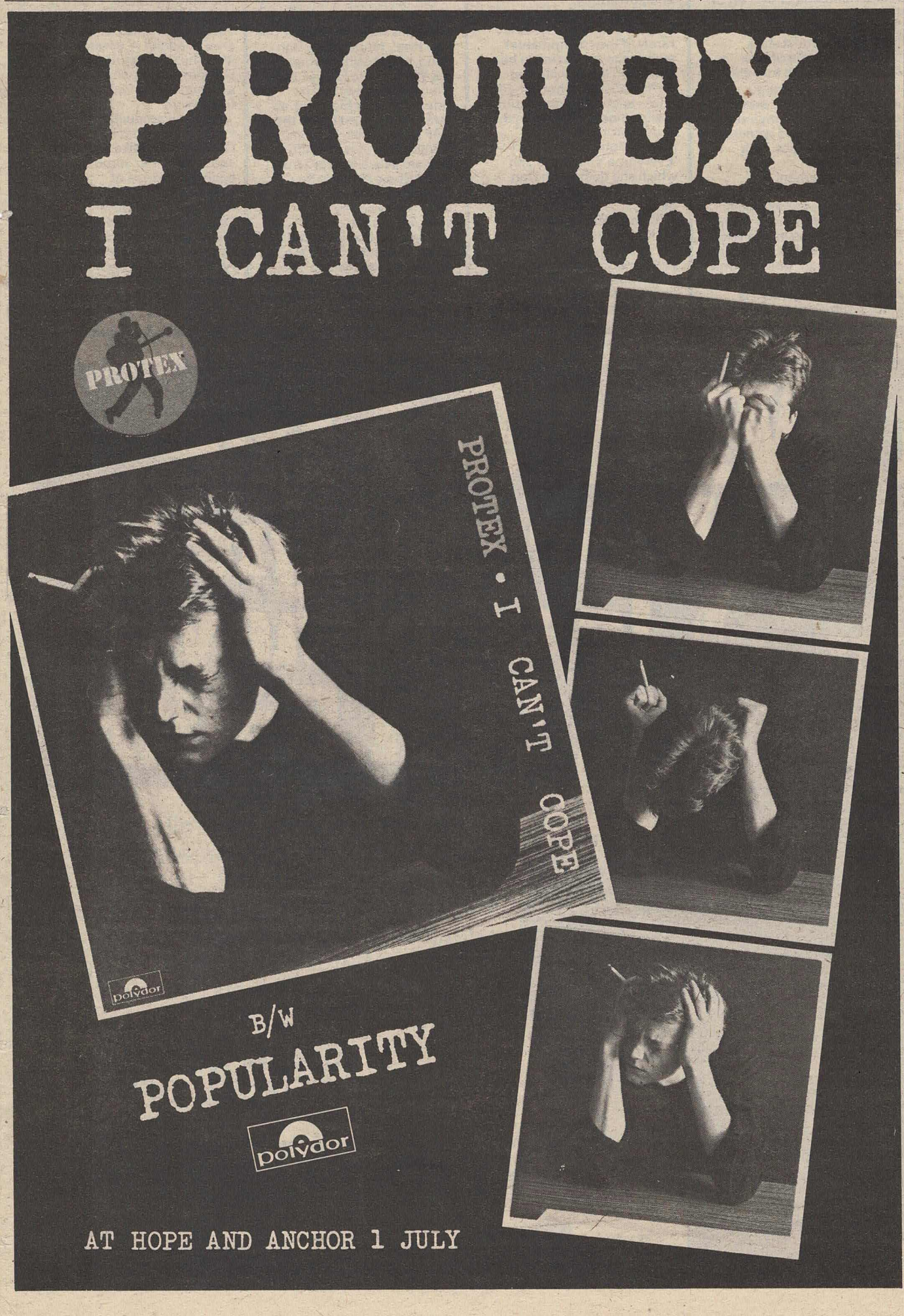
If nothing else, the album should keep BBC-2 in theme tunes for the next six months.

Paul Du Noyer

HERBIE HANCOCK & CHICK COREA
An Evening With . . . In Concert *(CBS)*
THE CARLA BLEY BAND
Musique Mecanique *(Watt)*

Two sets of modern jazz, all dressed up and nowhere to go but an early academic grave or a booming bank balance.

Herbie & Chick — both well-hip in their time — shoulder disco and astronomy respectively, and fill out four sides of CBS product quota with an all-night acoustic joanna bash. The sleeve notes use words like 'spirit' and



IMPORTS

Is it a bird? Is it a plane? Not on your Nellie — it's merely the slipstream of SuperNez, the latest high-flyin' rock'n'roller.

Rock'n'roll? The Nez? Can't be — not **Mike Nesmith,** the once woolly-hatted Monkee gland of a guitar strummer who later became a country and western stasher?

Yep, the very same. 'Cept that he's now got muscles and has obviously read the Bob Seger tome on how to grow hair on your music. If you don't believe, then cock a receptive lug in the direction of 'Infinite Rider On The Big Dogma', Mike's latest offering on his own Pacific Arts label.

Now what do you hear? A chunk of falsetto doo-wop on a cut called 'Magic'? Right — and what's next? Hard headed, pure get-down-and-boogie chores on 'Dance, 'Factions' and 'Horserace'? Yeah, right. But what about that chat-filled, Farfisa sauced-up killer of a track known as 'Cruisin' and that spaced-out jazzy item he calls 'Capsule'? And that great little band too. Al Perkins we've both dug since Manassas, haven't we? But that keyboardist, John Hobbs, he's really something too — and Tom Saviano, the saxophonist. Tasty, eh? The best thing you've heard since the Dury album? Must say that I agree. Great, innit?

'integrity' and talk of the trouble involved in avoiding the cop-out 'electronically enhanced' sound. Herbie, *j'accuse!*

The musical content is perfectly reflected in the album's cover: gold-trim and Leonard Bernstein academic — but — fun respectability. Original jazz substance is rinsed through a morally upright veneer, but kept swinging along, enough to be taken at paleface value as a break from European 'classical' stuffiness.

The least of both worlds: no funk, no difficulty. No food for thought.

Carla Bley ditched difficult music somewhere around 'Dinner Music' a coupla years back, having carved out a daunting rep in modern ideological cabaret with 'Escalator Over The Hill' and t'ing. She's recently been quoted as pretty perkily populist, *taking* music (mecanique?) to the masses instead of throwing crumbs to them occasionally.

Even with her new, natty, beaty sort of band she remains smothered in an air of intellectual retention; the music is obsessed with itself, its forms and filling thereof. Bley has just moved from the old banquets like 'Escalator' to a bag of dolly mixtures, and the taste hasn't changed.

Charlie Haden makes a guest appearance and plays a solo right out of 'Song For Che'. Indeed, the whole of 'Musique Mecanique' (dreadful title) sounds like a sophisticated re-run of

HERBIE HANCOCK. Pic: SIMON FOWLER

Haden's 'Liberation Music Orchestra' of 1969, whose arrangements were worked out by . . . Mrs Bley. Not much movement in a decade, eh what?

The other guest appearance is potentially more interesting. Eugene Chadbourne is an extreme, avant-regarde guitarist whose spidery, spikey style wouldn't seem to be the ideal component in this mellifluous production. (I actually saw Mr. Chadbourne last year at the London Musician's Co-op, dropping cotton reels onto guitars with Fred Frith. But that's a boring story, and one I don't suppose you want to hear . . .). As it is, for some reason you can't hear him.

Alterations in established board games are interesting for players concerned, but useless to spectators.

Outposts of formal musical evolution such as 'Musique Mecanique' are culturally redundant, a daft dart's throw.

'Musique Mecanique' is as frozen and tasteless as the CBS dish. Not my kind of diciness at all.

Ian Penman.

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Pops, We Love You *(Motown)*
That Tamla should come to this . . . the tears of a corporate identity, when no-one's around.

Berry Gordon Sr., father of Berry Gordon, chairman and founder of 'Motown Industries' (as the press release so romantically puts it), died last year at the age of 90; This star-befuddled album is a requiem and a tribute, a rush-released dedication to the one they *all* loved.

Smokey, Marvin, Diana, The Commodores, Jermaine Jackson, and Tata Vega (whoever *she* is) line up for two sides of soppy, slushy, signifying team spirit. The production rushes between the string-soaked and mouldy ol' disco, pulling little out of either bag, reaching no hi or lo spots for Pops.

They may well love the old soldier but this shiny, sorry bouquet does little for either Mr Gordy, Motown or the artists concerned. Motown moves further down a bourgeoise entertainments highway, away from what it used to mean to the likes of you and me.

Now there's a death that moves me to obituary prose.

Ian Penman

COOPER BROTHERS
The Dream Never Dies
(Capricorn)
BONNEVILLE
Bonneville *(RCA)*

The Cooper Brothers' set is the best Eagles album since 'Hotel California'; the Bonneville album is the worst.

The Coopers appear to be a Canadian band. At any rate, their songs were recorded in Toronto. Nonetheless, they have that unfashionable Californian elegance off to a fine art. Not only does Mr Richard Cooper write lushly memorable little tunes (most notably the title track), but his brother Brian does a great Don Henley impersonation into the bargain. (For younger readers: Henley is the Eagles' singing drummer.) And not only that, but the guys also muster some superbly glossy harmonies amidst oozing steel guitars.

If you were allowed to like this kind of thing, it would be great entertainment.

Alas for Bonneville, they're a technically proficient French band who can't make up their mind whether to be exquisitely laid-back or thrustingly dynamic. Thus, they come across like violent sleepwalkers. Strange.

Both bands would seem to stand little chance in the present climate. On the other hand, the Americans are just latching on to punk rock, so this kind of thing could suddenly become popular again in Britain.

Bob Edmands

What else is up for grabs then? Well, the soundtrack to 'Mecredi, Apres-Midi' (Polydor) is around again.

Whaddya mean you don't remember from the first time? Don't you recall it was once called 'Melody' and featured songs by **The Bee Gees, Crosby, Stills, Nash And Young** and others? Then it became 'S.W.A.L.K.' before moving on to France where they retitled it '22 Les Prof. . . .' before opting for the 'Mercredit, Apres-Midi' moniker.

You're confused? No matter, hang on your cinema tickets while I tell you about 'Boulevard Nights', another soundtrack spifferoo from the Brothers Warner. The title track reveals all — *'Out on the streets, a child is born, the battle lines already drawn,'* croons **George Benson,** who then moves on to do the whole death in the gutter bit before opting for his usual modicum of scat. Quite effective really, thanks to the dramatic arrangement knocked out by Lala Schifrin, who also concocted the rest of the latinised disco fare that fills the greater part of the album.

And now, if you just move your knees so that I can edge past you, I'll nip and get an ice-cream while Pearl and Dean do their stuff onscreen.

Fred Dellar

REGGAE MINCER

DILLINGER
Talking Blues *(Valdene)*
The cover brags 'Disco Style LP', presumably in honour of Dillinger's popularity on punky and Eurodisco dancefloors, where 'Cocaine In My Brain' is still doing good business some three years after its creation with its bastard offspring 'Marijuana In My Brain' not far behind, the over-obvious latter disc making the Top Ten in Holland.

However, fans of Dillinger's current populist excesses will probably find this more rootsy set, complete with dubs from producer Striker Lee, disappointing. Needless to say it's superior to Lester's present output, though I nurse a grudging liking for his 'Funky Punk' which Valdene should release sharpish so it stands a chance of becoming one of the great trash summer singles of '79. Its hideous and nagging disceggae beat has already made it a heavy duty cult item *en France,* speaking of which. . .

SERGE GAINSBOURG
Aux Armes Et Caetera
(Philips Import)
The heavy breathing Eurochamp of 'Je T'Aime' fame drapes his French bedroom angst over the tropical rhythms of Sly and Robbie rattling off yet another session. The I Threes also get

PRINCE FAR I. Pic: SADDRI

to do cute Althea and Donna-type call and response to Serge's sagging sensuality — just as well 'cos he sounds quite overcome by the whole experience (as well he might be). Oh, how we larfed.

CLINT EASTWOOD
Jah Lights Shining
(Jamaica Sound)
Teendom's greatest toaster and the man who put the rrrrrs back into rrrrreggae delivers a set of crisp appealing talkovers to a bunch of customary but classy rhythms courtesy Sly Robbie and the gang with Striker Lee producing. Included is the essential 'DJ Jamboree' and the much checked 'Out De Lite' *("Gimme the something you gimme last nite").* Fans won over by the man's recent tour here could profitably investigate.

SLY DUNBAR
Sly Wicked And Slick
(Virgin Front Line)
Session musicians should stick to their trade and leave the important task of making records to those with something to say. For reggae's most accomplished sticksman this is an unforgiveably limp collection of easy listening rhythms that only became easy skanking once, on 'Dirty Harry'.

A man might reasonably hope that Sly and Robbie would use their newly aquired international reputation for something a shade more demanding than weedy versions of 'Queen Of The Minstrels' with Sly coocooing his electronic tomtoms all over the shop. Ah well, back to Doc Tado's 'Victoria Park' for Sly's supremest rhythmic exposition.

PRINCE FAR I
Cry Tuff Dub Encounter Part Two
(Virgin Front Line)
The heavy browed and formidable Far I has provided '79 with some of its better musical moments via his releases of other artists on his Cry Tuff label, and some of its more memorable pieces of showmanship on his recent tour here with Prince Hammer. This Prince continues his forward presence with a superior dub set, a fair amount of its versions from his last Front Line LP, including a bizarre but captivating version of 'Farmyard' complete with dubwise sheep an' t'ing.

VIVIEN 'YABBY U' JACKSON
Vivien 'Yabby U' Jackson
(Grove Music)
Another superior dub album, this time a compilation of dub sides from one of the great individualists of reggae, put together by West London's redoubtable Grove Music. The brilliant, apocalyptic majesty of the title track aside, hear how Sly 'n' Robbie *ought* to sound on the likes of 'Feel All Right', even though side two tends to fade. Should appeal to Doc Marten skankers.

WAYNE WADE
Dancing Time
(Grove Music)
Another teen star, Wayne Wade is Yabby U's romantically-voiced protege who sings 'Happy Go Lucky Girl' sweet and sad enough to liquify your knees at a blues dance and melt your heart in memories. His readings of the other nine Treasure Isle/rocksteady classics here aren't always so inspired but it's still an unusual and pleasant collection, and I can't wait to hear the original version of the title track (by one Bop and the Belltones).

Neil Spencer

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Where we did stop.

There is, however, one feature of the A-108 Sync that's conspicuous by its absence: the hefty price tag.

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THE CURE
Fri, July 6th
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Sat, July 7th
VOYAGER
Sun, July 8th
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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Summer pause on the circuit

NOT A brilliant week, from the point of view of big tours opening or major one-off events. In fact, there's a dearth of acts setting out on the road this week, as is to be expected in midsummer. The total number of gigs is also down, and will continue to decrease as colleges start to close down for the long vacation. But there's still plenty of dates for you to choose from — and in the coming two months, there's a glut of festivals and open-air concerts to look forward to. Meanwhile, though, this is the state of play for the next seven days:

Thursday

Barnstaple Chequers Club: **The Late Show**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **The Cramps**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Clinic**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Birmingham Westhill College: **Voyager**
Botley Dolphin Hotel: **Chris Barber Band**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **The Crooks**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Accents/The Chefs/The Cheesybits**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Chesterfield Fusion: **Eric Bell Band**
Colne Union Hotel: **Stranger Than Fiction/Reflex/The Juveniles**
Coventry Swanswell Tavern: **The Targets / The Clique**
Coventry Warwick University: **Chas & Dave/Mungo Jerry**
Doncaster Sidesaddle Club: **Acker Bilk Band**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **Underhand Jones**
Gosport John Peel: **Between Pictures**
Gt. Yarmouth Neptune's Palace and Mermaid Room: **Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders**
Halesowen Tiffany's: **Quartz**
Hall Havington Wyvern Club: **Dangerous Girls**
Hemel Hempstead Chinaman's Club: **The Funboy Five**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **The Members**
Hull Wellington Club: **The Angelic Upstarts**
Kenilworth Kings Arms: **Bullets**
Leeds Fan Club: **Yachts/The Edge**
Leeds University: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Deadringer**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Lata Mangeshkar**
Liverpool Eric's: **The Tourists**
London Camden Brecknock: **The Headlights**
London Camden Dingwall's: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
London Camden Music Machine: **Black Slate**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Special Branch**
London Catford The Squire: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
London Chiswick John Bull: **John Grimaldi's Cheap Flights**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Big Deal**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Piranhas/The Enchanters/The Come-Ons/Guy Jackson**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **Thieves Like Us**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Scandal/The Passengers**
London Haymarket Her Majesty's Theatre (for three days): **"The Secret Policeman's Ball" with John Cleese/Peter Cook/Michael Palin/John Williams etc.**
London Heathrow Skyline Hotel: **Sponooch**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **PragVec**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Lacey's Allstars**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington Nashville: **The Specials/Madness**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Martin Taylor & Ike Isaacs**
London Marquee Club: **The Records/64 Spoons**
London Notting Hill Old Swan: **Rednite**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Sugar Minott**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Van Halen**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Dick Charlesworth Quartet**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Billy Lee Riley/Johnny & The Roccos**
London St. Moritz Club: **Red Tape**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Dutch Boys**
London Victoria The Venue: **Son Seals Band/The Stickers**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Waterloo The Wellington: **Squire**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **After Dark**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **The London Cowboys**
London W.14 The Kensington: **London Zoo**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Big Chief**
Macclesfield Krumbles: **Zanathus**
Manchester The Factory: **Gotham City Swing Band**
Middlesbrough Marimba Club: **Soul Direction (for three days)**
Newcastle City Hall: **Rockpile with Dave Edmunds & Nick Lowe/Lewis Reformer**
Newcastle The Red House: **Sabrejets**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Hormones**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Lap Region**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **Bette Bright & The Illuminations**

Sham say hello—and goodbye

Look carefully — and perhaps wistfully. Because tomorrow (Friday) could be the very last time these four guys perform together on stage. They are, of course, the four original members of SHAM 69 — from left to right, Jimmy Pursey, Dave Treganna, Dave Parsons and Mark Cain. And their concert at Glasgow Apollo is expected to be their farewell appearance, prior to Pursey (and probably at least one other member) becoming involved with Steve Jones and Paul Cook in a new band. So it's apt that Cain's shirt should bear the legend 'Hello Goodbye'.

Portsmouth Locarno: **Third World**
Port Talbot Troubadour: **The Cure**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Pat Ryan**
Reading Target Club: **Double Xposure**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Joe Jackson**
Southampton Holbury Old Mill: **The Dials**
St. Albans Horn Of Plenty: **The O.K. Band**
St. Helens Glssbridge Club: **Lies All Lies**
St. Johnstone Cochrane Hotel: **Matchbox**
Stoke Gaiety: **Prey**
Sunderland Belford Sports Club: **Foggy**
Welshpool Penrabithe Caravan Camp: **The Accelerators**
Watford Carey Place: **The Beez**
Willenhall Prince Of Wales: **U.X.B.**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Steve Hackett**
York University: **Best Friends**

Friday

Aberavon Nine Vaults Club: **Quartz**
Birmingham Aston University: **Mike Absalom**
Birmingham (Balsall Heath) New Inn: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Mean Street Dealers**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **The Traitors**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **The Rabbits**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Gotham City Swing Band**
Blyth Golden Eagle: **Sabrejets**
Bournemouth Capone's: **Stratejacket**
Brighton Hanbury Arms: **The Devil's Dykes/The Mistakes**
Brighton Lewes Road Inn: **Houndog**
Brighton The Cage: **The Lillettes**
Broadstairs Grand Ballroom: **Wild Angels**
Burton 76 Club: **Straight 8**
Cambridge Lincoln College: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
Cannock Forum Theatre: **Eazie Ryder-/Strider/Ocean Boulevard/Medusa**
Canterbury College: **Pressure Shocks**
Cleethorpes Pier Hotel: **Exit**
Colchester (Copford) Windmill: **Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders**
Coventry Climax Club: **Gina 'n' The Rockin' Rebels**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Little Bo Bitch**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Rockpile with Dave Edmunds & Nick Lowe/Lew Lewis Reformer**
Exeter University: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads/Yachts/Gonzalez/Bette Bright & The Illuminations**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Sham 69/The Valves**
Glossop Bridge Inn: **Miami Beast**
Guildford Royal Hotel: **The Piranhas**
Hamilton College of Education: **Snapshots**
Horncastle Town Hall: **Matchbox**
Kettering Windmill Club: **The Bearshank Band**
Kingston Noise Factory: **The Drug Squad/The Enemies**
Knaresborough Folk Club: **Crows**
Leeds Cosmo's Club: **T.C.O.J.**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **The Alwoodley Jets**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Lata Mangeshkar**
Leicester Trade Union Labour Club: **Billy Lee Riley/Johnny & The Roccos**
Lincoln A.J.'s Club: **Anniversary**
Liverpool Eric's: **Joe Jackson**
London Acton Kings Head: **Paz**
London Camberwell Art College: **The Executives/The Prime Movers/The Barnstormers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Frankenstein/Spitfire**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The London Cowboys**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Gerry McAvoy**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Hot Water/Arthur's Dilemma**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Steel 'n' Skin/Ekome**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Sunday Band**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Mark Andrews & The Gents/Sad Among Strangers**
London Lewisham Black Bull: **Flying Saucers**
London Marquee Club: **The Records/64 Spoons**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Spare Parts**
London N.W.6 Carlton Centre: **Blank Space/The Great Escape**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **J.B. Hutto**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Van Halen**
London Regents Park Bedford College: **Rods/Black Slate/The Resistance**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Ron Russell Band**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Syndicate**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Tropicano**
London Victoria The Venue: **Chas & Dave**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Tour de Force**
London Westminster The Tower: **Rock Island Line**
London W.9 The Chippenham: **The Barracudas**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **Beggar**
Mansfield Art College: **Art Failure**
Manchester The Factory: **Patrik Fitzgerald**
Maryport Civic Hall: **Crass/Poison Girls/Counterattack**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Johnny & The Hurricanes**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Voyager**
Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: **The 45's**
Middlewood Social Club: **They Must Be Russians**
Morecambe Broadway Hotel: **Juno's Claw**
Newcastle Playhouse: **Acker Bilk Band**
Newport Harper Adams College: **Ray King & Cimande**
Newport The Village: **The Specials**
Newton Abbot Seal Hayne College: **The Late Show/Landscape**
Norwich Cromwells: **Sylvester**
Norwich Whites: **Mad Jack**
Oldham Lancashire Volts: **Zanathus**
Oxford College of Further Education: **Dog Watch/The Come-Ons**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **John Grimaldi's Cheap Flights**
Oxford Corpus Christs College: **Corkscrew**
Poole Lowry Robertson Social Club: **Chris Barber Band**
Radlett Wall Hall College: **The Sinceros**
Reading Target Club: **Romantix**
Reading University: **Mungo Jerry**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Mekons**
Rockeway Essex Folk Festival (for three days): **Bully Wee/Bob Fox & Stu Luckley/Oisin/Brenda Wootton/Roaring Jelly/Bob Stewart etc.**
Scarborough Porterhouse: **The Jags**
Sheffield Crucible Theatre Folk Festival (for three days): **Boys Of The Lough / High Level Ranters / Leon Rosselson / Roy Bailey / Dave Burland / Martin Carthy / Tony Capstick etc.**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Fischer-Z**
Slough St. Mary's Hall: **Zapzi Kirk Band**
Solihull Charter Hall: **Melanie Harrold Band**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Steve Hackett**
Southampton Holbury Old Mill: **Eyes**
Southend Minerva: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
St. Austell 6th Form College: **Lip Service**
Swansea Hafod Inn: **Next Step**
Uxbridge Unit One: **Rednite/Between Pictures**
Wakefield Bretton Hall; **The Members**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **The Cure**
York College of Art and Technology: **Tiger Ashby**

Saturday

Aylesbury Friars: **Wire/The Cure/The Beez**
Barkingside Old Maypole: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Bicester Nowhere Club: **Between Pictures**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Simple Minds**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Diamond Dealer**
Birmingham Bournebrook Hotel: **Dangerous Girls**
Birmingham (King's Heath) Hare & Hounds: **Noel Murphy**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Strider**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports**
Birmingham University: **Griffin Blues Band/Viscous Phlegm**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Genieva**
Blyth Golden Eagle: **Anniversary**
Bracknell Bridge House: **Thieves Like Us**
Bridgend Drones: **Patrik Fitzgerald**
Bristol Ashton Gate Open Air Festival: **The Soft Boys**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **The Wild Beasts**
Bristol Granary: **John Grimaldi's Cheap Flights**
Carlisle Coach House Hotel: **Brian Dewhurst**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Johnny Reb & The Confederates**
Cheltenham Whitcombe Lodge: **The Specials**
Coventry Elm Bank Centre: **Armpit Jug Band**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Tourists**
Dundee Open Door Club: **Just The Job**
Exeter University: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
Grangemouth International Hotel: **Those French Girls**
Gravesend Red Lion: **The Piranhas**
Halifax Good Mood Club: **Writz**
Harlow Festival: **Gonzalez/T.C.O.J.**
Ilford Kings Club: **Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders**
Ilkeston Concorde Club: **Flying Saucers**
Jacksdale Grey Topper: **Little Bo Bitch**
Leeds Cosmos Club: **Gina 'n' The Rockin' Rebels**
Leeds Packhouse: **Five Hand Reel**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Lies All Lies**
Leicester Polytechnic: **J.A.L.N. Band**
Leicester University: **The Members**
Liverpool Eric's: **The Cramps/Pink Military Stand Alone**
Liverpool Oscars: **The Records/Squire**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Mistress**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Young Ones/After Dark**
London Camden Music Machine: **Yachts / The Edge**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Carol Grimes Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Charles Ainley & The Misdemeanors**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Dagarti/Ekome**
London Enfield Hop Poles: **Spare Parts**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Simon Townshend Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Steve Hackett**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Dog Watch**
London Kensington Commonwealth Institute: **Linton Kwesi Johnson**
London Marquee Club: **The Crooks**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Rest**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **J.B. Hutto**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny Richardson Quintet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham The Spurs: **One-Eyed Jacks**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Tropicano**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Carpettes**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Straight 8**
London W.9 Chippenham Hotel: **The Executives**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Joe Jackson**
Milford Haven Torch Theatre: **Chris Barber Band**
Morecambe Broadway Hotel: **Juno's Claw**
Newcastle Eldon Square: **American Echoes**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Fischer-Z**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **Art Failure**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Sledgehammer**
Oxford New College: **Supercharge**
Plymouth Arts Centre: **Landscape**
Polgooth The Inn: **Lip Service**
Reading Abbey Ruins (afternoon): **Alan Clayson & The Argonauts**
Retford Porterhouse: **Eric Bell Band**
Rugby Sinclairs Tavern: **The Funboy Five**
Sheffield Broadfields: **The Negatives**
Skipton Town Hall: **Whitefire/Catch 22/The G.I.'s/Killerwatts/Wicca**
Swindon Town Hall: **Billy Lee Riley / Johnny & the Roccos**
Tonypandy Naval Club: **Quartz**
Wakefield Featherstone Rovers: **Matchbox**
Watford Bailey's: **Sylvester**
Watford Mex's: **Stevie Bunces Shoes**
Watford Red Lion: **Minotaur**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**

Sunday

Accrington Lakeland Lounge: **Prey**
Birkenhead Hamilton Club: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers (for a week)**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Sylvester / Bullets**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **Mean Street Dealers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Crack (lunchtime) / Prima Donna (evening)**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet: **Gonzalez**
Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: **The Crack**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **The Members**
Blackpool Stanley Park Bandstand (afternoon): **The Event / The Balloon Boys / Just Good Friends etc.**
Bridgend Recreation Centre: **Chris Barber Band**
Brighton Buccaneer: **The Piranhas**
Bristol Ashton Court Festival: **Corkscrew**
Bristol Locarno: **The Records / Squire**
Bristol Trinity St Philips: **Billy Lee Riley / Johnny & The Roccos**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Christchurch Jumpers Tavern: **The Martian Schoolgirls**
Croydon Greyhound: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Dublin Festival: **Status Quo**
Ilford The Angel: **Rednite**
Jacksdale Grey Topper: **Yachts**
Leeds Victoria Hotel (lunchtime): **Best Friends**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **The City Limits**
Liverpool Oscar's: **Kick**
Lochmaben Balcastle Hotel: **Friction**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Remus Down Boulevard**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **After Dark**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Dog Watch**
London Finchley Torrington: **Eric Bell Band**
London Harrow Road Windsor Castle: **Gotham City Swing Band**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Mekons**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **London Zoo**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **J.B. Hutto**
London Palladium: **Lata Mangeshkar**
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

REST OF THE GIG GUIDE

London Soho Pizza Express: **Brian Lemon**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Quads**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Cure / The Ruts / The Purple Hearts**
Manchester (Stalybridge) Commercial Hotel: **Zanathus**
Newbridge Memorial Hall: **Quartz**
Newcastle The Red House: **Hot Snax**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Norwich Whites: **Flagz**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Voyager**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
Oxford New Theatre: **Steve Hackett**
Plymouth Breakwater Inn: **Lip Service**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Negatives / The Squad**
Stafford Top of the World: **Wire / The Nurses**
Stratford-on-Avon Ettington Park: **Close Rivals / Deadly Toys**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Watford Mex's: **Nigel Simpkins / Dave Boyed**
Wooler Tankerville Arms: **American Echoes**

Monday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Freebird**
Birmingham Digbeth Hall: **The Members**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Video**
Brighton Alhambra: **Close Rivals / Deadly Toys**
Bristol Romeo & Juliet: **Gonzalez**
Canterbury Marlowe Theatre: **Heathcliffe**
Chester Smartyz: **Wire**
Coventry The Dolphin: **The Targets**
Derby Lonsdale College: **Supercharge**
Dundee Caird Hall: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **The Specials**
Hastings Pier Pavilion: **Sponooch**
Hereford Nell Gwynne Theatre: **Chris Barber Band**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leeds Mexboro' Arms: **Best Friends**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Contact**
Leeds (Yeadon) The Peacock: **A–I–A**
Leicester Bailey's: **Sylvester**
Liverpool The Crown: **The Clerks**
London Bermondsey Apples & Pears: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Camden Music Machine: **Samson**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Mirrors / The Passengers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Studio Sweethearts**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Cowboys International**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Stan Barker**
London Marquee Club: **Bruce Woolley & Camera Club**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The O.K. Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Blues Band**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Dave Meadows**
London Walthamstow Saxon House: **Beggar**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **The Bumpers**
London W.14 The Kensington: **London Zoo**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Foreign Press**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Billy Lee Riley / Johnny & The Roccos**
Reading Caribbean Club: **UK Subs**
Reading Cherry's Wine Bar: **The Neutronz**
Sheffield Hoyland Birdcage: **Deaf Aids**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
Southend Zero 6: **Musicians Workshop**
York Pop Club: **Yachts**

Tuesday

Bath Tiffany's: **Whitewing**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Killer**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **The Denizens / The Clockwatchers**
Brighton Alhambra: **Speedball / The Chefs**
Brighton Conference Centre: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
Derby Bell Hotel: **Close Rivals / Deadly Toys**
Exeter Routes: **The Members**
Glasgow Countdown: **Those French Girls**
Hull Tiffany's: **Wire**
Leeds Fan Club: **Bette Bright & The Illuminations**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Vogue**
London Camden Brecknock: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Country Cousin: **Morgana King (until July 22)**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Beast**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Icarus**
London Leicester Square Notre Dame Hall: **The Leyton Buzzards / Strangeways / Stoat**
London Marquee Club: **Simple Minds / Sussex**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Ravenscourt Park Summer Theatre: **Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bob Burns Quartet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Victoria The Venue: **Voyager**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **Miatta**
Newcastle Balmbra's: **American Echoes**

THE MEMBERS have begun another tour, now that bassist Chris Payne has recovered from the exhaustion which kept him out of action for several weeks. You'll find them this week as Huddersfield (Thursday), Wakefield (Friday), Leicester (Saturday), Blackburn (Sunday), Birmingham (Monday), Exeter (Tuesday) and Plymouth (Wednesday).

Newcastle The Red House: **Roxoff**
Sheffield Limit Club: **UK Subs**
Sheffield The Marples: **The Negatives / The Prams**
Stoneleigh Royal Agricultural Show (lunchtime): **Chris Barber Band**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**

Wednesday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Ocean**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Tour de Force / Mark Andrews & The Gents / The V.I.P.'s**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **Apartment**
Carshalton St Helier Arms: **Johnny & The Hurricanes / Dynamite**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Guildford Merristwood College: **Corkscrew**
Hazel Grove Youth Centre: **The Meteors / The Pedestrians**
Leeds Marquis of Granby: **This Is It / The Gimmicks / Performance Anxiety**
Leeds Polytechnic: **'Sex And Sexibility' (rock musical)**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **The Big Smith Band**
Leicester Scamps: **Pressure Shocks**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Finns**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **PragVec / Prime Movers**
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios: **Melanie Harrold Band**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Free Beer**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Left Hand**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Pat Halcox All-Stars**
London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Soho Pizz Express: **Mac White Quintet**
London Southall White Hart: **Billy Lee Riley / Johnny & The Roccos**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Michael Mack and Stardust**
London Tooting The Castle: **Speedball**
London Wandsworth Nero's Palace: **Dog Watch**
London Wimbledon F.C. Nelson's Club: **Red Beans and Rice**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **Miatta**
Newport Stowaway: **Wire**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Nottingham University: **Simple Minds**
Plymouth Woods Centre: **The Members**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Staindrop Folk Club: **Eddie Walker**
Walsall West Midlands College: **Mungo Jerry**
Winchester King Alfred College: **Voyager**
York Oval Ball: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**

RECORD NEWS EXTRA

● A new **Gloria Mundi** single titled 'Y.Y.?' is released by RCA on July 6, with their album 'The Word Is Out' to follow in September. They're also being lined up for a string of British dates, to be announced shortly.

● This weekend Rough Trade issue their second album (the first was the Stiff Little Fingers hit 'Inflammable Material') — it's 'A Trip To Marineville' by **Swell Maps**. And included in every sleeve is a bonus EP featuring four additional Maps tracks.

● **Shirley Bassey** has recorded the main title song for the new James Bond movie 'Moonraker', her fourth 007 soundtrack. It's released by United Artists as her new single this week, to coincide with the film's premiere.

● **Thomas Leer** and **Robert Rental** are currently in the studios working on a special one-off album project, to be released by Industrial Records of East London later in the year.

● On July 6, MCA issue an EP to mark the first anniversary of the London opening of 'Evita'. It features four **Elaine Paige** tracks from the original cast album — 'Don't Cry For Me Argentina', 'I'd Be Surprisingly Good For You', 'Buenos Aires' and 'Rainbow High'.

● Stiff Records have decided to flip **The Rumour's** latest single 'Emotional Traffic'. The new A-side is the Andrew Bodnar composition 'Hard Enough To Show', originally contained on the first Rumour album 'Max', now unavailable.

● **Bitch** release their first single 'Big City' this weekend on Hurricane Records (in a picture bag). And next month they'll be going out on a UK tour with Swedish band **The Pain** who also make their debut on Hurricane shortly.

● Karnak Temple Productions are launching a new label specialising in black music from the Caribbean, America and Africa. First release out this week is a 12-inch disco single by **Xavier** (ex-lead singer with Sons of Jah) titled 'Standing My Ground'. It's followed on July 11 by the double A-sided 'Release Me/Fancy Living (Oh Lord)' by London-based reggae band **Brimstone**.

● Former FBI founder members Root Jackson and Raffi Periera launch their new independent label Brolly Records this weekend, with a reggae version of the Neil Young song 'Only Love Can Break Your Heart' by **Rafoot**. The single comes in both seven and 12-inch forms.

BEST DISCO LP IN THE WORLD

THIS WEEKEND, WEA release an 18-track compilation album titled 'The Best Disco Album In The World', retailing at £5. It will be the subject of the company's biggest-ever TV advertising campaign, costing £250,000. Among artists featured are Chic, Boney M, Amii Stewart, Sister Sledge, Eruption, Rose Royce, Pointer Sisters, Funkadelic and Candi Staton.

● **Blood Donor** — the five-piece outfit with the unusual line-up of two keyboards, bass, drums and percussion — have their second single 'Rice Harvest' issued by Arista this week. They're currently finalising a string of London gigs, details to follow shortly.

● Cult band **Segarini** who took their name from leader Bob Segarini, have been signed by Epic. Their first album under the deal 'Gotta Have Pop' is due out in July, with the title track issued simultaneously as a single.

● **Straight 8's** debut album 'No Noise From Here' is issued by Eel Pie Records on July 6. The band are now with Warner Brothers and are busy recording material for their new label. It's understood that Eel Pie are also putting together albums of vintage tracks by **Ronnie Lane** and **Pete Townshend**.

● The debut single by **Writz** titled 'Night Nurse', issued this week by Electric Records, is available either as a 12-inch on clear vinyl — or as a conventional seven-inch with a free nurse's protective mask! A third version, a 12-inch picture disc, is available from July 6.

● **Christopher Rainbow's** new single, out this week on EMI, is 'Ring Ring'. It's culled from his album 'White Trails', scheduled for August release.

● Manchester band **The Freshies** release their second EP on their own Razz Records label, available at 80p from 3 Moorside House, Oakleigh Court, Stockport Road, Timperley, Cheshire. Titles are 'Johnny Radar', U-Boat', 'Skid Room' and 'Last'. All were penned by the band's lead singer **Chris Sievey**, who also has his own solo single 'Raiser'/'Last' out this week on Rabid Records.

● Wakefield band **The Donkeys** have been signed by Manchester-based Rhesus Records, who also have The Tunes under their wing. First release this weekend is the single 'What I Want'/'Four Letters', with the first edition coming in a picture bag.

● Electric Records have signed on an outfit called **Foodband** whose debut LP, with their name as its title amd produced by Peter Ker, comes out on July 6. It's preceded this week by a single (picture disc or conventional) coupling 'Send Me Back To Mona' and 'Running Through The Alley' — and there's also a 12-inch version with an extra track called 'She's A Liar'.

THE MERTON PARKAS, a four-piece mod group from South London (Merton Park, to be precise!), have been signed by Beggar's Banquet — and, after completing their commitments on the London gig circuit, they go into the studios to cut their first single. They are the label's first mod combo signing, and they comprise Danny Talbot and Michael Talbot (both guitar and vocals), Neil Hurrell (bass and backing vocals) and Simon Smith (drums).

● South London label Graffiti Records this week issue the first single by new-wave band **Airmail**, 'In A Moment'/'No Human Feeling'.

● **The Next Band**, a heavy metal outfit from Grantham, have a four-track EP titled 'Four By Three' available at Virgin branches. It's also being distributed by Rough Trade.

● Chrysalis have obtained rights to the **Pam Nestor** single 'Hiding And Seeking (No More)' from the independent Tempus label. It's out this week via Phonodisc as a seven-minute 12-inch on yellow vinyl, or as a three-minute seven-inch. Pam, co-writer of the first Joan Armatrading album, has just left for Jamaica to record an album with Dennis Brown.

● **Little Bob Story's** string of London dates earlier this week were all recorded and, together with previous live recordings in France, will feature on an upcoming RCA album.

● The second single from **Violinski**. and the follow-up to their 'Clog Dance' hit, is out this week on the Jet label. Titled 'Save Me' it's taken from their 'No Cause For Alarm' album and pressed in blue vinyl.

● EMI are shortly to release a boxed set of all 11 previously-issued **Pink Floyd** albums (including the 'Relics' compilation set). Titled 'The First Eleven', it will feature two of the albums in picture disc form.

● Israeli Eurovision-winning group **Milk & Honey** have their follow-up single issued by Polydor tomorrow (Friday), titled 'Goodbye New York'. Out the same day are 'Kiss You All Over' by **Millie Jackson** (on Spring) and 'Boys Don't Cry' by **The Cure** (on Fiction). July 6 sees the release of **Linda Clifford's** new single 'Don't Give It Up' on the RSO label.

● The new **Adrian Gurvitz** single 'Untouchable And Free', out this week on the Jet label, is the second taken from his debut solo album 'Sweet Vendetta'.

● **Tangerine Dream** start recording their follow-up album to 'Force Majeure' in Berlin next week, and thereafter prepare for a world tour. Virgin Records say this should squash all rumours that they have disbanded, dissolved, disintregated or decomposed.

● RSO Records have acquired the sound track to 'The Empire Strikes Back', the sequel to 'Star Wars'. The album will be issued early next year to coincide with the film's opening.

● **Judie Tzuke**, whose debut album 'Welcome To The Cruise' was issued recently by Rocket, has a single out this week — it's taken from the LP and titled 'Stay With Me Till Dawn'. Judie and her band are currently being lined up for a string of summer dates.

NEW YORK GIG GUIDE

FRIDAY: CBGB's — **Cheap Perfume**; Hurrah's — **The Lurkers**; Max's Kansas City — **Richard Lloyd Quintet**; Radio City Music Hall — **Muddy Waters / Johnny Winters / B. B. King**; Village Gate — **McCoy Tyner.**
SATURDAY: CBGB's — **The Rudies**; Hurrah's — **The Lurkers**; Max's Kansas City — **The Blessed**; Trax — **Siren**; Village Gate — **McCoy Tyner.**
SUNDAY: Max's Kansas City — **Rockin' Rob Stoner**; Mudd Club — **Mary Wells**; Village Gate — **McCoy Tyner.**
MONDAY: Max's Kansas City — **The New York Niggers**; Mudd Club — **Mary Wells.**
TUESDAY: Max's Kansas City — **The Dils.**
WEDNESDAY: Lone Star Cafe — **Johnny Winters**; Max's Kansas City — **The Heartbreakers.**

NIA GARA of Destroy All Monsters

● **Destroy All Monsters**, the Detroit-based cult band, have a new single out this weekend on Cherry Red Records — it's a double A-side release coupling 'Meet The Creeper' and 'November 22nd 1963', the latter concerning the assassination of President Kennedy. The band are being lined up for a UK tour in September.

FOR DETAILS OF ADVERTISING ON "THE ORIGINAL LIVE!"
TELEPHONE BRIAN B on 01-261 6153.

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday, June 28th 50p
SPECIAL BRANCH
Dave Flett, Matt Irving, Mark Pinder

Friday, June 29th 60p
By Demand: An Extra Gig
GERRY McAVOY
with Ted McKenna, Dave Edwards, Lou Martin, Geoff Whitehorn, Joe O'Donnell *and special guests*

Saturday, June 30th 75p
CAROL GRIMES SWEET F.A.

Sunday, July 1st 40p
R.D.B.
+ Walking Wounded

Monday, July 2nd 50p
Mods Monday
The Live Album Band . . .
BEGGAR
+ Sta-Prest

Tuesday, July 3rd 40p
ROY SUNDHOLM BAND
with Alan Platt
(Wilko's Drummer)

Wednesday, July 4th 40p
THE FINNS
(Ex Meal Ticket)

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
UK SUBS
PURE HELL
VERMILION & THE ACES
LYCEUM
STRAND, W.C.2
SUNDAY 15th JULY at 7·30
TICKETS £2·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

THE FINAL PUBLIC APPEARANCE OUTSIDE LONDON OF
FAIRPORT CONVENTION
Together with
SIX HANDS IN TEMPO
(John Squires, John Leonard)
FOLK DUO
PLUS
The Graham Neal Road Show from Radio's Nottingham & Sheffield
To be held in the magnificent grounds of
THORESBY HALL
The Greatest House built in England during the Reign of Queen Victoria
CONCERT — 7.30 p.m.–midnight on SATURDAY JULY 21st
Advance tickets £2.50 or at gate £3.00, by contacting N. J. Thorpe, Thoresby Hall, Nr. Newark, Notts. Tel. Mansfield 823210. Late licence applied for. Food available. Gates open 6 p.m.

THE Venue
160 VICTORIA ST, SW1
(opp Victoria Tube station)
01-834 5500

Wednesday June 27th
From America
ALPHONSE MOUZON BAND
+ Gary Boyle Band
Doors open 7pm £3

Thursday June 28th
Blues from Chicago
SON SEALS BAND
+ The Stickers
Doors open 7 pm £3.25

Friday June 29th
CHAS'N'DAVE
+ support
Doors open 7 pm £3.25

Saturday June 30th
Rockabilly Replacement
WHIRLWIND
+ Levi & The Rockets
Doors Open 7pm £3

Sunday July 1st
Melody Maker
National Rock'n'Folk Finals
Doors open 5.30 pm £3

Tuesday 3rd and
SOLD OUT AGER

Wednesday July 4th
Independence Gay Special
SYLVESTER
Doors Open 7pm £4

Thursday July 5th
Friday July 6th
JIM CAPALDI & THE CONTENDERS
+ Soulyard
Doors open 7pm £3.25

Saturday July 7th
GONZALEZ
+ The Blurters
Doors Open 7 pm £3

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday June 28th 75p
PRAG-VEC

Friday June 28th 75p
THE LITTLE ROOSTERS

Saturday June 30th 75p
THE CLEANERS

Sunday July 1st 75p
PROTEX

Monday July 2nd 75p
MEDIUM MEDIUM

Tuesday July 3rd £1.00
Mod Night with
BACK TO ZERO

Wednesday July 4th £1.00
SAVE THE WAIL NIGHT

dog watch
Friday June 29th
OXFORD
College of Further Education
Saturday June 30th
LONDON WHITECHAPEL
City Polytechnic
Sunday July 1st
EAST HAM
Ruskin Arms
Wednesday July 4th
WANDSWORTH
Nero's Palace
Thursday July 5th
GRAVESEND
Woodville Halls
Agency: **Soundscene Ltd.**
01 261 9741/9744

THE INMATES
DEBUT SINGLE
DIRTY WATER
C/W DANGER ZONE
OUT NOW!
Available at Virgin Records, Our Price Records, Rough Trade, Lightning Records, Vinyl Solution, Rock On & other independent record shops.

LANDSCAPE
Seale Hayne College 29
Plymouth Arts Centre 30
June Dates
Enquires 01-699 8787 01-290 1932
W.H. Smith Building New Fetter Lane
London July 5

PTARMIGAN
(with a silent "P" as in swimming)
Live! At The Alhambra, Brighton
Saturday June 30th
Catch a bad case of nobrock
Band enquiries Emswoth 3537

THE 100 CLUB
100 Oxford Street, London, W.1
Thursday June 28th
Boss Jamaican Singer
SUGAR MINOTT

Patatsou Jones presents
at the
Acklam Hall,
Portobello Road
BARRACUDAS
FAMOUS PLAYERS
PRIME MOVERS
Thursday July 5th
Admission £1.50 at the door

SQUIRE
The Face Of Youth Today
Wednesday June 27th Bournemouth, Locarno
Thursday June 28th The Wellington, Waterloo
Friday June 29th Marquee (8pm)
Saturday June 30th Liverpool, Oscars
Sunday July 1st Bristol, Locarno
Bookings Twist and Shout 01 223 6481

Linton Kwesi Johnson & Friends
At the Commonwealth Institute
High Street, Kensington
Saturday June 30th
Doors Open 7.30pm
Tickets £3.00.

A.J.'s CLUB
High Street, Lincoln
Tel: 30874
Friday June 29th
ANNIVERSARY
Friday July 6th
CUDDLY TOYS

Backas Promotions Presents at
THE AJANTA THEATRE, DERBY
Tel. Derby 32906
Thursday June 28th
ESSENTIAL LOGIC
+ support
Tickets £1.50 on door
Saturday June 30th
THE MEKONS
+ support
Tickets £1.50 in advance, £2 on door.
Doors open 8 pm

THE PORTERHOUSE
20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts.
Tel. 0777 704981.
Friday June 29th
THE MEKONS
Saturday June 30th
ERIC BELL BAND

Final Solution Presents at the
ACKLAM HALL, PORTOBELLO ROAD
(under the Flyover)
SWELL MAPS
THE LAST WORDS
GLASS TORPEDOES
EXHIBIT A
Wednesday June 27th at 8 pm
Tickets £1.25 in advance from Rough Trade, Small Wonder and Honky Tonk Records, or £1.50 on the door.

medium medium

Derby	Thursday 28th	The Bell
Nottingham	Friday 29th	Medical School
Cheltenham	Saturday 30th	Whitecombe Lodge.
Nottingham	Sunday 1st	Hearty
London	Monday 2nd	Hope & Anchor

DUBLIN CASTLE
CAMDEN TOWN
THE COAL BIN
Wednesday, July 4th
THE MODS
+ The Low Numbers

THE MEKONS
Wednesday, June 27th
LEEDS, Cosmo Club
Friday, June 29th
RETFORD, Porterhouse
Saturday, June 30th
DERBY, Ajanta
Sunday, July 1st
LONDON, Nashville

GENEVA
APPEARING AT
Sat June 30th Bishops Stortford — Triad Leisure Centre
Fri July 6th Basildon — Double Six
Wed July 11th Camden Town — Brecknock
Fri July 13th Harrow Road — Windsor Castle
Fri July 20th Camden Town — Music Machine
Tue July 24th West Hampstead — Moonlight Club
Wed July 25th Covent Garden — Rock Garden
Fri Aug 3rd Fulham — Greyhound
(unique)

words words (Barry Clarke) words words words words words
CITY HALL, ST ALBANS
Saturday June 30th at 8 pm
Radio London's No 1 Soul Man
ROBBIE VINCENT
+ John DeSade's Reverberation Roadshow
Tickets £1.50 in advance
£1.60 on door (inc VAT at 15%)
Tickets available in advance from box office, Chequer Street, St. Albans, tel. 64511. (Cheques and P.O.s made payable to St Albans District Council) or on door.
words words words words words words words words words words words words

A benefit for "Gingerbread" organisation for one-parent families

Monday, July 2nd
at the NOTRE DAME HALL
Notre Dame Place (off Leicester Square)

LEYTON BUZZARDS
STRANGEWAYS
THE STOAT

Tickets £1.25 in advance from Rock On & Honkey Tonk. £1.75 on door.

MOONLIGHT CLUB, WEST HAMPSTEAD
presents
Friday June 29th 9 pm–11 pm
TOUR DE FORCE
+
SCANDAL
Admission £1

SOUTHALL KIDS

FRI 13th JULY	SAT 14th JULY
THE POP GROUP	THE ENCHANTERS
MISTY	ASWAD
THE RUTS	THE CLASH
PETE TOWNSHEND	THE MEMBERS

THE RAINBOW TICKETS £3 FROM THE BOX OFFICE
ARE INNOCENT

WINDSOR CASTLE
309 HARROW ROAD W9

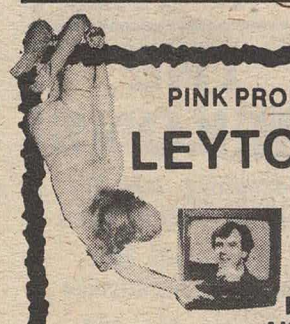
Thurs 28th **SCANDAL** + Support 50p Adm Open till 12pm	Sun 1st **SPARE PARTS** Free Close 10.30pm
Fri 29th **THE CROOKS SW1 SMALL HOURS** 50p Adm Open till 12pm	Mon 2nd **WILDLIFE** Free Close 11pm
	Tues 3rd **IRON MAIDEN** Free Close 11pm
Sat 30th **NO SWEAT** + Support 50p Adm Open till 12pm	Wed 4th **EXCEL** Free Close 11pm

WESTBOURNE PARK TUBE 01-286 8403

CAROLINE Roadshow
Saturday 30th July
QUEENSWAY HALL, DUNSTABLE
with Live Guests **CANNED HEAT**

Friday 6th July **CHANCELLOR HALL CHELMSFORD**	Saturday 7th July **DORKING HALL DORKING, SURREY**
Friday 13th July **BRAINTREE INSTITUTE**	Friday 20th July **CIVIC CENTRE REG MAXWELL HALL AYLESBURY**

BRITAIN'S TOP HEAVY ROCK MUSIC SHOW!
Doors open 8 pm. Bar. Admission to all.
Caroline Roadshow is a mere £1.50



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STEEL PULSE

■ *From page 8*

him and said I wished I was white.

"Just imagine when something is learned in later life, the person will either come to terms with it or else react very contrary. It's like a child who gets adopted, right, and later he learns that his parents are not his real parents, and he gets told about it when he's 16 and he gets furious."

He's said in the past that black people should come to terms with the fact that in some communities they're not wanted. Did that ever make him distrust white people?

"Mark, to explain this to you is very tricky. It's hard for me to explain to you the distrust I'm talking about without you thinking there's a *prejudice* towards white people. It's four and a half hundred years of experience, and you've got to accept the facts from there. And that all the time you read books or see films the black man is portrayed as someone who is beneath the white person."

Allegations of white racism have been brought against Steel Pulse since an article was sold to *The Sunday People* by Michael Riley their ex-percussionist. It appeared on Christmas Eve '78 and stated that he was kicked out of the band because he'd married a white woman.

David Hinds' version puts the story in a different light. He claims that Riley was influenced by his wife, Claudine, against the band's political concepts. He no longer seemed to communicate with the band, missed rehearsals, missed a gig, and that led to the inevitable parting of the ways.

"He was trying to cramp us by saying we were a prejudiced band and that we were inciting racial hatred", adds Hinds, yet somehow Riley failed to mention that Pulse's drummer, Steve Nesbitt, has been happily married to a white woman for the last seven years.

As an ardent supporter of the movement, did Hinds think that Rock Against Racism was more than just a token support?

"It's done some good, but I think it could do more good. For a start, I don't know where the money donations go. I think we should get written details that the money is doing this and that and has been sent to South Africa to overthrow Ian Smith's regime or whatever — that's what Rock Against Racism means to me.

"If people could get an understanding of each other's races and cultures, half the wars and half the prejudices wouldn't exist."

And on that note, I left the pfennig for room service and slunk out of Berlin.

NICK LOWE

■ *From page 35*

A team of sweet, soft young girls file in, looking embarrassed. Funny thing is, there's not a male amongst them, nor anyone seemingly over 17. Lowe is surrounded, a look of benign bemusement on his rugged face. The incongruous perverse father figure gently talks to his flock.

Soon, it's my turn again.

"We sit down in the same chairs. I look at the almost dejected looking Lowe and act surprised that he has the strength to produce other people. To be a leader.

"Sometimes I can tell people off. I'm the mildest guy in the world, but yeah, I can. Most of the people I've ever produced have been my friends, and you have got to do some acting . . .

"Cos that's what I think a producer's role is, to get the performance on the mind.

"For that I'll do anything. Some people like to be flattered, some like to think they're well above you, that you're a complete idiot. You suss out what they need to hear from you.

"Obviously I do some arranging — I suggest arrangements, if I think there's some bit that's not needed, I try and arrange it so that every bit is needed, and I like it to sound desperate, even if it's a slow love song."

There's talk about you producing Squeeze. Is it a challenge for you to produce anyone?

"I don't look at it quite like that. I know what you're getting at . . no I'm not sufficiently interested in . . . I don't want to be like an engineer. I don't want to sit there listening to the leader of the group telling me how to do the drum sound. That's why me and Elvis get on so well making records. Cos we're both real keen on it, real interested but the pair of us are just completely open for any sort of suggestion or change that might become apparent.

"Also Elvis is a great singer.

"It's drums and voice that are the two most important things about records, I think.

"Look at that Tubeway Army thing — that voice is immediately the most irritating thing and when, you've heard it a few times, the most appealing, sort of disembodied . . . and Elvis is great. I can say to El, look at that line in 'Accidents Will Happen', I don't want to have it . . . lean into the mike there, tell it like you're telling a secret, and he'll say, 'oh I know what you mean, yeah, you mean not exactly whispering, but confiding'.

"We go through that a lot. You build up an aural picture. It's not like someone singing a song. It's like a little performance. Elvis actually could be a good producer, for someone else, not himself, cos he's very adaptable.

"But at the same time he is such a personality. I mean I couldn't take that — going into a pub and having all those people coming up to him and asking for his autograph."

I remind him of those girls who flooded into the dressing room. He slumps in his chair.

"It made an old man very happy. No, I'm just amazed that they do. I can't understand why . . . what they see in Rockpile. Cos I've noticed a gig starts with all the headbangers up front, the Quo fans, but after a while they're not getting off on it cos it's rock and roll but it ain't beating over your head . . . it's like pub rocky or summat . . . I cannot see it at all. But they seem to get replaced by all these young girls, and I'm not even into young girls! At all. But it's still . . . great that they show up . . ."

Just as we leave the dressing room I ask Lowe if there are any challenges left. He sways onto his feet. "There's billions of them."

THE TRANSIT speeds down the M1 back to London. Dave Edmunds attempts to learn the words to a new song. Jake Riviera never stops talking. Nick Lowe is up front, swigging the cider, carefully pouring out of the bottle into a plastic cup.

In London Rockpile are dropped off one by one. We leave Lowe at Shepherds Bush Rd. He slurs an incoherent goodbye. It's Friday morning. Another day in the long range Nick Lowe plan to resist insanity and estate agency.

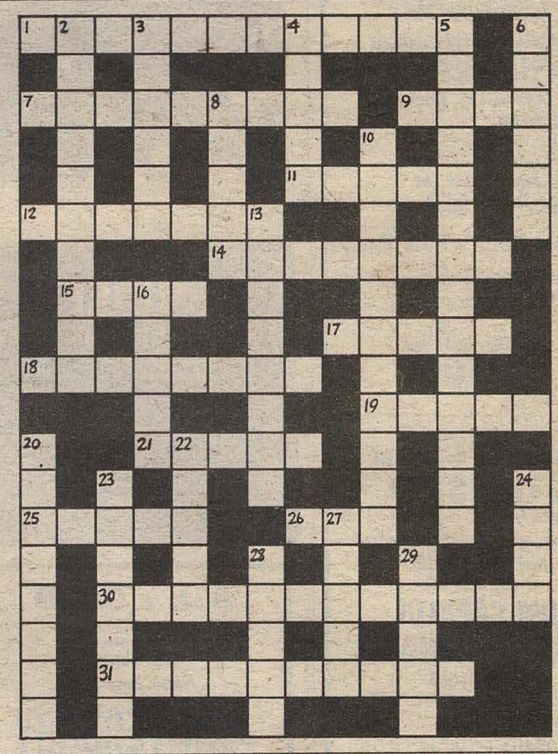
And of course, Nick Lowe will survive.

ACROSS

1 Self-sufficiency the I. Dury way (2, 2, 8)
7 Former Equal back in the charts (4, 5)
9 See 19
11 Jimmy or Neil?
12 Be a girl and tumble Peter's disguise!
14 Pick role for Dave Edmunds?!
15 & 23 Veteran Canterbury scene avant gardists who took name from a William Burroughs novel
17 & 24 The Jam's first hit single (2, 3, 4)
18 Co-stars of The Buddy Holly Story
19 & 9 Beloved of the Ayatollah Ferrari 'til she replaced Bianca in Jagger's affections
21 See 13
25 See 10
26 Mickie Most's label (Go on, check your Racey singles)
30 Vinyl veritie from Sham 69 (5, 2, 5)
31 From the Gibb Bros' disco songbook, sounds like they should get it checked at the clinic! (5, 5)

DOWN

2 She hunted round in Walthamstow etc . . . (3, 4, 3)
3 See 29
4 Newman or Jackson?
5 The voice of The Undertones (7, 7)
6 Micky Monkee
8 Chappo, formerly of Family
10 & 25 1968 Stones chart-topper (7, 4, 5)
13 & 21 Little Richard's first hit back in 1957 (4, 5)
16 Dutch rock band who made singles charts in 1973 with instrumental 'Sylvia'
20 'Baker Street' was his big one from '78
22 Surname of the Peter of Peter & Gordon
23 See 15
24 See 17
27 The Beatles fallen empire
28 Former drummer for 15 across who later formed Matching Mole
29 & 3 down Jam royal set and see dork emerge!



ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 'Happy Radio'; 5 Lee (Brilleaux); 6 Television; 8 The Stranglers; 10 Kate (Bush); 12 Brown; 13 Chords; 15 Billy Idol; 16 'Angel'; 18 (Eric) Carmen; 19 Alan; 23 Roxy; 25 '(Never Mind The) Bollocks'; 26 Chuck (Berry); 27 Isley (Brothers).

DOWN: 1 'Hot Stuff'; 2 (Emerson Lake and) Palmer; 3 'I Fought The Law'; 4 'Never Mind The (Bollocks)'; 7 Sparks; 9 Tubeway Army; 11 (Lee) Brilleaux; 14 'Odds'n'Sods'; 17 Lindsey (Buckingham); 20 Lick; 21 Eric (Carmen); 22 Slits; 24 'YMCA'.

NEW SINGLE
'MIAMI' RIVA 20
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LIVE!

TV Advert. Pic Jill Furmanovsky

Roxy Relics Revived

The Adverts

Music Machine

The Adverts are back again, but who really noticed their absence?

In the golden age of '77, they confounded critics by hiding behind a monolith of incompetence and remained doggedly directionless. Perhaps theirs was the real embodiment of punk idealism which no number of safety pins could hold together.

With bands like this, it was no wonder that punk's backbone finally succumbed to its own slipped disc, confirming suspicions that this particular disease was terminal. The Adverts' worldview was perceived through smashed windows and faulty TV screens.

Their LP 'Crossing The Red Sea' was a frenzied mish-mash of jarring observation. Its delirious songs were gothically coloured by intense, twisted mental insights; its subjects were par for the course: 'New Church', 'Bombsight Boys', 'Safety In Numbers' — all individual reactions of frightened insecurity to menacing modern predicaments.

Yes, The Adverts had high hopes.

Their downfall was their blatantly inadequate musicianship.

So everyone was supposed to be able to pick up a guitar and form a band, right? Most punk groups were celebrating just that. But The Adverts didn't celebrate with such abandon, they painstakingly aimed higher and taking a sloppy swipe, inevitably missed their magical pinnacle. Usurped by the muscle of their own ambitions their songs evaporated in a musical void.

The Adverts' messy charm was something like the undeniable appeal of wallowing in a mud puddle. Their brand of diffuse blankness needed a new audience to succeed; and as that audience lost its hysteria and innocence The Adverts lost themselves.

The appearance onstage of Gaye Advert, TV Smith and Howard Pickup caused me to blink rapidly; proof at last that these characters weren't the Hannah Barabara cartoon figures which nagged my subconscious.

New directions? Stagnation? The Adverts are almost unbelievable, fleeting yet archetypal. They capture a conscience which has receded into nostalgia.

There are two new Adverts. Rod Latten has taken over Laurie Driver's drum seat but, in true Advert tradition, his suffocating leadenness provides the spring of a damp mattress. Tim Cross' keyboards are trashily pompous, ponderous rather than instinctive and too flashily pedestrian to infuse The Adverts' sound with height or breadth. Disposable, barely functional contributions.

TV Smith has grown his hair. His voice is a repressed wail forging the group's identity. Gaye is still inscrutable behind her bass.

The Old Generation. Pic Chris Horler

It's the toyland grandiosity of Cross' keyboards which, though lacking spark, add Sparks. TV's vocals possess Russell Mael's fashioned authority and strangulation, and now he even looks like that particular thin white model. Glam rock again?

Thankfully The Adverts are still too tied to their fans, the oldies being greeted by the essential punk equation, "Gob plus pogo equals reverence plus grotty stain on trousers".

Hell though, if this group displayed greater sensitivity and texture their aspirations would probably evolve into a lurid pomp-rock butterfly and that's a long way to fall. Suspend your credibility and they're fine, fallible entertainment. If they could heist an ounce of the ramshackle humour of, say, The Raincoats then their earnestness might be palatable.

Their new single 'My Place' demonstrates the light, groomed pop that many of punk's guiding lights have wholesomely adopted. Elsewhere, there's The Advert's usual creakingly titanic structures which only TV's vocals are capable of conveying convincingly. They leave too few spaces in their music for intrigue and that stifles opportunities for a freer, less torrid expression.

Their songs are drastically plugged up like a plumber struggling with a bathroom full of leaks. It'd be more fun if some of the leaks weren't so disguised, allowing for a charismatic looseness from which recent punk bands have extracted much mileage.

And there are new songs — 'Fate Of Criminals', 'Cast Of Thousands', 'I Looked Up At The Sun'.

So what next for them? 'Crossing the galaxy with The Adverts' would be a fair guess.

Pete Archer

Generation X

Marquee

Kicking Coke cans down Wardour Street to see Generation X is not the most ideal way to spend the longest, hottest night of the year.

The band that captured my attention more than any other in the embryonic days of The Roxy Club (sigh!) are in an unenviable position today. And, without wanting to make this sound too much like a post mortem, only one burning question is in need of an answer: why are Generation X so obviously *not* the perfect pop group when so many others — from The Undertones to The Ramones to The Members to Nervus Rex to Purple Hearts — are as near as dammit?

The answer seems to be simply a matter of class . . .

Trends may come and go but you can always rely on Generation X to come on and pull the same old poses: orangutang James, peroxided Action Man doll Idol, easy riding axe-hero Derwood and Keith Moon mad drummer clone Laff. It would be almost reassuring in a perverse way, were it not so patently short on inspiration.

The music doesn't change much either.

Idol's voice may be no great shakes — much too flat much too often — but the guy undoubtedly has the ability to construct a nifty and memorable melody. A pity that dear old Derwood, flanked by a phalanx of Marshall stacks, still has to be the real thorn in the flesh of Pop Sensibility. He almost snuffs out the set completely with his low-rent Paul Kossof riff-pillaging.

That said, the band at least act out their honed rockstar fantasies with disarming naivety — like the way Billy Idol obliviously soldiers on through a continual hail of gob as if it was a light summer shower.

Sensibly, they now avoid virtually all of the tracks from their disastrous second album, the three singles aside.

Instead, they plug their vein of older songs — 'Ready Steady Go', 'Trying For Kicks', 'Wild Youth' and 'Your Generation' — interspersing them with newer, unrecorded material; 'Triumph' and the dirge-like 'Revenge' being two of the titles I remember.

But my feeling towards Generation X today is still largely one of disinterest; though that has as much to do with a strictly personal aversion to their particular brand of rockstar flash as it has with them failing to live up to some of the wild assessments originally made of them.

I wouldn't begin to write them off yet. But then again, I wouldn't expect anything earth-shattering in the near future.

Support band Private Vices are three-quarters French: singer Christophe Ruhn, bassman Bruno Blun and drummer Antone Heidler are all expatriate Parisians living in London, while guitarist 'Noggin' is the only Anglo of the group.

Like many of his fellow rocking continentals, Christophe Ruhn spices an R&B tainted sound with a smattering of heavier Johnny Thunders licks and poses.

He also subscribes — going on some of the lyrics, like those of an upcoming single 'Total Control' — to the Springsteenesque school of rockdreams, though the songs lack both the romance and the toughness of Broocie's.

But take comfort. Any band chucked off a Dickies' tour after just one gig, as Private Vices were, must have something going for them.

Adrian Thrills

Nervus Rex

New York

Nervus Rex have the excellent, independent single 'Don't Look'/'Love Affair' to their credit, and the papers signed on a production deal with Mike Chapman (Sweet, Blondie) in their pocket. This will probably lead to their recording one of the breeziest, most likeable albums of pop dance music this side of the B-52's.

Their stage show is danceable and fun, but quite short of incendiary.

This gig is at a small club in Hoboken, a sleepy burg just west of New York across the Hudson River. Nervus Rex are breaking in their new bass player, Dianne Athey. With her aboard they now have a two man, two woman line-up, and one wag suggested they are fulfilling an Abba fantasy.

The club's jammed with kids and it's as hot and steamy as a sauna. Halfway into the first number 'See Her Walking' lead singer Shawn Brighton is sweating under his suit coat, but he refuses to take it off. He has a great voice, high, rich and smooth, but it comes off better on vinyl than live. His guitar playing is a vigorous rhythm chording, forceful yet as smooth as his singing. He has an innocent, baby face that keeps him from being a sexy front man. And like the rest of the band, he's stiff on stage.

Lauren Agelli's vocals complement Shawn's perfectly. Their vocal harmonies are pure heaven. She has one of those faces that cameras seem to love; high cheekbones and just a touch of mystery to offset Shawn's cute accessibility.

Dianne keeps to the back of the stage, concentrating; but despite this being her first public performance she's imperiously cool. Her bass playing is slightly mechanical but competent. Drummer Jonathan Gildersleeve — the only Rex with a touch of rock and roll bad-boy — slams away with his body set in a Marky Ramone-type slouch.

Lauren switches from keyboards to guitar and they launch into The Hollies' Stop All The Dancing'. They play it straight ahead and rocking, replacing some of the original's spry cuteness with a '70s toughness. Their choice of covers, including Shocking Blue's 'Venus', is impeccable.

From the stage to the far wall, the club is filled with dancing, smiling people. Nervus Rex are a sweet band, and they attract a sweet audience. They aren't here to have their minds changed, just to dance. And they aren't going to let a little heat and lack of ventilation stop them.

But Dianne has only had time to learn eight songs, so the set is over too quickly. But Rex are good sports, and after a break, they come back and do the set over again, for our dancing pleasure.

This is pop: it makes friends and doesn't try to influence people.

Richard Grabel

Pat Benatar
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Rejected Records

The Records

Leeds

"Insomnia! It's called insomnia!" explained John Wicks and Phil Brown as, miles from home and midnight approaching, The Records hit the nail on the head: *somebody* has to stay awake in the name of rock and roll. John Keenan, the Fan Club's promoter must also have had insomnia on his mind, maybe even counting insomniacal sheep, trying to work out exactly what kind of band it takes to attract the punters downtown Leeds in strength.

Frankly, the questions posed by the punters who stayed away in droves would have caused insomnia in a hibernating bat.

At the inappropriately hot Fan Club, it soon became evident that The Records' strategy of grabbing attention with their instantaneously accessible modern pop-rock was effective in the extreme, placing them way above rival contenders for the same style. Delightfully catchy choruses, natty arrangements and solid rhythms refreshed jaded dancing feet, while Will Birch's witty lyrics encouraged, if not demanded, further investigation into their records.

Representative tracks were maybe the aforementioned 'Insomnia', gradually overpowering with its fierce, emotional momentum and clenched-teeth delivery; 'Teenerama' and 'Starry Eyes', both of which wriggle their melodic way into your brain and follow you home. The slow love song 'Affection Rejected' and 'Girls That Don't Exist' (a Birch memorial from the Kursaal era) also follow you home, maybe only to the gate, the latter being without doubt the band's finest composing credential.

But essentially, it's a futile chore to select highlights, The Records' most precious characteristic being the uniform excellence of their material. Each song has at least half a dozen reference points, whether it be a smooth and subtle shift in gear or an unusually tidy guitar solo (of which Huw Gower produced many), the alternate guitar crossfire and vocal interplay between Wicks, Gower and the polka-dotted, ebullient Brown, or the ultra-punctual Birch leading the rear-guard.

With such qualities going for them, even versions of Tim Moore's 'Rock'n'Roll Love Letter' and Gower's baby, Spirit's '1984', became Records originals by proxy.

The Records gave everything, but you could sense the disappointment behind the smiles (a feeling perhaps betrayed by the occasional tiresome patter), and while they went down well here and did the faithfuls proud, they must nevertheless have felt that someone, somewhere, was letting them down. Birch himself seemed to sum it all up, immediately losing track of his bearings as he left the stage for the dressing room.

It was the action of a man totalled through giving all he had (mentally and physically), a representation of incredulity from a well-respected man wondering exactly what it takes to make it.

So self-evidently on top of the case, his look was as if to say, 'Is this the thanks I get?'

Emma Ruth

Fischer Z

Nashville

Most of the scorn hurled Fischer Z's way seems inspired by the sheen of their publicity and packaging. Ian Penman's album review, for instance, seemed based on little more than the cover and lyric sheet.

Fischer Z have several ingredients I normally loathe. Sure, when they first hit the circuit they stood out — but so does the average boil. In a fit of objectivity, I acknowledged their quaint skills without feeling inclined to repeat the experience.

But . . . how strange the change from minor to major.

Seeing the band again after an eight-month gap, I found the early formula of Steve Skolnik's keyboard washes and John Watts' apprentice powerchords replaced by the organic interaction of all four instruments. The rhythms were suppler, with Dave Graham (bass) and Steve Liddle (drums) revelling in their new opportunities.

Watts' voice is no longer the bleat of old, but retains its edge; just as his songs remain knowing to the point of glibness. 'The Worker', for instance, finds our John baffled by the commuter mentality, seemingly unaware that its more ludicrous manifestations are rooted in necessity.

Yet the tune is entirely winsome Coconut Airways pop-reggae, the adhesive melody embellished by Skolnik's restrained trickery and a deceptively innocent vocal. Similarly, songs like 'Lies' and 'Lemmings' should be enjoyed for their insistent, well-developed themes and Watts' ever-improving rhythm guitar and idiosyncratic lead work.

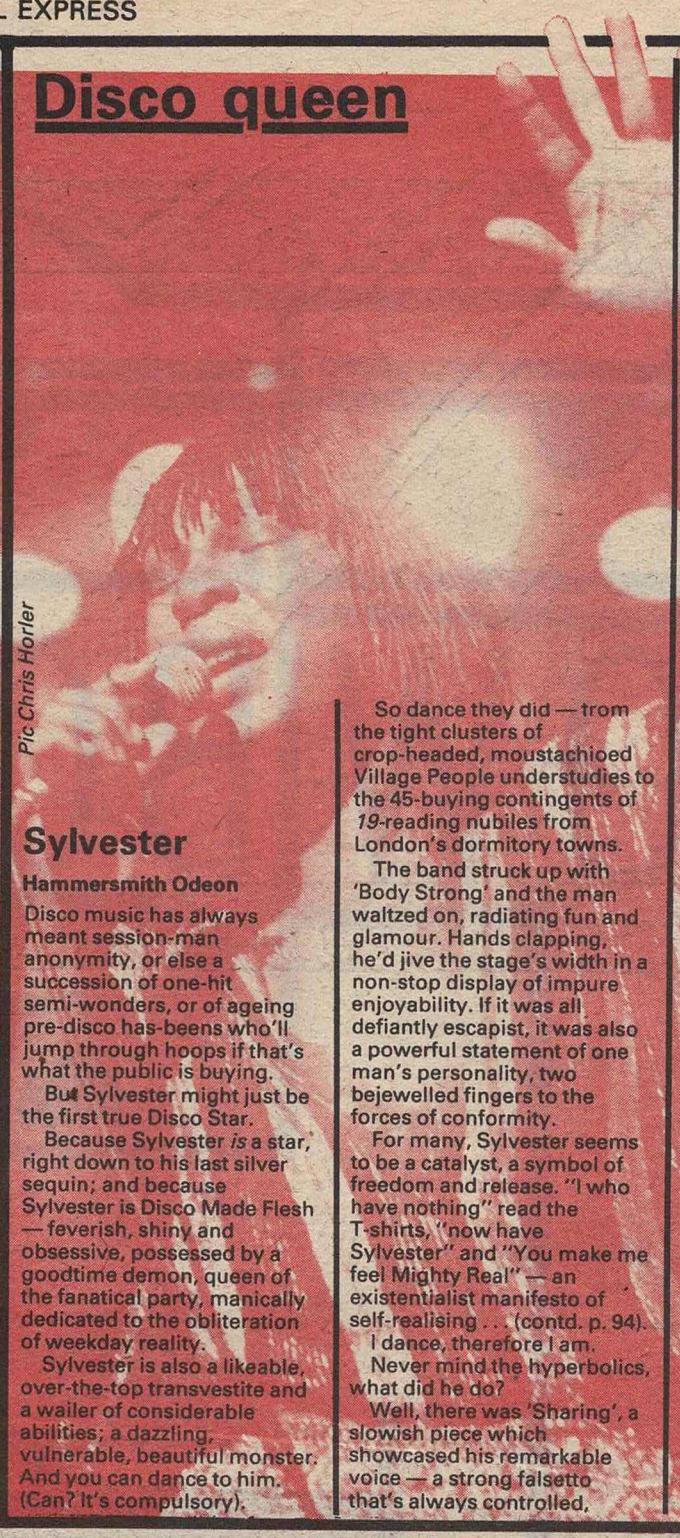
If you let Watts' preoccupations spoil your fun, then more fool you. Music is primarily a noise and a mood and in Fischer Z's case these prove to be tangy and invigorating.

Fischer Z have made the leap from jerky parlour game to aspiring adult entertainment quicker than anyone could have guessed.

Truly, a success story for our time.

Harry George

Disco queen



Pic Chris Horler

Sylvester

Hammersmith Odeon

Disco music has always meant session-man anonymity, or else a succession of one-hit semi-wonders, or of ageing pre-disco has-beens who'll jump through hoops if that's what the public is buying.

But Sylvester might just be the first true Disco Star.

Because Sylvester *is* a star, right down to his last silver sequin; and because Sylvester is Disco Made Flesh — feverish, shiny and obsessive, possessed by a goodtime demon, queen of the fanatical party, manically dedicated to the obliteration of weekday reality.

Sylvester is also a likeable, over-the-top transvestite and a wailer of considerable abilities; a dazzling, vulnerable, beautiful monster. And you can dance to him. (Can? It's compulsory).

So dance they did — from the tight clusters of crop-headed, moustachioed Village People understudies to the 45-buying contingents of *19*-reading nubiles from London's dormitory towns.

The band struck up with 'Body Strong' and the man waltzed on, radiating fun and glamour. Hands clapping, he'd jive the stage's width in a non-stop display of impure enjoyability. If it was all defiantly escapist, it was also a powerful statement of one man's personality, two bejewelled fingers to the forces of conformity.

For many, Sylvester seems to be a catalyst, a symbol of freedom and release. "I who have nothing" read the T-shirts, "now have Sylvester" and "You make me feel Mighty Real" — an existentialist manifesto of self-realising . . . (contd. p. 94).

I dance, therefore I am.

Never mind the hyperbolics, what did he do?

Well, there was 'Sharing', a slowish piece which showcased his remarkable voice — a strong falsetto that's always controlled, never shrieking — and 'Stars', featuring the piercing but subtely-utilised synthesizer of Patrick Cowley.

Then there came a creditable rendering of Billie Holliday's 'Lover Where Can You Be', the singer switching mid-way from straight blues to jazz, and sounding at home with both.

Throughout the set he's flanked by The Two Tons Of Fun — and, believe me, there's no better name for them — a redoubtable duo of amply-proportioned black ladies who endow each song with a sweet and earthy Gospel background.

Sylvester's 'I Who Have Nothing' owes more to Shirley Bassey than Tom Jones, but like his interpretation of McCartney's 'Blackbird' reminds you that disco just isn't the medium for bringing out the individuality of a song — even if the latter number's lyrics could almost have been custom-written for the present performer.

Following these are Sylvester's two acclaimed disco-infectants 'Dance (Disco Heat)' and '(You Make Me Feel) Mighty Real', wherein the star disappears momentarily, only to re-emerge resplendent in a silver crown.

"You can't be a queen without a crown, can you?" Sure thing, Sylv.

Finally, he's back for more with Gloria Gaynor's 'Never Can Say Goodbye' and, to my befuddled mind, the best performance of the night in 'I Need Somebody To Love Tonight'; a slow, mesmeric affair of quite sensual weirdness.

All we could have done without were those corny American showbiz raps, replete with lisping intimacy and nose-crinkling sincerity. But those aside, it was probably the very best way for Gay Pride Week to open.

If Tom Robinson is for the mind, Sylvester is for the body.

Paul Du Noyer

IGGY POP:
New Values (Arista)

New Values is a refreshing POP album and could even be the one to gain Iggy the mass acceptance he seems to be craving. God knows, he's toiled hard enough. *Lust For Life* was a classic but somehow missed out on the honours: it must be hard to be a pop star when most people only remember you for your shady past.

However, this time . . . *New Values* does come out with all the energy of The Stooges and the ambitions of the Pop Group — to be loved on a vinyl to a ring ville.

Iggy has turned into a rock'n roll crooner (which, of course he was at the start of his career) with a damn fine singing voice.

New Values is an autobiographical album, in places 'serious' like the brilliant *The Endless Sea*: *'Oh baby what a place to be/In the service of the bourgeoisie/Where can my believers be/I want to jump into the endless sea*, which revolves around a hypnotic drum/bass/synthesiser pattern; in others light-hearted and trivial like *Five Foot One* with Iggy exclaiming: 'I won't grow any more — I'm only five foot one!'

His voice has never sounded [illegible] perhaps sentimental *Angels*, like most of the others a true [illegible] album, and like all the others, totally different [illegible] predecessor.

New Values sees the Ig[illegible] grimy but razorsharp sound. Similar [illegible] spirit [illegible]

There isn't the manic [illegible] peal of Raw [illegible] solid discobeat of The Idiot, or the firing on all pistons flavour of Lust for Life.

But New Values certainly has what it takes. It's electric. Compelling. Soulfull. A prospective masterpiece. Don't dare miss it.

IGGY POP: 'New Values' (Arista SPART 1092)

WITH THE world's forgotten boy now part of the Arista roster, joining those two other jumped up Yanks [illegible] company — [illegible] associated with Showaddywaddy — [illegible] a trium-virat of degenerates and a large deg[illegible]re-punk cre[illegible]

One would never guess that the [illegible]en faced Pop who [illegible]es the rear of 'New Values' is the same brat who [illegible] delight in maiming himself in the glass barrage that The Stooges invariably [illegible] Only the scars on [illegible] so the [illegible] ba[illegible]ancer [illegible] on [illegible] an [illegible] addiction [illegible] ge[illegible]

The scars and around half of [illegible] material on 'New Values' that [illegible] Whereas 'The Idiot' and 'Lust [illegible] Life' saw Jimmy treading b[illegible] [illegible]us new musical [illegible] album sees the ma[illegible] between two extremes. Firs[illegible] have the nods back to Detro[illegible] the title track, 'Girls' and the [illegible] 'I'm Bored', and 'Five Foot O[illegible] feature the by now classic [illegible] repetition bludgeon riffing a[illegible] Values', almost despite its[illegible] rewrite of 'Shake Appeal' et [illegible]

On the other side is the st[illegible] innovator who is desperatel[illegible] to attain the heights tha[illegible] gifted to the previous two al[illegible] I discount the live album be[illegible] was so unbelievably awful.

'The Endless Sea' and '[illegible] [illegible]' are perhaps the two [illegible]anding tracks. Outstand[illegible] that they reflect a slight diffe[illegible] to the album's norm. 'Endless [illegible] [illegible]ithelant [illegible] its synthe[illegible] [illegible] guitar [illegible] laid over a smokey jazz sax line [illegible] as it spirals off into the label cop[illegible] becomes clear that although it tri[illegible] [illegible] it [illegible] has the height[illegible] writing collaboration peaked on Meanwhile plumbing the depths is 'African Man', on which the kid tells us that he's "an African man, who" does [illegible] and a suitable substitute for the Daktari [illegible] [illegible] every track here fades before it is a complete entity and all apart from 'Billy Is A Runaway' feature amazingly inept and unrelated lead solos. In the case of the latter track the lead is fine but, unfortunately, is buried in the mix. Highlight of the set is 'Tell Me A Story' which is a shamefaced steal from the Nils Lofgren song book.

++++

RONNIE GURR

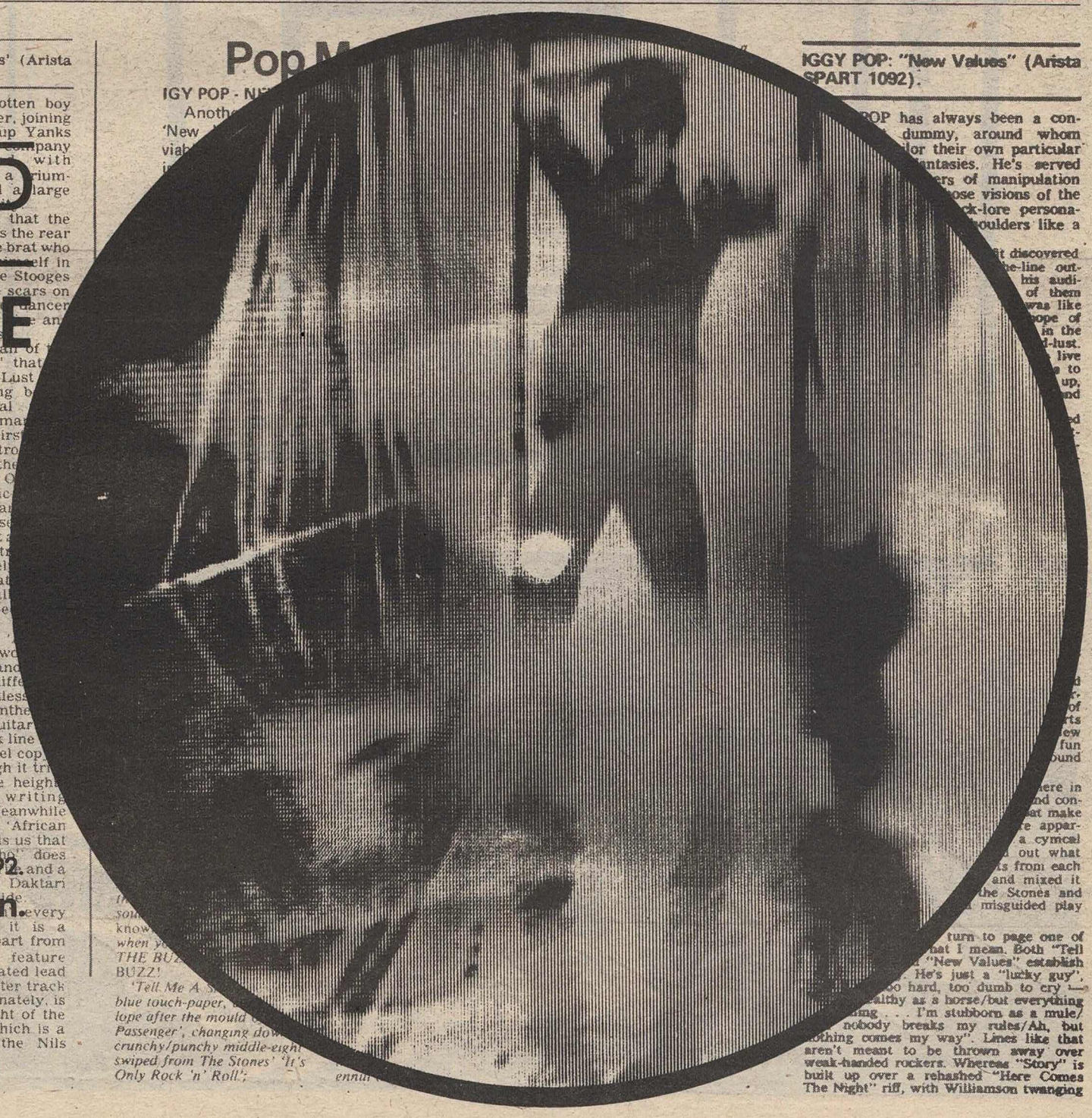
Pop M[illegible]

IGY POP - N[illegible]

Anoth[illegible]

'New [illegible]

viab[illegible]



know[illegible]

when y[illegible]

THE BU[illegible]

BUZZ!

'Tell Me A S[illegible] blue touch-paper, [illegible] lope after the mould[illegible] Passenger', changing dow[illegible] crunchy/punchy middle-eight[illegible] swiped from The Stones' 'It's Only Rock 'n' Roll';

ennui

IGGY POP: "New Values" (Arista SPART 1092).

[illegible]OP has always been a con-dummy, around whom [illegible]lor their own particular [illegible]ntasies. He's served [illegible]ers of manipulation [illegible]ose visions of the [illegible]ck-lore persona-[illegible]oulders like a

[illegible]t discovered [illegible]he-line out-his audi-of them was like [illegible]ope of in the [illegible]-lust. live [illegible] to up, [illegible]nd

[illegible]ere in [illegible]nd con-[illegible]at make [illegible]e appar-a cymcal [illegible] out what [illegible]ts from each and mixed it [illegible]he Stones and [illegible] misguided play

turn to page one of [illegible]hat I mean. Both "Tell "New Values" establish [illegible]. He's just a "lucky guy", [illegible]oo hard, too dumb to cry — [illegible]ealthy as a horse/but everything [illegible]ing . . . I'm stubborn as a mule/ nobody breaks my rules/Ah, but [illegible]othing comes my way". Lines like that aren't meant to be thrown away over weak-handed rockers. Whereas "Story" is built up over a rehashed "Here Comes The Night" riff, with Williamson twanging

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Punilux

Newcastle

It seems as though the raucous, stylish music of 24 months ago was an embarrassment to the truly sparkling Airplay Wave, now bulletting into the Flatulent Forty. Talkin' 'bout Police, Sham, Dickies, Damned. Robin Nash is suddenly the Jack Good of '79. Put your brain in a bottle and lip-synch-alongaBlackburn.

The Skids and their highlandic Andy Stewart-On-Bombers sound typify this, and they went down a storm tonight. As with The Edge, the music is harsh, loud and unmistakably pure 1974 vintage Quixoterock, and if you want the NOW look, check out a John Denver LP cover.

Sandwiched between these two, were the local band. Punilux badges were the ticket to ethnic street credibility tonight — Grass-Roots Band Play Grass-Roots Gig Shock — and the young audience wear freebies like spoils of war.

Punishment Of Luxury take the stage in bodywear and bathing caps, looking like bald mohican joggers and the kids are soon having a laugh, not dancing, just toe-tapping because No Funsters are prowling around, demanding that the seats be used.

A glinting guitar motif rips open 'The Demon' after its doomladen, elephantine intro. The lyrics are obscured and obscure; but when you're trying to bop in the balcony you don't give a toss about syllable-sussing.

I expected Alice Cooper droopy theatrics, but the props are Oxfam-extravagant and barely visible at that, while the choreography of the front line is an epileptic Shadows' routine, irritatingly jerky and quirky. The music ranges from Blackmore Lethargic Licks to genuinely inspired raw guitar.

A fan expresses his view. Pic Mike Stone.

Happy To

The Lurkers

Derby

"We are the Chaos Brothers," Howard Wall candidly admits as Pete Stride's guitar is removed for tuning three chords into the first number.

In white jacket and striped trousers, Wall is a charming mixture of inept amateur and hard-headed hit man.

"This did well for us," he says sardonically of 'Freak Show'. "It reached at least the Top Twenty-thousand."

Talk about back to basics. The club is the seediest cinema I've ever seen. Down in the space between seats and stage, the audience is already bouncing vigorously. In this atmosphere 'Cyanide' is taken fast and raw, 'God's Lonely Men' given a fitting urgency.

Then Pete's guitar is back on the blink. Wall coolly accepts a cigarette from the frontrow and sits down to smoke it. "It was his birthday yesterday," he says of Esso. A hulking Bash Street kid, too big for his drum-kit, Esso plugs away at a short, self-conscious solo to

The trouble is that these flashes are like farts in a church — a quick sniff and then they're off into the stratosphere looking for God.

Time to get cretinous: songs such as 'British Baboon' and 'Let's Get Married' have undeniably smacking beats and dancing basslines, but the words are rendered suspect by the age of the band. It's a cinch to sit in an artistic bubble and jeer at convention and bigotry and mindless existence ('Jellyfish', 'Puppet Life'), but don't do US any favours by tolerating US, the all-swallowing, invertebrate Joe Public, the paycheck sitting in his blob of blandness out there beyond the footlights. Don't try and point to the Way Out when you're already there, because Moses old bean, you're redundant.

This band care about their lyrics, but it's all too Gothic, too Industrial Revolution Pomp 'n' Grind. Titles like 'Engine Of Excess', 'Excess Bleeding Heart' and 'Babylon' are like excerpts from the Anthology Of Factory Mottos 1923.

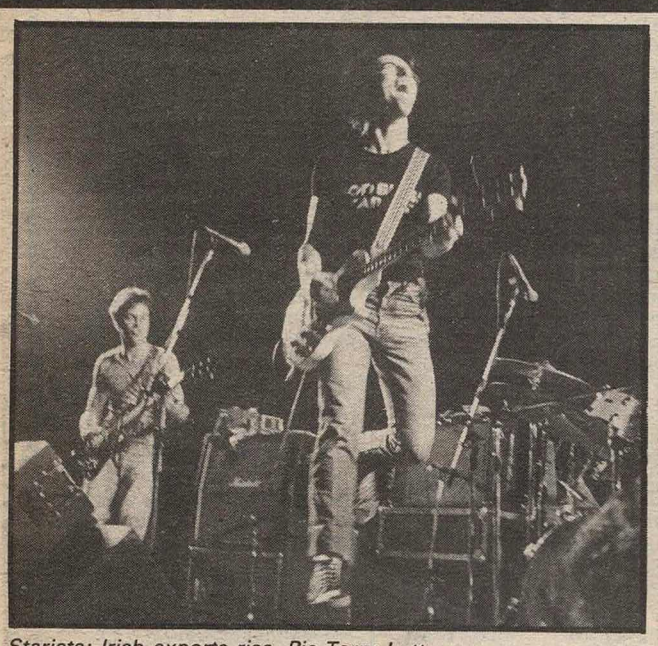
The vague street-theatre atmosphere about the performance is half-hearted, one step away from Bohemian Bullshit, but nevertheless it's the kind of non-distraction that'll look really good on Nightingale's Hippy Retard Pensionbook Bonanza. Their (probably unintentional) musical homage to Black Sabbath sci-fi clog dance rock is 'The Message' — bowel-scraping zonked out gore, ideal for comatose Rock Enthusiasts, 20th Century Warriors, *Rock Goes To College* punters.

With four strong songs, an EP will get rid of the quirky sleep-inducing dittiesville 'vibe' that strangles the live show with its Barron Knights' masks 'n' gimmicks.

Punilux: a long term investment for 28 year-old 6th formers with off-the-peg social concern.

Kevin Fitzgerald

Punilux: Off-the-peg social concern. Pic Chris Horler.



Starjets: Irish exports rise. Pic Terry Lott.

Lurkday You

celebrate a chorus of 'Happy Birthday To You'.

Back on the boards the beat goes on: 'She Knows', 'Jenny', 'Hey You', 'Out In The Dark', 'I Don't Need To Tell Her' — each chunk a chip off the old block.

While their contemporaries have flashed and faded or gone on to glory, The Lurkers have been running on the spot. 'Whatever Happened To May' has lyrics which grate on my nerves like a fingernail down a blackboard, but I love the strength and the simplicity of 'Take Me Back To Babylon'.

Down in the pit pogoing has grown distinctly physical. Heavy-handed horseplay is much in evidence. Fearless maniacs launch themselves into mid-air to disappear boots-uppermost amongst the staggering crush.

Still what's a good pummelling between friends? And the mood remains miraculously light-hearted as an extra-exuberant youth is rolled off the stage by a roadie.

After enduring the vagaries of Stride's guitar strings, brainless barracking from certain quarters and a microphone that rotates limply of its own accord, do I detect Wall's good humour wearing thin?

Not at all, and The Lurkers encore with 'I'm On Heat' and after chants of *"Lur-kers! Lur-kers!"* return again for 'Shadow'. The happy maulers take it in turns to bawl the words into Wall's proffered microphone. They'll all be black and blue by the morning, but that's their business.'

As for The Lurkers, they're good, old-fashioned entertainment. I can't say fairer than that now, can I?

Lynn Hanna

Starjets

Nashville

If you can imagine an over-bespectacled Clark Kent fronting The Four Seasons in a '50s B-picture space-spoof, you'll have an approximate image of The Bruce Woolley Phenomenon. They are an outfit of five garishly-clad teenagers given to natty popsicle-rock tunes, dished out at break-neck speed with a hefty dose of panache and inventiveness.

Their songs are melodic, hi-octane party pieces tailor-made for the excessive brat persona of lead vocalist Bruce Woolley — driven along by choppy guitar and choppier keyboard rhythms and permeated with some delightful high-register harmonies.

Watching The B. Woolleys in action, one would expect them to go completely over the top at any moment. But for all their jangled wackiness, they are highly proficient and original, with one of the most compelling frontmen to appear for years.

And *you* with the Woolley?

Hot on the heels of the Rats, the Fingers and Val Doonican come Starjets, CBS' newly-adopted wunderkind from Oiland.

They are four good-looking plimsolled louts (Paul Bowen, John Martin, Terry Sharpe and Liam Lestrange) who bounce around the stage pull funny faces, sport the 'right' haircuts and shove every calory of their corporate strength into the business of playing rivetting, up-tempo rock. They stepped onstage and went BRZANG, stampeding through a set of vigorous self-penned songs with the momentum of the Orient Express, occasionally letting up to exchange some chummy (where intelligible) banter with the crowd.

Having gigged for a spell on the Ulster Circuit, sometimes in the midst of ugly fireworks, it's inevitable that their lyrics should reflect the very real repressive aggro of the province. Some of their songs are documentaries about "home-life", but they've ditched the temptation of overtly politicising their material.

Commenting on their pedigree, P. Bowen has suggested that they could "out-Clash The Clash"; credibility stakes aside, their songs do share the distinctive abrasiveness inherent in Mr Strummer's dittymanship. However, their material also nods in the direction of Townshend, and their new record 'Ten Years' is uncannily reminiscent of The Who circa 'Substitute'.

So they ain't the most original combo on the planet, but viewed on their own merit, they possess a sufficient degree of imagination and musical muscle to punch a conspicuous hole in the coming decade.

At the end of the set, T. Sharpe coyly asked the crowd "D'ya loik us then?"

Does the Pope work Sundays?

Rick Joseph

Earthbound

Upstairs At Ronnie's

Despite transparently fashionable attempts to conceal it, Earthbound are no strangers to psychedelic music.

Four stalwart long-hairs in the Crosby / T.S. McPhee mould and Dutch lady vocalist Jutta Nienhaus, they compress early '70s rock (circa Deep Purple) into taut, efficient arrangements which they crank up to a seamless new wave pace.

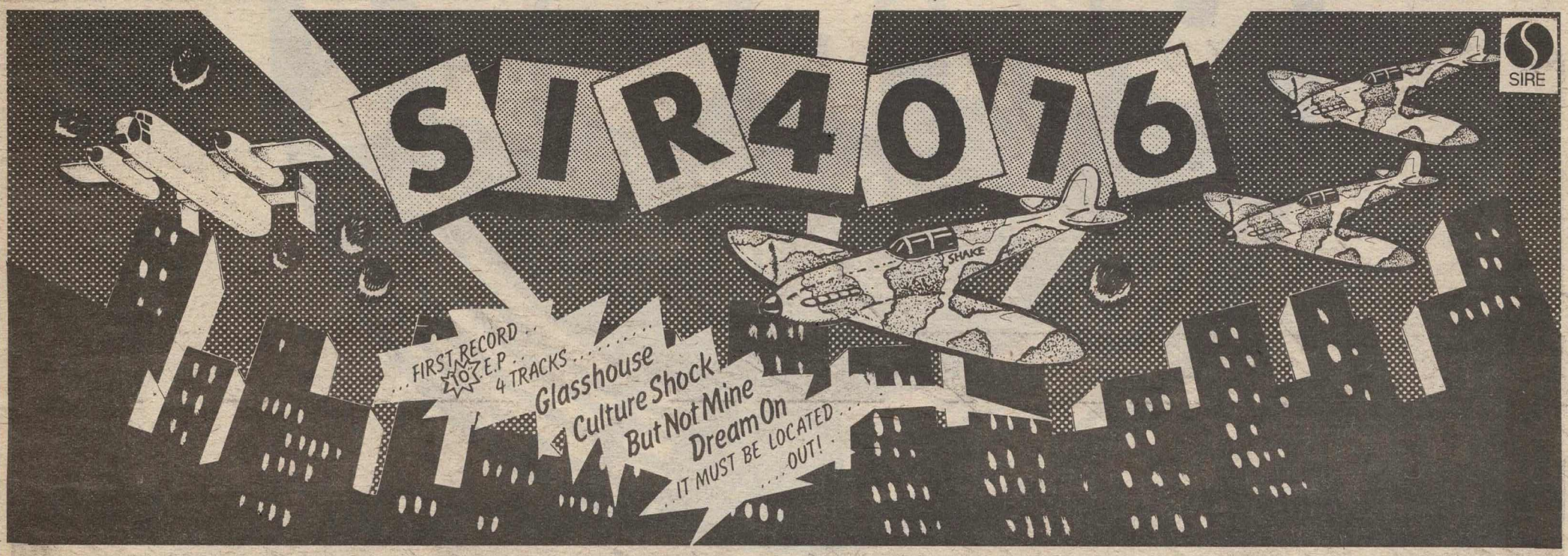
Jutta has the kind of tremulous Lovich-type delivery that attracts such non-committal labels as 'quirky', but is just as insensitive as it's rapidly irritating.

Her band fare no better.

Charging through instrumentals, but still managing to observe all the old textbook harmony interplays, their phrasing doesn't allow them sufficient space to expand. Hence a static sound for some appallingly static lyrics which rehash such tiresome themes as automation. Titles like 'The Robot' tend to be less subversive than suspect.

Earthbound have formed Archway — their own label and agency — and they apparently go down a storm in Italy. This could be the sum of their achievement, as they have nothing to say and say it with conviction.

Mark Ellen



John Cale at CBGBs. Pic Joe Stevens.

Merton Parkas

The Wellington

The old 'I was a punk before you were a punk' adage now applies to the latest youth fad — Mods; as was proved by the continuous rumblings of 'I was a mod before you wore a parka' at The Wellington on Saturday.

The Merton Parkas from SW17 held a captive, if rather over zealous audience, with songs from the past and present in true '60s style. Apart from the occasional jarring resemblance to The Jam — most noticeably with 'I'm Just A Face In The Crowd' — the 'Parkas played enthusiastically and well: a fresh, fun, band.

It was a pleasant surprise to actually hear what was being sung and to understand the lucid lyrics of writer / manager / vocalist / guitarist, Danny Talbot. And the keyboards of Mick Talbot effectively embellished the rhythm lines of bassist Neil Hurrell and drummer Simon Smith (minus the amazing dancing bear).

In a 50 minute set equally divided between old classics and originals were two Wilson Pickett numbers, the hardy perennial 'Stepping Stone', and an impressive cover of an obvious favourite 'The Kids Are Alright'. Their own songs were well arranged, with attention paid to the overall effect of words and tunes; even so, none stood out as an obvious choice for their single in July.

The most memorable numbers were the 'chants': 'I Don't Wanna Know You' and 'You Need Wheels'. They got the audience going like Wembley on Cup Final day, but eventually they all sounded the same.

So, The Merton Parkas — who were playing power-pop as The Speakers 18 months ago — went down well in the clammy atmosphere of the 1979 Waterloo Mod revival. And I'm sure it warmed the cockles of the mod's (purple?) hearts to see their heroes received so warmly; *in spite* of Janet Street Porter and the LWT show.

After all that, we ask ourselves: are the Mods here to stay? The answer in a word, modlettes, is NO.

As one avid scooterist said: "Once the summer's over and the skins turned Mods have had their fun bashing the punks and Brighton pier gets too cold, we'll find something else."

Adele-Marie Cherreson

Cale's Tales Of The Unexpected

John Cale

New York

The mad Welshman is back, here to teach respect for the elders and to show the young wippersnappers how it's done.

Cale watchers have long despaired that he has been diluting his talents: there was too much time spent on production projects with bands of dubious merit; the previous edition of the John Cale Band tended to over-emphasise the heavy metal tendencies of Richie Fliegler's guitar playing and never let Cale shine through.

For his new band, Cale has brought together musicians of divergent backgrounds and styles, yet the resulting sound is pure Cale. They form a perfect vehicle for expressing his hard-rock rage and menace. And don't forget that before the Velvet Underground, Cale came to America to study classical and electronic music at the Eastman Conservatory.

It shows in the way Cale utilises the range of styles and textures in his new band and the way in which he structures his songs with a finely-tuned compositional sense.

Bass player George Scott came over from The Contortions, James Chance's no-wave outfit. There Scott learned to play with maximum aggression but his work with Cale reveals a surprising fluidity. Drummer Doug Bowne is the perfect, rock-steady complement to Scott's rhythmic trickery. Keyboardist Joe Bidewell is, aside from Cale, the most accomplished player.

Guitarist Mark Aaron goes for a wailing, high pitched, screaming guitar attack. His tone cuts through the low register courseness of Cale's voice. Finally, there is Deerfrance, a spry young blonde on backing vocals and takes lead on two numbers. Her voice is high and airy and harmonises well with Cale's.

This four-night stand at CBGBs is the culmination of a 12-week tour that criss-crossed the States.

The set begins with 'Walkin' The Dog', a funereal version of the R&B standard with Cale's vocal growling and accusatory. The effect is immediately gripping.

Cale's new material has thematic unity. Now in a political period, he is writing about war, imperialism and international terror.

The killer song in the new batch is 'Mercenaries', a character study of a hired gun who *"gets paid enough to make him kill for you / but not enough to make him die for you"*. The refrain of *"ready for war, ready for war"* is turned into an upbeat, almost sing-along chorus.

'Evidence' has lines about getting back from Angola and running cocaine. 'Dr. Mud' has references to Hiroshima and children's blue skin and a chorus that asks, *"What you gonna do, when China drops a bomb on you?"* Though these lines leap out at you, it's hard to know just what these songs are about.

But the music is tough and aggressive and the songs demand further scrutiny.

'Captain Hook' is announced as a work in progress. It begins with a long instrumental passage featuring an interplay of electric keyboard lines between Cale and Bidewell. The song is filled with references to India and to an imminent disaster, and *might* be an allegorical tale about the fall of imperialism.

Deerfrance's numbers provide a well-timed change of pace. In 'Rape' her high, plaintive voice is perfect for the role of victim in which she's cast. There is also 'Hold Me Down', an inspirational hymnal duet with Cale on guitar and Bidewell on harmonica.

It isn't until the encores that Cale dips into the oldies bag. One is a powerful 'Heartbreak Hotel', dripping with angst; the other a rousing version of the Modern Lovers' 'Pablo Picasso'.

Cale is, as always, a master showman, though now less manic than in the past. He authoritatively dominates the stage, and even when Deerfrance sings and he sits behind the electric piano, he is clearly leading the band. His voice — basically a low, gruff rumble — is still comparable to Jim Morrison's in its dramatic effectiveness. It conveys the ominous mood that runs through the songs he is now writing.

That he is still making rock music is incredible because he could easily please his fans by just running through his "greatest hits".

Instead he stands behind his new work and presents it with conviction. Because the new work is rock and roll that experiments, takes risks, tries to make a statement and could be important, is really cause for celebration.

Richard Grabel

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Greg Kihn. Pic Kel Edge.

Naked Highlights

Greg Kihn

The Venue

Why after four albums Greg Kihn isn't *more* of a star, I'll never know.

Tonight he brought a generous chunk of Californian sunshine to our dismal shores — a precious bubble of rock'n'roll that burst smiling among us, shaking action through a thousand tingling scalps right down to our toenails. But then again the Beserkley brood always did have that magic quality.

A golden screech announces the band, "Well let's ROCK this place . . ." and Buddy Holly can rest easy as 'Love's Made A Fool Of You' takes shape, with Steve Wright laying down some mighty funk bass and Dave Carpender's lead screaming irresistible footstomp.

Greg Kihn creeps like a panther around the stage *"I'm a two fisted rocking-gator tonight"*. Too true. The mood changes as an impeccable West Coast sound permeates 'Rendezvous' with the multi-dimensional subtlety of The Byrds and the electrifyingly live impact of Rockpile. There's no real stage show, only the music which doesn't need packaging or paraphernalia to stir fire. This band play for you, not at you.

Infatuated dancers jiggle to the glossy, lush tropicana of 'Moulin Rouge', a new song that suggests a sparkling future for the band's fourth and latest LP, 'With The Naked Eye'. Larry Lynch, the excellent drummer, takes over on vocals for 'Can't Get The Highs Without The Lows', and we can savour that delicious Californian sound as they slide into such infectious harmonies. If all this isn't enough, the encores pour the cream onto the cake: 'For Your Love' possesses none of its original artistry, bearing out the Beserkley predilection for oldies (check out the 'Spitballs' album); and 'Telstar' is then hammered out. Finally 'Roadrunner' leaves the enchanted audience hollering for more, well into the DJ's useless efforts to calm things down.

I expected a casebook of adult nursery rhymes, but what I got was electric dynamism, the nucleus of rock'n'roll. Whatever it takes, they've got. I felt like I'd taken a holiday.

Charlotte Wylie

Brian James' Brains

Nashville

Vermilion And The Aces opened for a comfortably packed house with a set of cycle slut serenades dressed up in amphetamined heavy metal riffing. The gauche appeal of the music didn't last beyond the third number, though a contingent of UK Subs fans were steadfast and vociferous in their approval. Music to maim Mods by.

Having outgrown the straitjackets worn by The Damned and gambled on the tentative Tanz Der Youth, Brian James' third vehicle looks and sounds his best yet.

Two pretty young guitarists — James in the black coiffure and blond Alan Lee Shaw — flank tiny bassist Kid Ray Rogers to form an effective three-pronged visual and aural assault. Drummer Malcolm Mortimer remains invisible at the back, unobtrusively keeping the songs together.

The style, the passion of playing rock and roll and above all the songs combine to make the band the UK equivalent (for better or worse) of The Heartbreakers. 'Boys Don't Cry', 'Messed Up And Blue' and 'Where Did I Find A Girl Like You' are all songs that betoken Johnny Thunders' preoccupation with Teen Romance, but thankfully free of drug references.

Essentially they are a guitar group, Shaw and James swapping leads and vocals with alacrity while Rogers bounces about like punky-in-the-middle keeping the flying guitars on course with his foaming bass lines. The set is well-paced considering that most of the numbers are fast rockers, though 'Ain't That A Shame' provides a pleasing break in tempo as well as being their debut single.

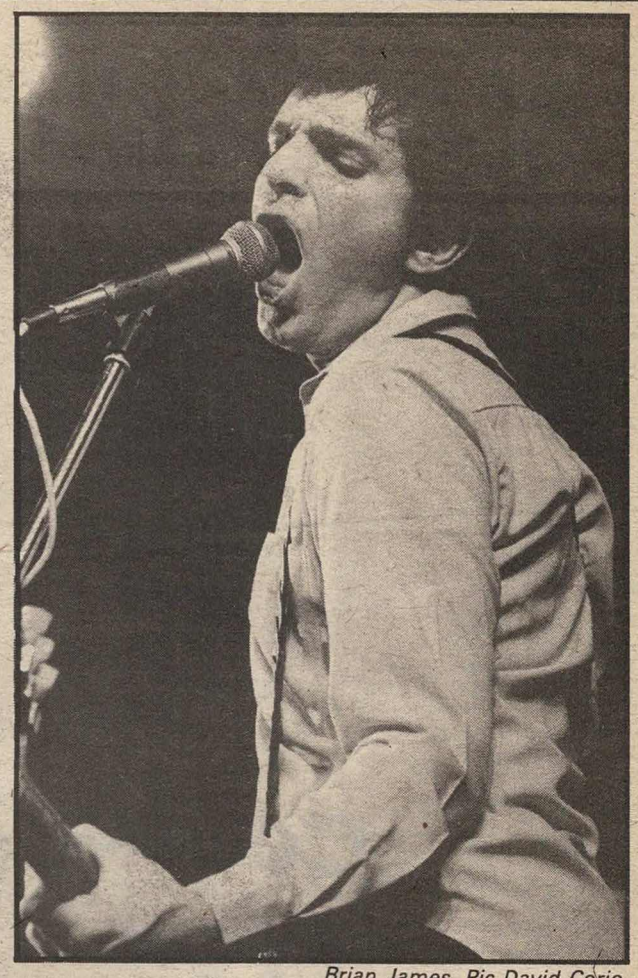
James certainly has an ear for good rock riff, and from the supertuned reggae of 'Wild Child' through the classic 'Capital Crimes' to the no-holds-barred finale of 'Sick Of Being Sick' (the only Damned number in the set) the evening accelerated and ended in top gear.

James now has better projection and his romantic rock persona (never allowed full reign among the crazed antics of his original outfit) has developed enough for a whole new audience to identify.

It's the beginning of a New Age.

The influences are varied: classy garage-band rock crosses swords with The Yardbirds and the Stones. The sub-urban aggression has given way to the more fruitful territory of young romantic complex, and a sensitive and intelligent rock and roller is carving his niche in style without stylisation, passion without pretence.

Neil Norman



Brian James. Pic David Corio.

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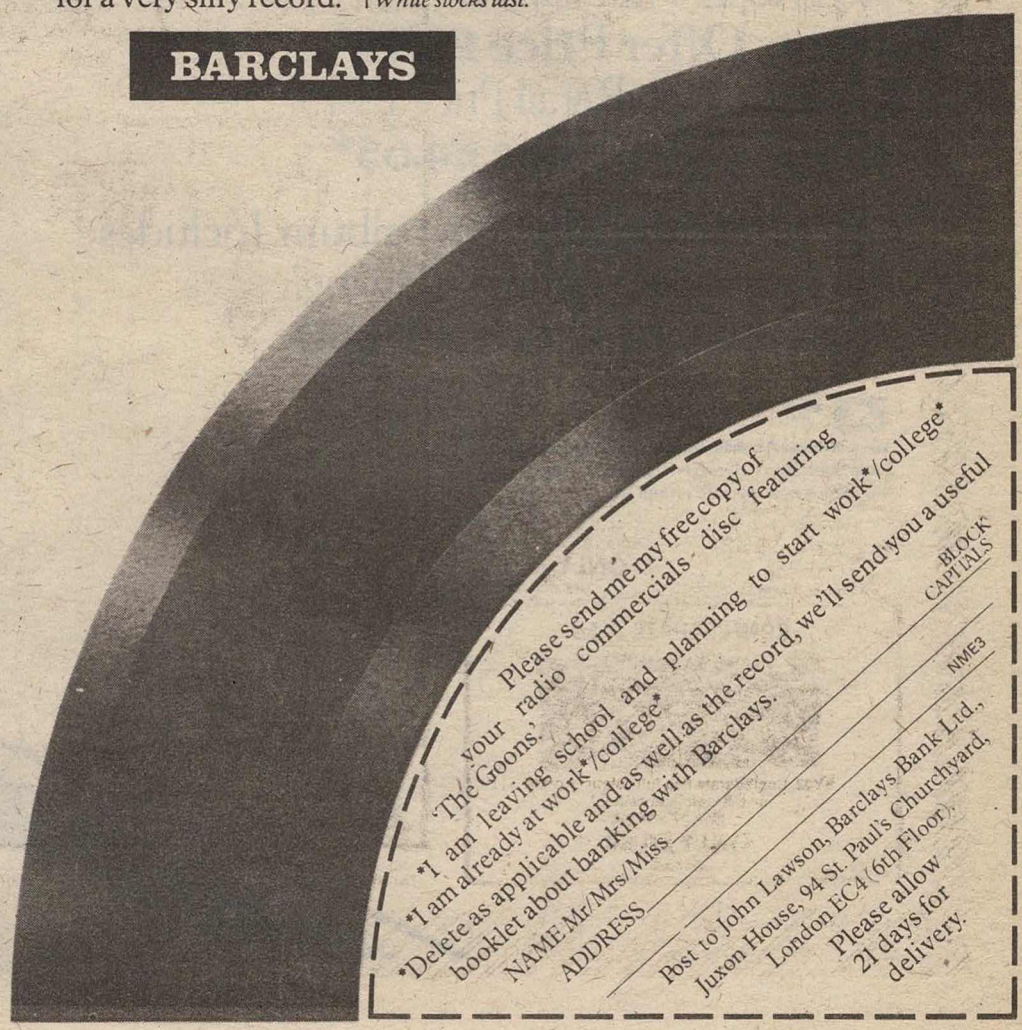

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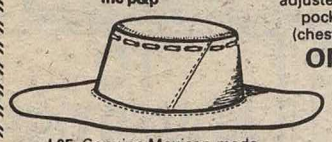

L05. Genuine Mexican-made leather hat in tan cowhide. Sizes S.M.L.
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MS02. Cotton drill NATO Army shirt, not new but excellent condition. Sizes 34"–42" (chest)
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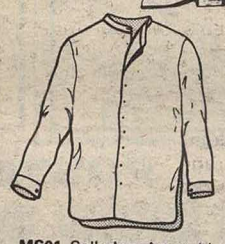

MS01. Collarless Army shirt, not new but excellent condition. Sizes 32"–50" (chest)
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PD05. Patch denim cut-off shorts, from old/new Levi/Wrangler etc. Sizes 26" to 38" (waist)
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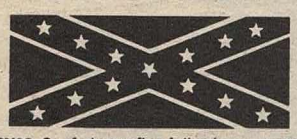

SY02. Confederate flag full colour — great on the wall — or ceiling! Size 24"×36"
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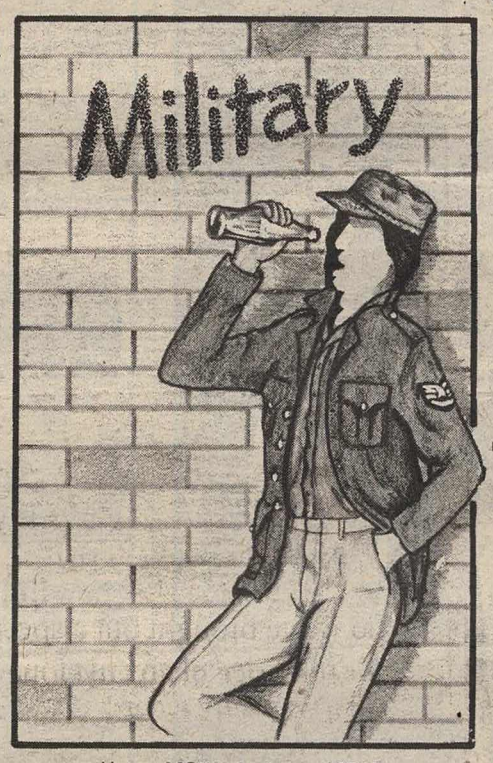
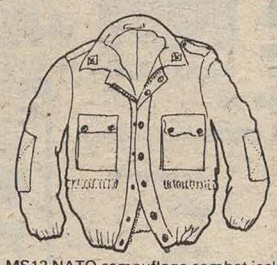
Waistcoat — L01, Tie — L03, Jeans SY05.



Hat — MS06, Jacket — MS09, Trousers — MS04.

Jacket — PD02, Shirt — PD03, Jeans — PD01

DEAL OF THE MONTH



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MS06. US Army M*A*S*H canvas hat brand new! Sizes S.M.L.
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MS11. Army fatigue trousers with back pockets and zips. Sizes 27"–38" waist.
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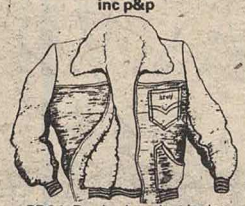

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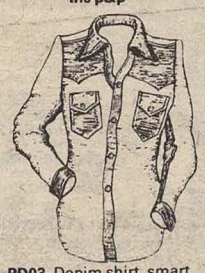

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L03. Tie			
L04. Motor Bike Jkt			
L05. Hat			
L09. Boots			
PD01. Jeans			
PD02. Jacket			
PD03. Shirt			
PD04. Bomber			
PD05. Shorts			
LEV521. Levis			
MS01. Shirt			
MS02. Shirt			
MS03. Shirt			
MS04. Trousers			
MS05. T-Shirts			
MS06. Hat			
MS07. Bomber			
MS08. Combat			
MS09. USAF Jkt			
MS10. Serge Jkt			
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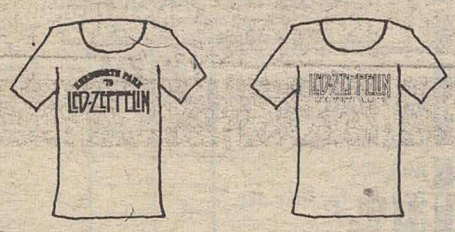

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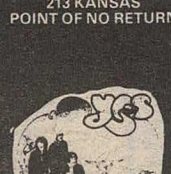

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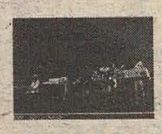
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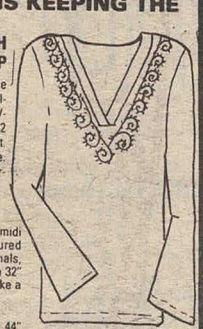
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BRIAN JONES

From page 38

'Satanic Majesties' was the last album Jones contributed to. Zonked on hallucinogenics, he would tinker around with sounds - that is, if he was capable of attaching the tape spool to the Revox. Many times Mr D went round to see him, Jones would be passed out in yards of twisted tape.

And then there were all the threats Mr D had to deal with. "Like the brothers of some girl he'd made pregnant would be after him with rifles — things like that. Or some heavy friends of a girl he'd beaten up 'cos Brian liked to . . . y'know . . . he could be vicious."

In 1968 the Stones were eager to revitalise their forces. 'Satanic Majesties' had been a mistake but 'Beggars Banquet' was a return to rock and roll and what they did best. Jones, however, was so far gone he couldn't hold himself together.

As Mr. D recalls — "Brian would work out his parts for a track in readiness for the session on the night. When he got there, he just couldn't play a note. He just fell to pieces. I just recall Brian always breaking down in tears, pleading with me 'You heard me playing it before. You know I could do it. You heard me'."

After 'Beggar's Banquet' was long completed, Brian Jones went to court for the second time and on September 28th, 1968, he was fined and freed. A photo taken outside the building has Jones virtually propped up by Richards and Jagger, both wide-eyed and grinning, arms around Jones whose face has the look of doomed bemusement.

The announcement the following June of Brian Jones' quitting was 'official' but the band had been severed long before that. Even with the busts out of the way, the Stones as they were couldn't tour because, physically, Jones just couldn't have taken the strain.

By this time he'd found a sort of solace living in the house where A. A. Milne had lived and written 'Winnie The Pooh'. Alexis Korner recalls Brian, the retired pop star, opening up old trunks of all of his pompadour clothes — the finest velvets, silks and satins and stroking the material like some starry-eyed child. Korner was also involved in Jones' tentative plans for a new career away from the Stones. He wanted to tour with Korner's newly-formed Electric Church but was still physically too weak to go on the road.

As far as musical ideas were concerned, Jones was inspired by the first two Creedence Clearwater Revival albums, yet at the same time, he was interested in getting back into playing saxophone and was listening to modern jazz. As usual Jones could never firmly get to grips with a sound, vision. It was all glimpses, splintered, incoherent, often at odds with each other, and though his mood had stabilised considerably, the elation of possibly beginning a new cycle was always at odds with the dreaded fear of just being a "has been . . branded an ex-Rolling Stone for the rest of my life."

Not long before his death, he drove down to Cheltenham to see his parents. Whilst his chauffeur, Brian Pelantanga, was out in the gardens talking with Jones' father, he espied Brian "looking at us from his bedroom window, just staring in a stange way. When we got back inside I asked him why he'd been looking like that. He just said 'I wish I could be back here'."

It's claimed that Jones also confessed to his parents that he wished he'd never gone through his whole Stones career. The plea of "Please don't judge me too harshly" came from the same talk with his father. These can only be construed as the words of a man who knew his time was running out, a man who could see all the horrors of his life — many of them purely of his own instigation — flashing by in nightmarish glimpses.

WHEN his death was announced it instigated a flurry of tributes. Pete Townshend wrote a song, 'The Man Who Died Every Day', although whether it was recorded is unknown. Manfred Mann composed a piece dedicated to Jones' death using a radio broadcast repeated over and over again juxtaposed against an emotive, funeral instrumentation. Most ironic of all was a poem Jim Morrison wrote, 'On The Death Of Brian Jones'. Two years later to the day, Morrison himself was found dead in a bath. Like Jones, he'd announced in relation to his time with The Doors, "If I had to do it again, I wouldn't."

Yet all the tributes to Jones' seem somehow to ring with on overwrought knell. Because Jones' life and death don't even seem truly apposite when tied to a quote from a Robert Johnson song — they're both more fanciful than anything else. Two songs stick out as definitive paeans to Jones' star-crossed existance: Bryan Ferry's 'Casanova' and The Byrds 'So You Wanna Be A Rock 'N' Roll Star'.

All the tears and blithe and bitter memories should be left behind to those who actually knew him (as Sally Arnold, the Stones' fan club secretary stated when refusing to be interviewed in depth on the subject of Jones — "When Brian would come into the office he was like Mr Sunshine. His personal life, though, was a whole other grief-ridden matter.")

All that Jones lived for, lived through, created, destroyed and died for don't account for much. And yet a moral is in there somewhere — a moral that needs stating even today because, only a few months back, Sid Vicious died. Another young guy who lived out an image until it was too late to turn back from the chaos he caused. I felt nothing when I heard that Vicious had died, just as I distinctly recall feeling nothing when I heard the news of Brian Jones' death. Just a numbing sensation because guys like Jones and Vicious numbed themselves through excess and forfeited their lives for some bogus myth some facile twerp will always refer to as 'rock 'n' roll.'

And, God knows, rock'n'roll is the last thing in the world worth dying for.

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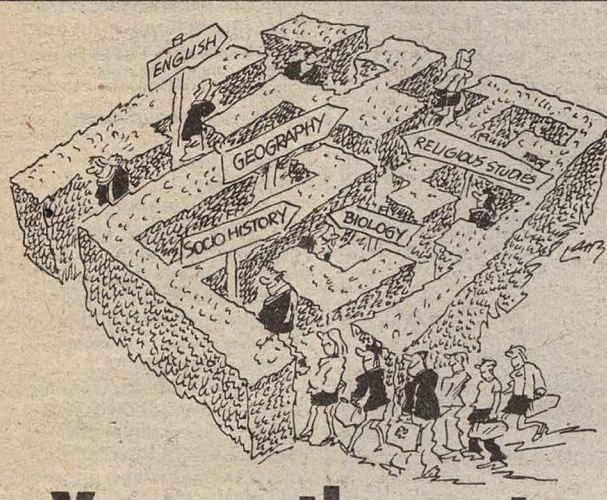

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LIVE! Extra

Sugar Minott

Dingwalls

There are two schools of thought about Sugar Minott, and being a tepid, middle-of-the-road sort of fellow, I subscribe to both of them: that he's one of the few young men in reggae working to make proper music without slavishly following the rest into dreadbound oblivion; and that he makes far too much music for anyone to keep up with.

Still, that's the way to get people interested, and the crowd at Dingwalls was a fair size and enthusiastic too. We were wondering before the show how long it'd take him to run through his current repertoire — a fortnight at least.

As it turned out, his show was short and to the point, and so was he, in his little pork pie hat and jacket with double vents up the back. A fashion-conscious lad is Sugar.

He has youth on his side, and as this is his first time here, no one knew what to expect. Obviously not the stage presence of a Burning Spear, but he carried himself well, with some dapper dance steps; and he clearly enjoyed working hard, which always helps. His gentle and unruffled voice suits hearbroken lover's laments like 'Never Too Young', and tales of sufferation like 'Hard Time Pressure', his two biggest hits to date, and both well-received.

Unfortunately, the British band which backed him were a bit of a lead-weight, plodding along with few signs of life apart from the drum synthesizer, which of course they over-used. Still, Sugar wasn't going to let that hold him back, and he ploughed ahead, carefully avoiding messianic ostentation and 'Love And I-nity' sermonising.

Almost too soon, his act came to an end, but he was called back for an encore which included 'Oh Mr D.C.', my favourite Minott song; then he was gone for good, and it was all back to the bar to work out just how good he'd been.

No one was disappointed, but it would be good to see him with a Jamaican band. Ah well, he did alright, and his future looks pretty good. Check him next time he's over here.

Nick Kimberley

Special Branch

Bridge House

A visit to the Bridgehouse was more for shelter than any special occasion for a cold, wet traveller dumbstruck by the techno-jungle of E.16. But it doesn't follow that raindrenched stoneage junkyards produce music for the '80s.

What little kudos Special Branch have springs from a devout local following who nursed guitarist David Flett through a spell with Manfred Mann's Earthband and all three members out of the Zaine Griff outfit. They left me shaken, but not stirred. Give me non-surrealism any time.

Sure they're tight, professional even. Drummer Mark Pinder kept excellent time alongside Matt Irvine on mike, bass and keyboards, and who at times sounded like a second-rate Robert Palmer.

Their set was uncomfortably long, with only a handful of tolerable songs. 'Take It From Me' created a full, rich sound belying an otherwise mediocre performance, and led into the mellow harmonies and warm reggae rhythms of 'London Town'. They wound up with five minutes of well-rehearsed though clumsy boogie and, as chance would have it, no encores.

While being eclectic, their music unfortunately lacks identity.

Charlotte Wylie

GASBAG

It's over! It's over!! You can come back now you Bee Gee people. And you up and coming Clash dudes don't have to emigrate just yet because us pop-pickers are going to give another 35p per album in tax to your government, along with higher tax on luxuries like fags and booze — so relax, you can save that extra half million every year.

Pardon? Will we be OK? Yeh, don't worry Joe — we'll be getting 3p in the quid back so we can pay for those little things in life (like alcohol, fags, music) which keep us sane and give us the incentive to keep creating the disappearing wealth by doing another eight hours hard, stinking, noisey slog amongst the metal grinding machines.

Nay, it ain't that bad I s'pose — I mean, they didn't put any tax on cannabis, did they? Roll on you five years say I and I.
I Wept, Great Babylon
How do you spell that again? — SIR GEOFFREY HOWE

Rock and roll is full of relentless businessmen who don't really give a damn about people who make music or who listen to it as long as they make their money. And self-important pretentious musicians parading themseves as artists, rock musicians and journalists (viz Ian Penman, prag VEC etc) hyping rock music up to be some kind of existentialist art form. And well-meaning people like Paul Morley and Scritti Politti hesitatingly introduce Situationist axioms into their work, apparently unaware of the evil, brittle political implications of this. Pathetic tribes in their uniforms, their narrow minds, their inherent aggression to other tribes. Cynical people, unhappy people — you never see smiles at a rock concert.

If the business will not die we've got to strangle it ourselves.
The Ghost Of Stonehenge
I raise my glass of sherry to you, dear Ghostie — MARY WHITEHOUSE

In Nick Kent's review of The Flamin' Groovies new album 'Jumpin' In The Night' seldom does he refer to the music or anything else to do with the album (hardly unusual for the *NME*). But a joint review with The Records is derisory to say the least.

The Flamin' Groovies are too dedicated a rock 'n' roll band to worry about what the music press says. It was people like Nick Kent who rejected the Groovies in 1972 — after all, what future was there in a band that played fast, driving rock 'n' roll and wore leathers . . .

The Flamin' Groovies once again will prove the music press wrong and the fanzines will continue to fight their cause, but what is so ridiculous is that Nick Kent rejects them this time round for looking back. His final statement rather rings of the faceless man who turned down The Beatles because "guitar bands were yesterdays thing".
Findlay Hickey, Lenzie, Glasgow.
In 1972, Mr Kent just about ran the Groovies' fan club and it's not his fault they've made a duff album in 1979. — M.S.

Great Peter Green interview. I enjoyed it immensely. But I still think he's a turd chucking away his lolly like that.
A Happy Pierrepontian, Surrey.

It was good to read something about Peter Green (and even better to hear 'In The Skies'). But if he has no use for royalties, why is the LP so expensive?

Looking forward to reading about more bands who are 'concerned' about their fans (Clash? Members? Sham?), refusing payments at gunpoint, or giving away their excess earnings.

Generosity is insanity? The Modern World says yes.
R.D. Fromm
Point taken. But as for the album's cost, this has nothing to do with Mr Green. The people who make the plastic and press it up etc have to be paid. — M.S.

The trouble with Johnny Lydon is that he's grown up.
D. Plorable (age 5), Bishops Stortford, Herts.

What a sell-out — Gang Of Four sing about Armalite rifles and then sign to a company that virtually makes the bloody things.
Trigger
Bit of a horns of a dilemma situation, eh? — A HACK.

Well I'm not surprised that Sue's brother and his friends were laughing at her learning to play 'Tambourine Man' along with 'Highway 61 Revisited'. I bet they laughed nearly as much as me reading the rest of prag VEC's pretentious garbage.

Is trying for *Pseud's Corner* the latest thing at *NME*? What a load of arseholes.
M. Heidegger, Southport.
Surely you've neglected to perceive the asymetrical qualitative analogies involved; prag VEC's conceptual epigrams are the winding sheets of memory, sunshine. — A TWAT

It seems to me (an HM fan) that your comments on headbangers are no longer a joke. You seem to think you're superior. I loved the first Sex Pistols album for the music, not the message. I like Zeppelin, the Sabs, Lizzy and Horslips similarly.

I buy an album to enjoy, not to hear some pretentious preaching prat tell me how badly off/apathetic/stupid I am. I know all about racism, exploitation (by rock groups also) et bloody cetera — I just don't want to be reminded of it all the time.

Look — I bought the last Queen album and it was shit. I wouldn't have bought it if your reviewer had told me it wasn't up to the standard of their previous albums but Queen were just slagged off as glitter-tarts, money making machines, blond macho men etc.

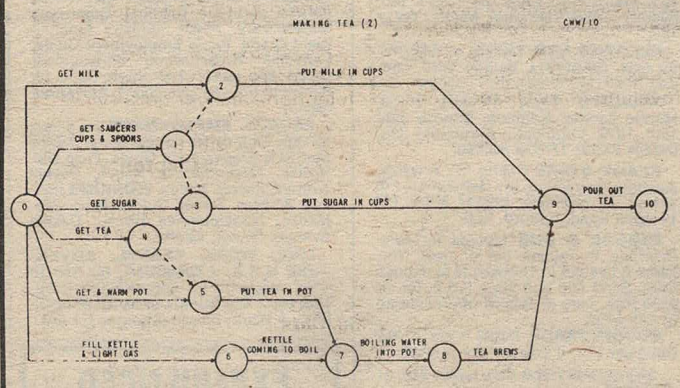
This is not what I pay 20p for. I want a music review, not a bloody lecture.
Illegible, Somewhere in Wales in exile

I was disgusted after reading your article on headbanging (16.6.79). I am a regular headbanger and proud to admit it. I bet if statistics were compiled, headbanging would prove to be one of the most popular British pastimes. It's certainly never done me any harm!

The rather vague ending to the passage indicates that you're going to return to the subject at a later date. After all, why not. Inert cretins like yourselves probably find it very amusing.
A Headbanging Leftist, Brum.
'Fraid so.—A TAP-DANCING RIGHTIST

Speaking on behalf of the *real* Accelerators, please can you tell Paul Morley not to print lousy reviews of the imposters from the West Coast without making it a good deal clearer that there is no connection between them and us.
Kathy (The Accelerators' guitarist/manager), Liverpool.
Dear Paul, come on la, do us a favour. You've seen us, you've given us good reviews, why didn't you tell the world that the crappy colonial vinyl is not us, nothing to do with us at all? (It might have been if the single had been any good.) It's far too fashionable to have a single out for us to do it. Send £1 for individual cassette, badge, piccies and goodies instead.
The unfashionable Accelerators, Liverpool.
Is the record straight now? — M.S.
It was only a joke anyway. — PAUL POP

Nuclear power stations do not explode (name one that has). The 'Harrisburg type' reactor (used by Americans, French and Japanese) could, if not operated properly, possibly reach the now fabled 'melt down' stage but the British A.G.R. and Magnox reactors can't. All British nuclear power stations are open to the public to visit. So keep up the bullshit — it's nearly as good as the *Sun* or even *Time OUt*.
A Hideously Distorted Cancerous Radioactive Object, Romney Marsh.
Thanks a lot. — THE SUN OF TIME OUT
And I see the Dungeness reactor's doing pretty good this week. — M.S.



New government regulations concerning the making of a cuppa (top) and Hazell, gawd bless 'im, scores at last. Don't fancy his much . . .

This man is not related to Sir Geoffrey Howe, not even distantly. He is, in fact, Mr Jack Nicholson, an actor, and there are no letters about him this week either.

Would you believe that only six months ago Richard Thompson told a Dutch reporter that he actually stole themes, chords and bits of lyrics when he wrote songs?
P.J.L., Holland
And here was me thinking he'd lost both hands and bits of his ear-lobe in an innocuous accident involving two Kenwood mixers and a deep fryer. — M.S.

Arsenal's not merrie (anag.). How's that for a smart arse one liner? By the way, I think Ian Penman's about as much use as an ashtray on a motorbike.
Idi Amin, Oldham
Wow. — A TRULY CHASTENED PENMAN

How come all the smart arse one liners use at least three lines to make their point?
A Confused Dane

Anybody who writes a letter to your music paper must be a right prat, as they all use a pathetically stupid name or write an even worse letter in no way connected with music.
A. P. Rat, somewhere down a sewer, Kent.

Why can't I get a letter in *NME*? P'raps it's because I only write to them when I've had a few.
Flopsy, Dartford
And then not nearly enough, we'll warrant. — MR SHEPHERD & MR NEAME

I will now use all ten methods of getting a letter printed. I will indicate where I use them so that Parsons and Burchill (4) will spot them:

May I be the first (7) to bet you don't print this letter (1). I think there should be a backlash against the next letter (6&9). Ian Penman is an idiot (5). Wir fahr'n aut der autobahn (10 — sorry it's not Norwegian).
Urine Karzi (3), Pink Lloyd, Wales
P.S. Nillgamhil is an anagram of Gillingham (2&8)
Your number 2's a bit dodgy but otherwide a creditable effort. — S. FREUD TUTORIAL AGENCY

May I be the first to refrain from mentioning Gillingham, Tony Burchill or Julie Parsons and I refuse to start a backlash or insult Ian Penman. Finally, I wish to refer to no other letter on this page.
Declan McManus
P.S. Ist dieser brief gut genugoder nicht

Just for a change, this letter isn't a smart arse one liner, a backlash, a thought-provoking commentary or a virulent attack on an *NME* writer.

So what is it? A space filler.
Markov Sorrow (from the land of porridge and Jimmies)

I wish to complain about the quality of this column. Last week you even printed the shit I sent in.
Phyllis Oldman

Dear Charles, I doubt quite a lot whether Keef's attitude to New Wave is based on fear. You for one should know that the Stones have never given a flying shit for any white music and I for one would rather spend money on the groove and mash of reggae than the half-cocked tame modern offerings of Human League, Gang Of Four etc. Maybe K.R. just isn't interested in these bands.

Why *should* he have to share your enthusiasm? Keef will always play better, look better, dress better etc than pathetic prats like me (and you).
John Hind, Nottingham
Charming. — NO ONE IN PARTICULAR

We've just seen Phil McNeill walking out of a pub. He usually staggers. Is he alright?
The VGFs
That's just his new glasses make him do that. — PHIL'S MUM

Dear Headmaster, just a note to excuse my son Robert from appearing at Knebworth this year as one of his flock of sheep has caught new wave-itis.
Mrs Plant (a proud mum)

For all 'A' level English candidates:

1. Jane Austen, *Mansfield Park*. Either (a) How boring do you feel is *Mansfield Park*? What about the orgy sentence? Or (b) Discuss the use of bottoms and bodily functions in the celebrated custard pie sequence.

2. Jonathan Swift, *Gulliver's Travels*. Either (a) Swift had two legs, like Gulliver did; illustrate. Or (b) How far do you think Swift was a pervert, waiting outside toilet entrances, breathing heavily, sweaty hands thrust deep into the pockets of his stained mac (This question has been discontinued on legal advice).

3. General: (a) What influence has toilet humour had on this paper? (b) How do you know?
Kine Jines, Tavistock

Very few artists can reach the heart. Laura Nyro albums can now be found in bargain bins.
Dave, Kensington W8
Aren't you twigging something here? — TIM HARDIN
Yeah, right. — MOBY GRAPE (whose albums can't be found anywhere)

Why doesn't Eddie Yeats give Eric Fleming the kiss of life and get back on the trail with Gil Favor, Wishbone and the rest, and leave Ted and Emily Nugent alone?
Yeeeeee ha! (Head 'em up an' move 'em out).
Tom Mix.

I've just been to Gillingham. It was closed.
Frank Stein, Haslingden, Lancs
Very witty, I'm sure. — W. C. FIELDS

Don't worry, I'll score tonight.
James Hazell

Apathy rul
C. George, Hereford
Who car — M.

Mr Smith — here illustrated by Arthur Young, Gillingham's own David Hockney — edits the letters and he reads some, too. Try your luck at NME, 5/7 Carnaby St, London W1.

T-ZERS

Steve Jones & Paul Cook hear the new PiL single. Pic: Stevenson

With all due pomp and solemnity, the three dots crouch on bended knee at His Worships feet. The centre one of the trio proffers the ancient velvet pillow on which lie the three golden keys — the Mayorship of Prat City. It has been many days since the honour was bestowed on one so richly deserving.

Describing himself as 'just a lucky fellow' Mr **Paul McCartney** of Scotland wins the hallowed *T-Zers* prize following his *Sunday Observer* interview, which was climaxed by a quote surely deserving even the **Freddy Mercury/Steve Harley** Championship Bowl.

Throughout the piece, it was pointed out clearly that Macca is Not Short — aside from any **Beatles/Wings** ackers the man owns the rights to *Annie, Grease, Hello Dolly* and *A Chorus Line* and features in the *Guinness Book Of Records* as composer with the greatest sales — anyway, at the end of all this accountancy the moptop peers into the distance and reflects on it all, with the following fab gab. "Y'know, I drive along the *lanes in me Rolls and I pass* some old bloke out walking his dog and I wonder — which one of us has got it right?" AAAAaaaaaaarrrrrgggggghhhh!!

Thought you'd like that. So good evening and welcome to another laff-a-minute, saucy session with us Old Codgers at the *T-Zers* farm — The Funatics (Custard Pies, whacky bird whistles, slapsticks etc). Well folks it appears our favourite travelling vaudeville gang have out-done us again. Yes, **Motorhead** in run-in-with-authority shock horror.

Attempting to leave somewhere called Finland, where they had just played a festival, **Motorhead** found themselves arrested by Finnish customs on three charges; the first concerned their shredding of their hotel room, the second arose from the fact that they had, er, broken the caravan they'd used on the festival site, the third had to do with their trashing the equipment onstage, which, apparently, was not theirs to trash. The heavy metal trio and tour manager found themselves cast deep into the air-conditioned misery of Finnish cells. Wilko Johnson, who had also played the fest and who was about to disappear into Finn air, quipped as he sailed through passport control, "They were busting everyone, they bust Margaret Thatcher for being so incredible . . ."

Another wild man, though somewhat more creaky, is **Keith Richards,** who reportedly stamped his feet on a recent flight from New York to Los Angeles. According to an eye witness Richards went 'berserk' — (must be a fabulous place, loads of people go there) — when a stewardess told him he couldn't invite a tourist class passenger up into first-class with him. So much so that the pilot threatened to tie the old ham into his seat and make an unscheduled stop for Old Bill to be brought aboard. At this the guitarist was forced to view things in a different light. After all, you don't balls about with the bloke who keeps you in a non-DC10 situation. . .

Severely back in Blighty, *T-Zers* received a call from the recently quit manager of **The Angelic Upstarts** — and a seedy tale he relates too. He claims his split with the band began with the famed run-in and stabbing — allegedly at the hands of the National Front followers — that occurred at their gig in Wolverhampton. At a RAR gig in Leeds soon afterwards the Upstarts met similar threats from the NF, which caused their singer **Mensi,** to jack it all there and then and get his ass back to Newcastle. A roadie handled his job that night. At RAR at Digby's in Birmingham — the next gig — the frontman still didn't show, explaining to his manager that he 'couldn't do anymore *RAR shows until he* knew where he stood with it all'. Apparently disgusted, **Keith Bell,** the ex-manager in question and former Front supporter two years back, decided he'd had enough and went. Bell said he wanted to "clear up my side of it before they start getting at me first." New 'boss' is **Tony Gordon** of **Sham 69** fame. . .

Taking the weight off, may we announce that **Elvis Costello's** next long black thing will, despite mumblings, *be produced by* **Nick** 'Column Inch' **Lowe** and the sessions will go down in Australia, wherever that is. Mr Lowe has been busy with persons of the national press, or, as we doctors term it, 'flogginhis product'. Mr Lowe revealed to scribes that he is about to splash out £9,000 on a WWII Hampton bomber aeroplane his father flew in. And more: the tinkle of wedding bells. Our man talks of his proposal to **Carlene Carter** stepdaughter of **Johnny Cash.** Plans for him to return to our screens in his Captain Mainwaring role were not discussed. (Fact: Hereafter **Rockpile** will be referred to as **Dad's Army).** . .

Speaking of which, your parents fave raves, **Love,** are now reformed. **Arthur Lee** and **Bryan MacLean** are currently in LA with two album's worth of material already completed . . .

More of what you're funkin' for: **Fleetwood Mac**'s double set is finished at last. Entitled 'Tusks', **Mick Fleetwood** warns those in love with the 'Rumours'-type Mac that this set is *a departure.* One source describes the opus as clearly inspired by British new wave in that they're short, sharp and aggressive. A double album?? . . .

During ITV's airing of the **Stones** *In The Park* last Saturday you may have cocked a special ear to the commercial break. Fresh from his Brutus Jeans warbling-for-dough, **Roger Chapman** was to be heard belting behind the babble for Ladbrokes Hotels. Appropriately for that airing, the toon is 'Let's Spend The Night Together', to be a released 45 soon . . .

Further to our teeny rumourlet of a **Banshees/Attractions** skirmish *(T-Zers* last week) somebody called 'Les' rang to give more shady shag. He claims **Siouxsie** was being hassled by **Bruce Thomas**'s girlfriend until Sue stubbed a cigarette into her cheek. Thomas retaliated and the ensuing fight ending in the Attraction fleeing from the club with Siouxsie in pursuit. Further correspondence will be filed under 'ongoing situations' . . .

It's hard to keep Deptford and The Mods out of anywhere these days, so pray brace yourself for this week's dip into (current) style. It appears that one time premier Mod band **The Chords** have become separated from a largish section of their one-time fans. The disillusioned fans call themselves the Anti-Chords Campaign and have gone as far as getting a logo together and printing leaflets in an effort to blacken the band's name. Quite what all this is all about is unclear, but by Gadfree it's trendoso . . .

No such measure will be needed to dissuade **The Fatal Microbes** from further outings. They have bit the dust for good. Lead singer **Donna** 'Honey Bane' **Boylan** went missing after a rehearsal and doesn't want to play while she is confined to her care centre. *(Quite wise — Ed)* . . .

Sagging from the completion of an Australasian tour, **Talking Heads Tina Weymouth** and **Chris Frantz** found enough bounce to boogie on down, sit in, jam, vibe along with **Dire Straits** at the Hammersmith Odeon. The ensemble created a version of 'Gloria' . . .

Even if you missed that there is still plenty of time to begin queueing for **Kiss** seats. Starting with three nights at Madison Square, the travelling Mary Quant Circus will trump all around America before arriving in Europe and giving us earache. Then they'll go to their adulation sessions in the land of the rising transistor. In step with the times, as always, Kiss plan to mount what they've described as 'a larger show' involving enough fog machines to affect local weather reports . . .

On an equally massive scale **The Hot Rods** — you remember the Hot Rods — played at a private end-of-term binge in University College, London. Just as they finished, the two dressing rooms at either side of the stage burst into flames. The Rods departed quickly, denying all . . .

An anti-apartheid march is taking place on Saturday, June 30, starting 2.30 from Smithfield Market, London. RAR will have a float on the march with live bands and the route will take in the embassies, winding up in traditional Trafalgar Square . . .

David Bowie has made a tape message for his pals' telephone answering service. It goes: "Hi, I'm David Bowie and I'm here with three **Beatles** and **Eric Clapton.** Why not pop round?" . . .

Supertramp's one-nighter at Madison Gardens grossed £75,000 . . .

Roaring the double platinum album highway of life, **Cars** will have their second LP, Candy O, previewed on 500 U.S. radio stations simultaneously . . .

Keeping these quickies rolling, we note that **The Beatles** auditioned for producer **George Martin** 17 years ago this evening, just before tea time . . .

Finally we bring you Notice Board. Two lots of congratulations are in order this week. Firstly, hot on the heels of 13-year-old **Max Bell,** one **Tony Parsons** becomes the fourth *NME* scribe to be listed into *Private Eye's* Pseuds Corner for a section of his work on **The Tubes.** Secondly, **Mr Montague Howard Chamberlain Bunsworth-Smith** is shoving cigars into the mouths of all and sundry following the birth of his second daughter. Mr Smith, a lifelong teetotaller, made himself rather sick when celebrating on a half glass of Fined Bitter but still retained a certain dignity when telling *T-Zers:* "See! I've proved I'm a man. How many bloody kids 'ave you lot got then?!? Gillinngghheerrrmm!!"

So upset were The Enid by frolicsome remarks on their appearance in 'Big' Danny Baker's Singles column last week, in which the Rotherhithe Razzer described the chaps as "Indisputably ugly", that they rang up T-zers (well actually they got their publicist to do it) and requested a pic be printed so that you, dear readers, can judge their aesthetic appeal for yourselves. Would you let your sister snog with an Enid and what has this to do with rock and roll?

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BETTER BADGES

TOP TEN

This week		Last week
1	Rock against Thatcher	(1)
2	Jam (All Mod Cons)	(4)
3	Jam (Tube Station)	(7)
4	A.K.A.	(—)
5	The Undertones	(6)
6	Gang Of Four	(9)
7	Clash (Police)	(5)
8	The Ruts	'12)
9	Stiff Little Fingers	(8)
10	The Jam	(10)

New Releases: **20p Specials AKA, Rude Boys, Radio Activity, Computer Rock, Bye Bye Turpin, I'm An Upstart, Swell Maps, Edge Downhill, The Chords, The Mo-Dets, Shoes For Industry**
25p Rock Contra Le Travail, Spherical Objects, Mo-Dets

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Published by IPC Magazines Limited, Kings Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS, at the recommended maximum price shown on the cover. Editorial and Advertisement Offices: Kings Reach, Stamford St., SE1. Printed in England by EMAP Provincial Newspapers Limited, Kettering, Northants. T.U. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Sole Agents. Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (Asia) Ltd., South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd., East Africa, Stationery and Office Supplies Ltd., Publishers.

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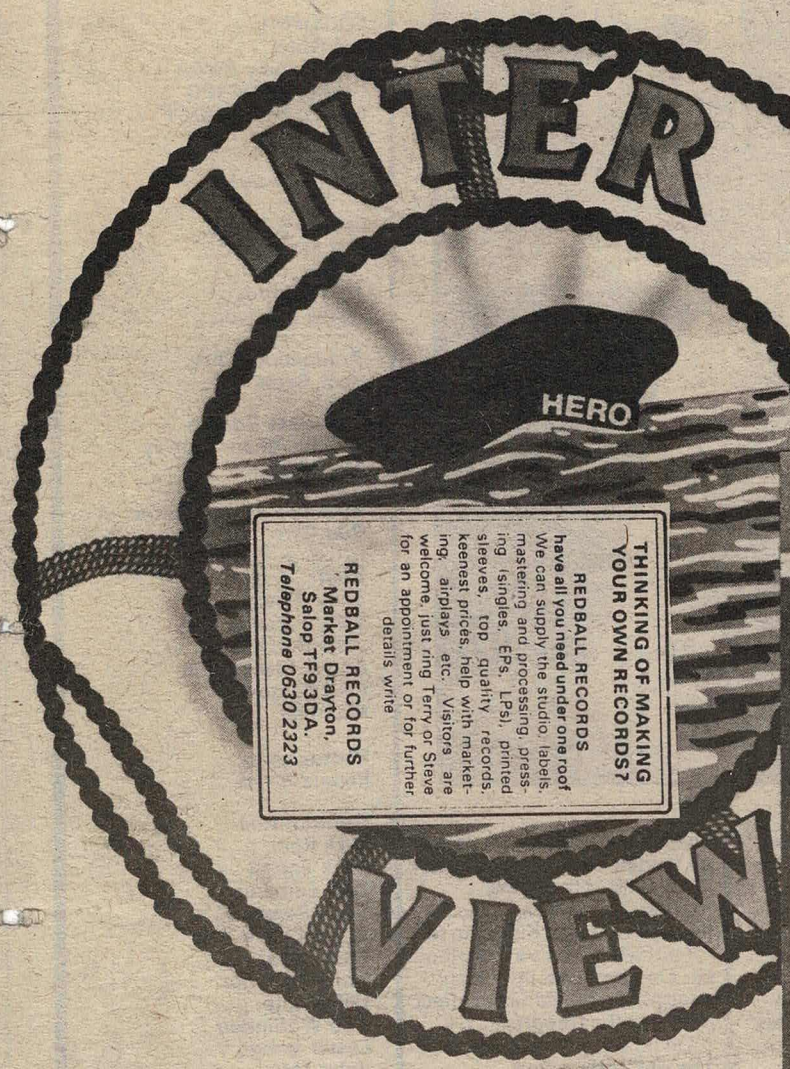

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